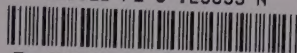


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NEW DAWN
OR
THE AWAKENING OF THE NEW LIFE

New Dawn

A Philosophical Story
of
The Unfolding of Man
through
The Power of Evolution.

BY
ANNIE LEWIS-JOHNSON

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PREFACE.

For many years I had been a dramatic writer with some success. The company that had one of my plays were making preparations to go to England.

Was seated in the stage box witnessing its last performance on this side of the big water. I gazed upon the sea of faces all around; the house was packed; there wasn't even standing room in the aisles. Now came loud applause and shouts of laughter. In a moment the scene was changed; every eye was wet with tears. Another change: anger and revenge at the cruelty of the villain, who played his part so well that to many it appeared real.

Sick at heart I cried, "Oh, God, that I had power to move the masses with such zeal after Thee. Oh, that I could write a spiritual play; something that would take their thoughts from the lower passions of this world, and illumine their souls with a light divine. Show me; help me; guide me, that my pen may help the human heart to seek something higher and better than love for murder and revenge." Sick in body and mind, I left New York. I had a friend with his family in the mountains of California, a great student of the Bible. I went to them. Near three years passed; we left the mountains for San Francisco. I had prayed all that time that God would give me knowledge and power to write a spiritual play. I was ill; I went under a severe operation. For over three years life hung upon a slender thread. My friends had left; I was alone in the great city. One evening I went to my room very sad at heart. I did not make a light as usual, but went to bed. Soon after midnight I awoke with a strange sensation. There appeared to be a light in my room; it grew brighter and brighter; it was as if day was dawning, and yet I knew that I had not been long in bed. As I gazed upon the wall, it was as if I saw figures moving; then a stage beautifully arranged. The scenery and colors were more gorgeous than I can describe. Soon I was conscious of a thought-voice speaking in my soul. Many things were presented to me;

P R E F A C E

then the impression was to typewrite and send to Washington a title page, "The New Dawn." The Impressions were kept up until 10 o'clock in the morning. I arose, jotted down all I could remember, feeling sure that this was an answer to my prayers, and what I could not remember would be made more clear to me as I wrote on. I realized I must have money. There was a gentleman in San Francisco that wanted one of my plays. He bought a play. The title, "New Dawn," rang in my ears like the chiming of bells. I wrote on for months, praying that the Loving Father would guide me in all things. The play was about completed; I could not get what I had seen into the play. I wrote it over again; still, found that I had too much material for the play. The same impression came again in my soul. The play needs a book. The greater part of the book that I now offer, I saw in my visions.

I have tried to be explicit, that all who read may understand the philosophical and practical part of its contents, which I trust will lead all to recognize the spiritual, and human, soul in man, and that all who read these lines may reach upward and onward to that Eternal Life of God which has no end, and that all may find that blessed life which Jesus left on earth.

Peace to the soul.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW DAWN

God has been gradually forming man in His own image, since
the world began,
And is forever working on the soul, like the sculptor on his
statue.
Till the whole expression of the upward life be wrought
Into some symbol of eternal thought.

CHAPTER I

The afternoon sun shone warm and bright over the restless deep whose dark blue expanse reflected back the splendor of a sparkling gleam, as a ship lay rocking upon its bosom.

In the faces of those upon its deck is seen that cheerful serenity which succeeds a season of peril. For days they have been at the mercy of this capricious sea, now lying under the smiling heavens like a lion sleeping in the sun.

Two days since it roared at them like some wild creature abroad after its prey in an Indian jungle. It lashed its waves angrily until the ship seemed but a frail bark, and bid fair to disappear beneath its roaring billows. But it was otherwise decreed.

In the party on deck may be discerned the captain and owner, his little son and three passengers. While the captain stands at the bow, looking seaward, in deep thought, let us glance briefly at his history.

Sir Edward James, as he stands before us to-day, is a man perhaps sixty years of age, of fine presence

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares to live out all the life, that God lit within.

and with much native ability. His countenance is somewhat shadowed by care, but more by sorrow. The latter found him an easy conquest, and it struck deep, leaving its traces upon his handsome face.

He is descended from one of the old English families, resident near London for many generations. Surrounded as he was by those advantages bestowed by wealth, his early life passed in proud ancestral halls, and daily reminded of his own importance by the deferential attention of the humble classes, everything conspired to foster pride of birth and love of power. But he was evidently not of the conventional mold, for he often turned from the luxuries and glittering parade of a life marked by ceremonies, receptions and sumptuous dinners, to seek nature in her own restful haunts, in park and garden, on his father's estate, or to refresh his soul by taking long solitary strolls in places more remote, where he would not be disturbed. During these rambles, his thoughts turned from visible nature to nature's God, The Divine Fashioner of all this material loveliness. An author has fitly said that "This life is full of questions, and eternity full of answers."

His eager and inquiring soul turned with ever increasing and unerring instinct to the source of being, as the Supreme and only intelligence from which true answers can come. Such was Edward's mental bias, that even in early youth the beguiling pleasures of fashionable life could not effectually divert him or draw him from a persistent purpose. He would seek to penetrate to that which lies beneath the shine and shadow of surface living, and so reach onward toward that eternal rock of truth upon which rest, layer upon layer, all speculative theories and all wild or beautiful imaginings, like strata upon strata of composite soil upon the underlying granite

of the earth's strong heart. Why was man made so infinitely superior to the animal creation, and given dominion over all lower life, he questioned, if he were not destined to reach a god-like level at last, and

"Lay his just hands on the golden key
Which opes the palace of Eternity?"

The Divine element within him was always awake and astir, reaching with a mighty impulse toward That One, to him unknown, in Whose keeping are the secrets of the universe. Much pondering upon which subjects prepared him, in a special manner, to grasp eagerly a new presentation and revelation of a Higher Life—Truth.

During one of his rambles, a stranger, apparently a laborer, accosted him. Edward would have passed him by, but, to his surprise, the stranger saluted him by name. The gentle and refined tones, together with his grave intelligence and modest bearing, so impressed the young man in his favor, that before he was aware, he lost sight of the evident social distance between them, and gave the stranger his earnest attention. As the speaker proceeded, Edward could have fancied that his inmost heart and nature lay disclosed to the mysterious discernment of this new acquaintance, who read to him his secret longings and peculiarities as from an open book, and divined, with mystic clearness, his restless desires for a nobler and more progressive existence than any with which he was yet familiar.

Occupied to the full with the satisfaction he found in the succeeding delightful conversations, Edward forgot to ask the name and residence of his new teacher, until one day, the latter suddenly announced that he was about to leave England. Edward turned to him with a startled face, "Leave England" he exclaimed with deep emotion,

"after the interest you have excited, the ambitions you have aroused, the affection you have won from me! Where else can I find that which will help me to go on in this difficult path and illuminate it as you have done? Tell me, where shall I find the knowledge I seek?" It was as a cry from one suddenly bereaved.

"Would you like to accompany me? I am going to the Holy Land." To this Edward answered, "I would go with you to any land, but why do you think one land more holy than another?" To this Edward's friend replied, "I only spoke of Palestine conventionally. All lands are holy and equally sacred. I wish to study the Sacred Writings of the Hebrews in their local aspects, in order the better to understand their Eternal sense. I wish also to spend a period of comparative seclusion for the fuller realization of the Divine consciousness within. If you can be my companion during this time, I shall be more than glad to continue your helper in finding 'the Kingdom of God within you.'" This suggestion was accepted without hesitation; and the two friends left without delay for Palestine.

Years passed before Edward returned to England, called back by his father's sudden death, which placed him in possession of his estate.

Again he found himself among the ancestral oaks of boyish memory. He had visited and resided in Palestine as friend and pupil of the fascinating stranger and had found lasting peace through the elevating teachings of his instructor. To the many questions he propounded, answers were returned, the substance of which was, that only by living the life of the Divine could one come into a clear understanding of the Higher Life.

Some time after his return to England his friend came also, taking up his abode with a little band of fellow-

students, who were then settled near London, on the banks of the Thames. The long friendship was still unbroken, and the two often met in their solitary rambles.

Edward had almost decided to become one of the household. His father's sister, who had presided over the home since the death of his parents, had married, and being no longer bound by any special ties to the family life, he found himself free at last to enter the retirement of a more studious life, for which his soul craved.

He had just passed his fiftieth birthday and was paying a visit to his aunt in London for the last time, as he thought, before again leaving for Palestine. While there, he met a young girl who, to his charmed eyes, seemed the impersonation of ideal purity and loveliness. He fancied her a being strayed from a brighter sphere of existence, and with more than youthful ardor he wooed and won her. The pretty maid was equally fascinated, from the first hour they met as if they had been until now but separated factors of a love complete in that beautiful union of true marriage which is in The Higher Life.

The ceremony over, Edward brought his bride home to what appeared to his eyes and heart, a paradise from that hour. A few blissful weeks passed, when one morning his old friend and teacher met him while taking his walk. His face was gravely sad, and as Edward extended a cordial hand, the old man said, "I know all, but be true to thy manhood and to her whom thou hast given up to possess. My time is short, and I must bid thee farewell." Before Edward could reply, he was gone. A shadow fell on his joyful heart, for in his new dream of happiness he had forgotten the resolution he

had made. But upon reflection there came a reaction of feeling, and as he turned his eyes toward his beloved home, a vision of its guardian angel displaced the shadow, and he exclaimed exultantly, "What would Heaven itself be if not comprising her? No fear can pierce me where her presence shines; no bliss can exalt me that she shall not share!"

But their happy union was destined to be brief. A year after their marriage a little son was born to them, but the frail young wife drooped and faded before her husband's despairing eyes. With a breaking heart he saw the sure approach of that relentless shadow which no human love can dispel. The babe's low wailing cry roused her as her loved one sat one evening waiting for the end which was plainly seen to be very near, indeed almost the very gates, it seemed, were swinging open for her, to close again and leave Sir Edward James sitting desolate outside. She stirred, and a low murmur of words escaped her: "Edward, love our boy; you must live for him. He will finish what we leave undone." The shadow was close at hand now. The beloved voice would be heard no more on earth, but in the solemn charge and prophecy, Lord Edward's bereaved heart found courage to face life again, after the first sharpness of his grief was past. He lived only for his son, Edward.

Twelve years have gone by and events bring us again to the opening scene in our story. We find Lord Edward James graver than of old, now Captain of the little bark we left lying out at sea in the tropical glow of a golden afternoon. He is just returning from a voyage to the Holy Land, with little Edward as his companion, who has enjoyed the voyage with the boyish enthusiasm of an eager temperament. He is but little over twelve

years old, yet shows marked precocity both in character and expression. He is far more advanced than most boys of his age; his instructors find in him a singularly eager and receptive mind.

After his wife's death Captain James had drifted again into a renewed association with his old friends. His previous acquisition of spiritual knowledge, limited though it was, had prepared him to place a high value upon all progressive living, and uplifting thought; therefore his first plans for the boy's education included a decision to place him under the instruction of this household. All the tendencies and habits of the boy fitted him to become a ready and intelligent student; and the fine, intuitive perception, inherited from his mother, enabled him to apprehend and grasp that higher knowledge which leaves the worldly far behind.

The three friends on deck we discover to be three members of the Household who have accompanied the Captain on his homeward voyage, to visit the old homestead near London. To little Edward, who had learned to love them with an affection second only to that which he felt for his father, the companionship of those grave and noble natures, was peculiarly delightful. While drawing to the surface the best and highest thought in his mind, they did not chill his ardent feelings or check his impulsive desire for knowledge. What the intellect comprehends, the consciousness must experience before The truth becomes a law unto us.

In the boy's association with those men, he had discovered, with unusual quickness, the grand co-relation between theory and practice, illustrated by their daily lives. Utmost gentleness united with the highest mental development is not the rule on worldly levels. There is often an insufferable pride of intellect and personal ego-

tism that blights fine theoretical teaching and neutralizes its effects. Unconquered personal incongruities also hinder the reception of the truth, which, if the teacher lived humbly, graciously, unswervingly, as personified by the Divine Master, would become a glorified principle visualized and made possible for practice by all.

In conversation with his son, Captain James had elaborated upon the truth and beauty of those views, the value of their attainment by the earnest student, and had pointed to the lives of these men as convincing illustrations of the truth of a higher Life science reduced to practice. It is therefore not surprising that, to his youthful fancy, they appeared possessed of god-like majesty of character; and he pictured them as being sons of God, indeed, walking the earth in humblest guise, thus verifying his father's opinion that those holding these exalted views should be only those who had conquered, not the flesh alone, but the world also.

Captain James rejoiced in the possibilities of his son's growth in things spiritual, which extends into, and takes firm hold upon the divine Life. For himself, he did not reach forward into this life with any joyful anticipation, for his fullest life went out and his hopes faded, when the one strong earth-love of its heart lost its grasp upon its beloved object, and he longed to be with her again. That she lived he knew, but the beautiful earthly garment which rendered her visible, the sweet association of earthly companionship, the thousand endearing offices of affection which made home on earth a center of intense happiness, were now but a dream within his consciousness. Though he realized the importance of physical immortality. Jesus said, "The last enemy to be overcome is death."

This vision came with increasing frequency, tender,

elusive, and again almost mocking, but leaving in its wake a mystic trail of light which led on and on, whither but to her with whom life could have been complete?

It was not strange that under these frequent visitations of his memory, the Captain's health declined. Feeling a serene confidence in his son's future, he found his life more and more drawn to her whose memory was his star of hope. Warned by this increasing the unnecessary physical decay, he placed his boy permanently in care of the Household, and arranged his affairs, leaving what remained of his fortune in trust for his son, in the hands of an old and tried friend as guardian. At the age of twenty-two Edward was to receive the estate into his own care and possession, unencumbered by any condition or limitation whatsoever. He was thus left free to unite with the Household or enter upon a worldly life, as his tastes and feelings might decide.

The Captain had an interview with his old friend and entreated him to watch over the boy with fatherly interest, but to impose no restraint, direct or otherwise, upon his will, hoping in his secret heart that his boy's free choice would result in the pursuit of that knowledge which he himself had failed to gain.

With a rare parental faithfulness to his boy's ultimate interests, he forebore to place any obstacles in the way of his gaining the experience which might be essential to his future development.

After arranging for the care of his son, Captain James' interest in life perceptibly lessened. As the physical body declined through lack of knowledge only to be gained through the power of the eternal life, his soul reached forward into Eternal Life, and found an endless joy. Standing as he did upon the threshold of the mystic change, the comparative values of temporal and spiritual things be-

came more sharply defined, and he could estimate as never before, the supreme importance of a true Life and its bearing upon spiritual growth. The infinite nobleness and simplicity of the God-life, its unselfish devotion to duty, its embodiment of the highest virtues, and its heroic self-conquest, increased in loveliness before him as his spiritual vision cleared. Perhaps as the world receded from his view, glimpses of a new heaven and a new earth was granted to him, wherein the ineffable beauty of earthly existence as it will be lived, was revealed.

Young Edward was quickly called to take leave of his beloved father. A few moments before closing his eyes to earthly scenes, Captain James took his son's hand and said earnestly, "There is but One Father, my boy, and He is the true Father and Guide to those who trust Him. Do not be afraid to trust Him who is All-powerful to aid you, and Who never betrays. Call upon Him, Edward, and listen for His Voice. If you live in truth, you can always hear it, and in following, you can never go astray." Thus the soul of Captain James passed into the great beyond, The New Dawn of eternal life.

When young Edward's natural grief had subsided, life again gradually grew peaceful and his heart contented. His studies absorbed every energy and satisfied every aspiration, while a conscious intellectual growth kept pace with his spiritual advancement. Once during his educational period, he was allowed to accompany his venerable teacher, his father's faithful friend, on a trip to the Home in the Holy Land, to him a new center of interest and inquiry. Its history, its religion, and the venerable character of its symbolism, stimulated his curiosity and caused him to examine with special earnestness into its Sacred Writings.

When Edward was twenty-one years of age his teacher went again to the Home in Palestine, expecting to return by the time the young man had finished his studies in The Higher Life Science, which would continue but one year more, at which time he was expected to graduate and enter upon his life-work.

Young Edward was tall and finely developed, with an intellectual nobleness of feature and powerful brain. His mother's smile played about his mouth and shone in his bright dark eyes, lighting up an otherwise grave countenance, giving him an expression peculiarly winning.

But his Master's fine spiritual insight was not deceived by his pupil's devotion to their quiet life. His wisdom measured with accuracy the strength of that which was to be overcome when the time arrived, and his truly parental tenderness could forecast with prophetic certainty the causes of any moral defeats or their possibility. In Edward's ignorance of the world and the subtlety of its many fascinations, lay the chief danger with his unpreparedness to meet them wisely. If trial is the crucial test of moral strength, we cannot be said to possess that strength in any direction until it has been tested. Foreknowledge, endorsed by experience, admits the necessity of trial for the unfolding of life; this being part of the mighty plan of the Divine author of spiritual harmonies. Experience alone can play on all the chords of feeling until the peaceful melody of daily existence swells to a majestic symphony in which each passion of the human heart, from joy to anguish, struggles and succeeds in gaining due expression.

Edward often alluded, with confident anticipation, to the time when, all temporal matters being settled, they were to go to Palestine together and enter upon a life in which the boy felt sure his joy would be full. At

such times his Master would reply, with a grave shake of the head, "The builder must have all the experiences of apprenticeship, my son, before he can advance in his art to the place of a Master builder. Live in to-day, plan not for to-morrow, for we know not what it may bring; but be in readiness for every duty as it presents itself. I need not tell you that it will rejoice my heart if you decide to share my next voyage to Palestine."

"Can you doubt that I shall go?" Edward exclaimed, his eyes sparkling at the thought. "Could I picture any other life than the glorious promise of a higher Life? The knowledge I covet is yours now, and you shall see how I shall labor to make it mine also." Thus the friends parted, one in pursuit of that wisdom which no treasures of the world can purchase; the other to his books and prayers until he should test the strength of his purpose and his spiritual armor by actual experience.

Bred under the influence of a fervent religious faith, and stimulated by the shining examples of noble living, as daily exhibited before him, he had hitherto lived untroubled by restless desires. He had seen the household of his friend triumph grandly over human passions; he had witnessed the unselfish devotion of a life toiling to do good; but he had not witnessed their silent battles with temptations, nor known the strength of the allied forces of their human nature, contending daily against the divinity within them.

Often into his peaceful life had come visions of his mother, the gentle high-priestess of the home temple, and his ideal of womanhood had reflected her refinement, her tenderness and her spirituality. At times he had fancied life crowned by such a love. Another face, whose flower-like purity and delicacy of outline, left more than a transient impression upon his inner sight, often visited

him in his dreams. Maidenly and sweet, it came and went through the mists of sleep, or lingered for a moment, a gracious vision of innocence and loveliness at his side.

His instructor had been absent seven months when a message came summoning Edward to the bedside of his guardian. The old man, feeling his days were numbered, saw the necessity of at once transferring to the young heir the trust placed in his keeping. Knowing Edward's lack of preparation for such a charge, he offered fatherly counsel and advice regarding its management. Scarcely conscious of the extent of his deficiencies in practical knowledge, Edward assumed control of his affairs, his thoughts often turning to his faithful counselor who was still in Palestine.

During the settlement of his affairs, he was necessarily brought into frequent contact with the fashionable world, which, always eager for a new sensation, found in his attractive face, personal dignity and noble manhood, a highly interesting union of qualities, the background of wealth and station, all the more attractive. Even the religious flavor, which was as much a part of the young man's real character as fragrance is of the flower, only contributed an added charm. Invitations to dinners, receptions and balls were showered upon him. At first he refused, on account of a distaste for amusements to whose fascinations he was a stranger, but later this was overcome by accepting a limited number, and before he was aware of the social drift into which he was rushing, he was receiving gladly the flattering attention that was everywhere paid to him, giving to his life a new and keen satisfaction. Social pleasures of whose existence he had not dreamed, charmed him with delightful and novel sensations. Had he been riper in years and grounded in

habitual self-control this might not have happened. Once emancipated from the control of the senses, and having tasted the glorious liberty of freedom, and realizing the expansion that lies beyond and above them, a man like Edward would have discerned the tinsel that society substitutes for virgin gold, he would have seen in the so called happiness, pursued as an end, the merest shadow of the Eternal Substance, to a Higher Life.

The sister arts, music, poetry and painting, appealed to him in the guise of a high spiritual ministry. To the emancipated senses, their higher expression speaks as with the tongues of angels; but society has, by common consent, often dragged them from their high seat and made them abject servants of the lower passions. Too often they seize upon, and bind the strong, robbing them of their secret moral power before they are aware of the deception.

In the daughters of wealth, bred and educated to suggest all that is freshest in nature and loveliest in art, Edward found a fascinating study, and too readily accepted first impressions as final. On one occasion at a dinner party, where he was a favored guest, he met, for the first time, one of the reigning belles of society, a woman young, beautiful and witty, the widow of a retired Indian officer of repute in the military world. She was scarcely eighteen when the general met her at a ball, was smitten with her charms and asked her hand in marriage. He pressed his suit with ardor, and the young girl's father, though fully aware of the disparity in age, disposition and tastes, was not at liberty to act freely in the matter. Like many others who have maintained families in luxury on limited incomes, he had placed himself under certain obligations to the general at a former period. Finding it impossible to discharge them in his reduced

circumstances, he urged his daughter to accept the general's offer, pleading in extenuation, his own embarrassments and the ample coffers of the suitor. In vain she sought with tears and entreaties to evade the proposed union, she even confessed to a prior engagement, claiming that it would break two hearts asunder. It ended in the usual way,—too often rehearsed in worldly affairs—the sacrifice of a daughter's happiness, to purchase a father's release from financial complications. Her husband only lived two years, and while he lived she escaped from herself and her disappointment by mingling with fashionable society and indulging in fashionable follies, contracting a passion for the vice of gambling.

Her early lover, embittered by his disappointment, denounced her as ambitious and faithless, which still further turned the current of her nature into wrongful channels. With a nature thus warped by her unhappy fortunes, we find her, a year after her husband's death, one of the most brilliant women of her set, and sustaining a reputation for wealth far beyond the facts. Finding her means rapidly diminishing under frequent drafts, she decided to serve her interests by securing a husband with position and wealth—the latter being indispensable.

Unskilled in reading the female heart, and flattered by her apparent preference, Edward was frequently drawn to her side. Dazzled by her beauty, his judgment was still further captivated by that subtle magnetic quality which women, as well as men, possess to a remarkable degree.

Among social allurements, the convivial glass stood pre-eminent; and Edward, averse to wine as he was on principle, found it difficult to brave the quizzical glances of the guests, or to refuse it from so fair a hand. Flushed with an unaccustomed beverage, his highest discernment

obscured by the exciting life, he lost all equanimity and self-control, and with precipitous haste, sought the hand of his charmer in marriage and was readily accepted. Arrangements were speedily made and she became his wife.

His awakening to a knowledge of the facts was inevitable. Glimpses of her true moral status startled him from time to time, and he began to see the terrible significance of his mistake. A woman of fashion and devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, what could she be to him?

His thoughts turned to his mother, his cherished ideal of womanhood, and to *the other face* that so often appeared in his dreams. He had done reverence to this gracious conception of womanhood, and the contrast now was a terrible shock to his preconceived opinion. To every soul developed to the state of freedom and sincerity in which Edward had been educated, God Himself mirrors, in some quiet hour, the beauty of the most perfect attainment in each department of life. This is why we often see our friends and lovers and many remarkable events before we meet or live through them. A divine life that lies mirrored in the stillness of The Divine Consciousness of humanity. We have yet to learn the true nature of prophetic Revelation from this standpoint. Edward had not yet learned the full nature and method of Divine Guidance, and was also, at this time, too much agitated by his own unhappy state and position to perceive with clearness the Divine Guidance.

He had married a woman, without any knowledge of her real character, and very little, if any, comprehension of her tastes. He had been fascinated by her physical charms and beguiled by her vivacity.

With a feeling akin to despair, he reflected upon the

results of his hasty act. He could scarcely be expected to see that experiences, however painful, must be accepted for the value of their teaching. *To know the truth sharply, convincingly, we must live it.* A view thus widened takes in Eternity as well as Time; and out of our humility thus gained, is born a strength that survives all the shocks of Time.

When the truth made itself felt above the tumult of agitated feeling, it accused him in no uncertain tones of unsuspected vanity, which had failed to stand the test of temptation. But if trial is the crucial test of strength, no man can measure his power until that gauge has been applied. In vain he upbraided himself for the blindness that had brought him into this valley of humiliation. At such moments his soul was chilled and startled by its inability to walk wisely and nobly past life's illusionary by-paths and walk straight on to the goal.

One day as he sat meditating his wife's approaching step roused him from his painful reverie. Glancing with surprise at his agitated face, she hastily enquired the cause; but scarcely waiting for a reply, said with her odd light laugh: "Come, come, you have a fit of the blues again, I see. You are studying too hard; your hum-drum books and dull life I never could endure. Have a glass of wine and then join me in a game of cards and the world will look brighter to you." She laughed. With practiced intuition she had divined the cause of his changed manner, but with true womanly tact concealed it. Her next remark showed well she had read his thought, for she continued with a gay air: "It is over four years now since papa told me there was no such thing as love. He said the most sensible thing to do was to get the largest possible enjoyment out of this life, and I mean to do it. Come now, don't be sentimental, my

dear." She moved toward him, but he shrank from her as the words were uttered, as one shrinks from a rude touch.

She was evidently tiring of him and nothing could be more repugnant to his fine religious feelings than her thoughtless pursuit of pleasure. He thought of the beloved friends of his boyhood with irrepressible longing, but had not his own act created a gulf between them? He now saw that his wife had been attracted to him only by his gold and it had proven to be his curse. Had he only put it from him, except so much as was requisite for daily need, and stood forth free from its power, he might have been spared all this misery; but if we share the advantages of wealth, we must bear its burdens and partake of its moral responsibilities.

Again his thoughts reverted to his wife. He knew that she had once been truer and more womanly, for she had loved sincerely, and her heart had been desolated to serve her father's worldly interests. Her peace, as well as his own, had been destroyed by the same base agent. As this became clear to him, a feeling of compassion crept into his heart. For a moment all other feelings gave place to that rare and god-like charity which sees divinely because it perceives in human nature those divine attributes which ally it to its Creator. He resolved to appeal to her higher impulses and perhaps save her from herself. He reflected that unsuspected reserve of strength and sweetness often exist in woman's nature where least expected; secret springs which, touched by sharp trial, reveal the riches beneath the surface. A skilful touch from a more quiet agent might discover them:—he would try.

She came in one day, flushed and weary, from the street. He saw his opportunity and said: "Bulah, what

do you find in worldly pleasure that is satisfying and real? Have you not tested it until your own daily experience testifies against it? Have not its artificial conditions been clearly revealed? Is there not something within you that turns from it all sometimes? reaching hungrily after a higher and a better life? There are liberty, growth and infinite progress in that. Let us find it and live it together. Its peace may be ours for the asking, if we devote ourselves to Him 'the One Altogether Lovely.' In His great Love is the true wealth and true wealth is righteousness, and only in that Divine Source of all knoweldge can we discover the wisdom that is real and eternal."

"This world is good enough for me," replied Bulah, unmoved by his appeal. "I am young yet, remember. I have not tasted all of earth's pleasures. If I could have married my first love, I might have been a saint by this time, who knows? Come, come, Edward dear, this is only a fit of the vapors. You are not well to-day; you will view things differently to-morrow. As for me, I am going for a drive." With a laugh she drew out her watch, "It's time I was off, too!" and with a half amused, half mocking smile, she departed.

Edward turned away with a sick heart. "If there is anything true and real in her, separation will find it; out of it comes the reflect," was his thought. Another thought intruded itself, as it often did of late. Was it not a duty, both to himself and her, to leave her to herself, if she remained unchanged? Alone with his own heart, he could at least be truer to himself and to the purpose of his life. This inclination was strengthened, not long after, by rumors of her increasing devotion to the card table.

Having decided to act without further delay, he one

day broached the subject uppermost in his thoughts. Finding remonstrances regarding her course of no avail, and her attitude still unchanged, he proposed to place his property under her control and leave her free. She met his proposition with an incredulous smile, but replied firmly: "I shall agree to no such thing, Edward. Marriage confers social liberty; you must be aware of that. I do not care for the men who flatter me, but my position leaves me free to accept their attentions and their homage without criticism. Both are necessary to my social success. They understand my sentiments and respect my independence, but if I were free, they would suspect me of matrimonial designs, without doubt." She laughed.

Edward turned to her with a look of remonstrance, but she flashed him a half mischievous, half defiant look, and continued: "Much you know about the world! you dear, unsophisticated boy, with your day-dreams and your pet theories and your awfully serious view of things. No, I am very well satisfied as I am, and shall never give you up for a whim like that. Why! you might wish to marry again, you know, and that would break my heart!" She laughed satirically. Edward was silent, but his thought turned involuntarily to the woman whose sweet voice once made music in those very rooms—his idealized mother. But it passed like faint echoes of the dream-life he had once lived. The sweet visions that had come and gone in his boyhood's fancy were fast fading from his memory.

When Bulah left the room, a cry that was a prayer for more than human wisdom went up from his heart. He saw the necessity for immediate and decisive action; but he resolved to do right at whatever cost to his feelings. His spiritual training in *The Higher Life* had demonstrated to him the fallibility of all human judgment.

A decision from that standpoint alone must always be influenced by worldly consideration. In that trying hour, he turned with a strong impulse toward that Divine help, which, casting aside all merely temporary aspects of truth, points onward toward final results with unerring precision. He forgot for the moment, that while Infinite Wisdom alone sees the soul's higher needs, and chooses the crucible in which it must be tried, no agony will be spared in effecting its ultimate development.

A tap at the door recalled him to himself. His wife had returned after second thought, and remarked on entering: "I hope that you have not forgotten that this is the evening for the grand ball. Of course you will be in readiness." Edward perceived the implied sarcasm but made no reply. Changing her bantering tone, she asked: "Did you mean that you were really going away, never to return?"

"Bulah," he said earnestly, "it is better for both of us that I go. We have made the most serious mistake of our lives, and it cannot be rectified by remaining as we are. We are not husband and wife in truth: we never have been; and to countenance such a pretense is to be false to ourselves and to Almighty God. Your motive in marrying me was to get my gold; that is yours now, and I am free."

Her manner had grown quiet and her expression firm as Edward proceeded. Gazing at him fixedly, she replied: "If you think to escape me, you are mistaken. Go where you will, I shall follow. If you go to the Holy Land I shall be there. Enter a monastery and I shall find means to reach your side. Hide yourself in the caves of the earth, and I will search until I discover your hiding place. You have never loved me, but I am your lawful wife, and while I live you shall never have another; and

if you ever love another woman, I will discover it. Do not think to elude pursuit: nothing upon earth nor in hell shall hide you from me."

Her eyes were flashing with suppressed wrath, as she turned away and left the room without a backward glance. Stung to action by this last dreadful scene between them, and remembering that a ship was to sail that evening for an American port, Edward made hurried preparations for embarking. Nothing remained but to make a swift and quiet exit from his home. As he moved about his room her words came back to him, and mechanically he repeated them: "If you love another woman, I will kill her." Love indeed! what had he to do with love?

Once indeed rare visions of a face and form of angelic beauty had visited him in his dreams, but they had long ago fled from his restless pillow. There were no terrors for him in her threat. He was leaving his home to become a wanderer in a strange land, without home and without friends. Overcome by a sudden sense of desolation he sank down with a cry of anguish. How long he lay in a stupor he could not tell. When he arose, a sense of peace possessed his whole being; a calmness sustained him that he had not felt since he had separated from his old life. He prepared quickly for his journey, and that evening, while his wife was being whirled around the ball room in the arms of her admirers, Edward left his home never to return. He made his way to the ship, with the feeling of one walking in a dream. Freedom! Freedom! he would be free! was all he thought.

The ship was to sail at midnight. It was his intention, so far as he had formed any, to go across to America and on to Australia, hoping that Bulah would thus lose trace of him, should she endeavor to carry out her threat, or should enquiries be pursued with vigor.

As he stood on deck, in the silvery moonlight, watching the shores of his native land fade from view, he felt a freedom he had not known since his marriage. Rest stole into his heart like a gracious messenger from a better land, and when, at last, he sought his cabin, refreshing sleep descended upon his senses like a benediction from invisible guardians.

In due time the ship arrived in New York. Edward escaped from the confusion of new impressions by at once seeking a quiet hotel. Reclining on a couch in a reposeful room, he fell into a half dreamy condition, and a vision, as of a moving panorama, passed before him. Hark! a low wailing cry for help echoed through the still air with startling distinctness. Murmuring sounds seemed all about him. The cry was repeated: "Come!"

His soul seemed to understand the summons, but, unable to respond, waited expectant. The call came again clear and sweet, "Come!" He sprang from the couch, his eyes flashing with the light of recognition. It was the voice of his beloved teacher long ago. Quivering with excitement, he answered joyfully, "I come." The sound of his own voice broke the spell. His agitation subsided, and he heaved a weary sigh at sight of his material surroundings. He had almost forgotten this friend of his father, and head of the Home of Love and Co-operative Life in which he had been largely educated in the Holy Land and London. But nothing is lost, The Higher Life inspiration often comes to those who need it in some loved and familiar form or way.

Because of this, many think they are seeing and hearing the departed or living, when they are simply being led and taught by the Living, Loving God, in whom we all live and move and have our being.

I walked in the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim voiceless valley alone.
I heard not the sound of a footstep
Around me, but God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where Angels have flown.

.

I have seen thoughts in the valley;
Ah, me! How my spirit was stirred!
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I hear all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing;
That to men, like the Dove of the Deluge
The message of Peace they may bring.

.

Father Ryan.

CHAPTER II

Over the great, dusty city of New York an atmospheric change had spread its vaporous wings during the night. The preceding day had been hot and sultry; as the morning dawned, a mist-cloud lay close above steeple and dome, and a light rain filled the air, rendering the streets slippery with surface mud. But just before the day closed and its king was about to sink behind the western hill, he suddenly unveiled his glorious face and shone forth in golden splendor, tinging tree and house-top with borrowed beauty, but rendering the mud and mire more apparent in the sudden glory that filled the street below.

In one of these immense gloomy buildings, known as a tenement house, a young girl was seated at a small attic window on the upper floor. The smile that lighted up the pale sweet face with its far away look, gave no indication that she was giving a thought to the miry dreariness of the street below. As the last rays of the setting sun stole through the little window, it kissed the pale cheek and illuminated the whole face with a tender, almost with a divine light. The large dark eyes were raised to the changing sky, as if striving to penetrate its depths for a glimpse of those veiled mysteries that lie beyond.

In such surroundings one so young and beautiful seemed strangely out of place, for she was in one of those great buildings where you may find hundreds of human beings huddled together in the smallest possible space.

On the girl's pallid countenance was stamped a natural refinement entirely foreign to the life about her. Yet this was the only home she had ever known. This small

scantly furnished room was invested with the magic charm that makes home truly dear no matter in what surroundings the home is situated. Her thoughts were evidently far away. The small hands were folded listlessly in her lap as if content to lie in confiding rest. The heavy masses of golden brown hair fell in rippling waves to her waist, covering the slender shoulders as with a rich garment. The sunlight seemed to linger lovingly among the bright meshes, crowning the shapely head with a soft halo of reflected glory.

This fair young girl is quite alone in the great city and this is the only home she can remember. She came from Switzerland with her mother when but four years of age. Her father had left his home a few months before she was born, to seek a better fortune in the new world, which, to his confident imagination, was a land of promise indescribable.

Time passed and he sent home money sufficient to bring his wife and child to New York, where he was to meet them. The ship reached port in safety, but no husband and father appeared to give them joyful greeting. He sickened and died, having passed away just as the realization of his hopes was to be fulfilled. The young wife was almost prostrated with grief and apprehension, as she was now left without husband, friends or money, and with not even a knowledge of the language spoken around her: her condition was indeed most deplorable. She made the officials at Castle Garden understand something of her situation; that she was alone, and had come expecting to meet her husband, but the half coherent inquiries she made, could avail but little. Some answered her kindly, while others merely replied with an incredulous shrug, saying: "Hundreds of women come with the same story; it may be true, we cannot tell."

With little Blanche in her arms, she trudged about and succeeded in finding a small room in a tenement house, and there began her struggle for a living for them both. But the unhappy wife's strength declined and her spirits sank under the heavy burden. She obtained employment in a large shirt factory, and toiled with a mother's faithful love as an incentive until her life forces failed entirely. At ten years of age little Blanche was left an orphan, sorrowful and alone in the great city of New York.

Although alone, however, she was not wholly dependent, for even at that tender age, with a provident wisdom known only to the industrious poor, the child had been duly instructed in plain needle work by her mother, and after her departure, Blanche was given such work as she could do under the kindly supervision of a sympathetic neighbor, poor as herself, who toiled in the same factory.

Eight years had passed since her mother's departure; and at the period when we introduce her to our readers, we find the child-waif grown to a woman, distinguished from all around her by a strange reticence of character and an innate refinement.

An earthly father she had never known, but shielding her orphaned heart behind her departed mother's simple religious faith, she felt a full sense of protection, which only an unquestioning belief in a clearly conceived Heavenly Father could give. In some natures faith speedily becomes knowledge, and that precious boon was hers.

While others employed their leisure time in enjoying the social resources within easy reach, she would sit communing with her own heart, and always found peace within. While her mother lived, they were all the world to each other, making but few acquaintances; and after

her departure and the keen anguish had passed away, the child was generally content when entirely alone.

The factory girls, at the place where she was employed, felt this sensitive shrinking of her nature, and, with the feeling common to their class stigmatized her as proud and cold. She was known among them as "the dreamer," an application which, though intended as derisive, clearly indicated a very essential difference between them.

Her mother had called her simply Blanche, but the marriage certificate bore the name of Cromwell. The mother had often told the child of her own early home and always treasured the thought of returning to it, as soon as enough money could be saved for the journey. But she had departed without even learning the fate of the missing husband and father. That he was faithless to his marriage vows never entered her trusting heart. The inner perception of that which gathers to its own bosom with fostering love—the Divine Father-hood and Mother-hood. Though habitually alone she was never lonely, and cheered her loneliness with a sense of inflowing companionship.

Thus her life passed on from childhood to womanhood. Tho habitually alone, she was never lonely, and when weary, was uncomplaining. She banished regretful reflections upon the privations of her life by turning from herself and extending a loving hand to the burdened ones around her.

During her mother's life she had been very little in contact with outside influences, and her dreamy nature, therefore, had free rein. But the loss of her dearest and only earthly friend often exposed her to the keen-edged realities of life; but they, stern teachers that they are, only caused her to retreat into her spiritual strongholds.

It is a happy fact that such a blessed refuge is open to a sensitive nature, and that safe within its natural fortress it can withstand the shocks that bring death to the young when unprotected. Moreover, she early perceived that life on earth is but a school for our advancement toward perfection; that the physical body is the living instrument through which the soul gains experience.

Her sweet and helpful disposition found easy outlet in its loving impulses by ministering to those in need, for her gentle hand was always ready to minister to the needy, and her serene face always revived a sinking heart. Her natural delicacy of feature and refinement of manner caused remarks wherever she went. The comment of the stranger usually was: "Who is that girl? Had she been reared in luxury she might have adorned society in its most aristocratic circles, as few do who are blessed with worldly advantages!"

But she continued on her way, unconscious of all this flattering comment, or the fact that she differed so widely from those about her. Her gentle retiring nature prompted her to take no part in the merry-makings, gossipings or boisterous mirth of her fellow-workers. Her leisure moments were usually passed alone, and thus her character was folded, leaf by leaf, under the beneficent light of the Life Divine, the great foster-mother of youth.

Removed by habit and exclusiveness of disposition from the jarring influences of the lower grades of life, she was comforted by the sunset scene, the storm-cloud, or the tender flush of a New Dawn. The rose, whose blossoming she watched with eager interest, brought a spiritual message to her heart. Unlike most girls, she turned from show windows and street pageants, seeking nature instead.

Many might learn by considering the peace that sustained this child of poverty, which would lead them into the beauties of the science life for it contains the key to the deepest problems of our life. If we adjust ourselves to nature's gracious influences, like the "still small voice of God," they enter without jar or rustle, and preside without confusion in our hearts.

As Blanche sat watching the throng homeward bound at twilight, or hurrying away to those resorts where the restless senses struggle for gratification, her soul would cry out: "Awake, ye sleeping ones! imprisoned in your houses of flesh! awake before the inner ear is dulled to the sweet voice of nature and it is too late to return! Arouse within yourselves the hunger for something above the level of daily existence, and more enduring than a momentary delight. Build your air-castles to-day, but to-morrow they may vanish. Lay up treasures in those store-houses of spiritual wealth which no earthly change can affect, spotless, fadeless and eternal as life itself.

Her heart held itself apart in a divine stillness amid the thoughtless chatter of many tongues and the thousand voices of business life.

One day as she sat by the little attic window, looking a shade paler than usual, not having left her room for several days, she said to herself: "I am not ill, only tired, perhaps; yes, very tired." Her physical strength was evidently at low ebb; that frequent painless passivity caused by the receding of life, scarcely explicable by science, was gradually asserting itself. At such times her soul was active and clear-eyed, her mental vision clearer than usual and she did not strive to arouse herself. As she lay thus wrapped in quiet repose, a gentle tap on the door aroused her, and smiling to herself she

arose and opened it. A thin, bent figure, leaning upon a crutch, stood in the door-way, whom Blanche immediately recognized as a sick neighbor, almost the only familiar one in that great building where hundreds were sheltered under the same roof. "I thought I would look in," said the woman, smiling faintly, an anxious shade visible upon her face. "It is three days since you were in my room; I thought you might be ill; I have missed you so much."

"No, I am not ill," replied Blanche, "only resting. Let me help you back to your chair now; it is getting late; I will come in and see you to-morrow."

Blanche assisted the poor woman with thoughtful kindness until she was safe and comfortable in her own room; she then returned to her own apartment, touched by the spirit which had prompted the poor invalid to visit her. "Three days!" she said to herself; "can it be so long? I must rouse myself from this selfish inactivity. Others need me. When I can brighten the life of this poor cripple by a little thoughtful kindness, is it right to keep my room and seclude myself for my own pleasure?" She clasped her hands as if asking a mental question, and there evidently came a response, for a radiant look soon lighted up her countenance. "Yes, I will be patient, for I am Thy servant, Thou God of Love; in Thy work I find my highest pleasure. I thank Thee for this reminder of my duty."

Attiring herself for the street, she descended the dark and narrow stairway, and went out. Weakness now reminded her of need for food, and with this thought she bent her steps to a store near by. As she passed hastily along, a little ragged boy who had approached unnoticed, caught her hand and said with upturned eager eyes, "Where have you been so long? Sister's worse and the

doctor said I must keep very still or she would die. So I ran out to find you, for she wants to see you so bad."

Blanche recognized in him one of those poor little waifs so common on the streets of New York, whom poverty includes in its train. Pressing a sisterly kiss upon the anxious face, she said: "Poor little sister! You will be very good, won't you? and tell her I will come very soon." The child left her—she crossed the slippery street to a small dingy store, where she made her modest purchases. In re-crossing, she was startled by loud screams near by. Looking in the direction whence they came, she saw a frightened horse dashing wildly down the street, and bearing directly upon her. She turned to escape, but her foot slipped and she fell helpless to the ground. The usual excitement, wild exclamations and general confusion followed. "Save her! save her! she will be trampled to death!" was heard on all sides. Suddenly a gentleman dashed through the crowd. He reached the girl, and at the risk of his own life, snatched her from under the feet of the plunging animal just in time to save her.

A glance at his dress and bearing, his handsome face and evident refinement, satisfied the observing bystanders that he did not belong to the class from which the crowd was chiefly made up. His promptness of action, self-command and courage elicited the admiration that such qualities excite the world over. With characteristic firmness he bore his burden to the sidewalk before he glanced at the white face upon his arm. Her stillness startled him, and his first thought was what will be the result of this sudden shock.

For a moment this possible swift release from the strain of living, brought to him almost an envious feel-

ing for himself. Was the peace of death sweet, and its revelations a clearing up of life's painful mysteries? He glanced inquiringly into the faces gathered thickly about him, as they peered eagerly into the unconscious face.

"To whom does this child belong?" he inquired; "Where can I find her parents?" His question brought no immediate reply, though several exclaimed in suppressed voices, "It's little Blanche!"

So little was known to them of her daily life,—almost nothing of her origin and history,—that most of them stared while he questioned, as if not comprehending his words. They were well accustomed to looking upon the fair, spiritual face, seldom seen away from home, except on missions of mercy, so foreign to them and infinitely above their mental level, it seemed to them as though she had dropped down among them like a creature strayed from a different world, as a white dove, storm beaten, sometimes finds shelter in lowly places, where its spotless plumage is the fairer by contrast, and suggests the blue of its native heaven, and the free untainted upper air which is its proper element.

They knew she lived alone upon an upper floor, and worked in the factory near by,—that was all.

"Where are the girl's friends?" came again in tones almost imperative. Some echoed the word "friends," and stared blankly, without further remark.

He looked at them indignantly, and repeated his question, adding, "Speak quickly, men, for if this poor child is not already gone, wet and cold will soon complete the work."

A man in the crowd then stepped forward, and replied briefly: "She has no friends so far as we know."

"No friends!" exclaimed the stranger, with a look of pained surprise.

"You mean relations," continued the speaker—"Mother and father, I suppose."

"We don't know anything of them. Her name is Blanche, and she lives just across the street in that tenement there; she works in the factory, and lives alone by herself. There is no one to come after her. But," he continued, "if you will take her upstairs I will show you the way."

The man made his way through the crowd, followed by the stranger with his helpless burden. They ascended the rickety stairway down which Blanche had come but a short time before, with an illumined face. Now she was being carried back in the arms of a stranger, helpless as if death had overtaken her. The guide entered the little room, took a match from his pocket, and lighted a lamp on a small stand in one corner. Its light revealed a plainly furnished room, and upon the bed the stranger laid his burden as gently as if she were an infant. Turning to speak to his guide, he saw, to his surprise, that he was gone, closing the door noiselessly after him.

The stranger stood still for a moment considering the best course to pursue, then taking the light from the table and holding it above her head, he gazed silently at the girl, lying pale and still before him. He noted the delicate beauty of the exquisite face, the rich masses of golden brown hair spreading over the pillow, on which the well formed head was resting.

He stared excitedly. Could it be entirely human, with the divine calm of so tranquil a soul traceable in every line? Where are those marks of care and sorrow that tell of poverty and struggle and human endurance? In their stead was an innocence and purity, divinely beautiful, upon which he gazed with bated breath. The closed eyes seemed to turn and penetrate into his inmost soul.

Was this the embodiment of a high spiritual essence, whose hidden fires still radiated warmth and light? He glanced about the room with a shiver at its meager comforts, and again at the young girl.

"Can this place be home to her?" he said to himself. As his gaze returned to her face he started with sudden sudden surprise. "Surely I have seen this face before, but where? No! No! this is a child of poverty and so far from my home. Yet her countenance seems strangely familiar!"

He roused himself. Something must be done, and quickly. He opened the door leading into the dim hall, intending to summon an inmate of the house to his assistance. The smell of food, mingled with odors less savory, saluted his nostrils. Then came the sound of angry words, yes, and of blows. With a feeling of disgust, he closed the door, deciding to wait until the sleeper's consciousness returned, then he might enquire what could be done for her.

Never had he found himself in a situation so helplessly alone, with an unconscious young girl in need of assistance and yet in a thickly peopled tenement house. He shrank from penetrating into the noisy darkness outside to ask for assistance. Perhaps human aid would not be needed. He would wait. He turned from the door, and as he did so Blanche opened her eyes and gazed at him with a keenly observant look. He started as their eyes met, and Blanche spoke as one in a dream: "I am glad to see you."

He watched her narrowly: was her brain quite clear?

"Do you need help?" he said. "Can I be of assistance?"

"I am not ill," she replied, smiling faintly. "I have no pain. I will be well soon."

"Have you no friends who can come to you?"

She shook her head. "None of whom I could ask help. My friends are in more need than myself. They are among the lowly ones of the world."

She tried to rise from her pillow and a groan escaped her lips. She had discovered that she could not move her left arm. He moved quickly to her side, asking in the usual helpless manner of men what he could do for her.

"The pain will be better in a few minutes," she replied. "Will you sit down? I would like to talk with you."

Again it seemed to him that her thoughts must be wandering, but he complied with her request, and related to her how he had taken her from the muddy street after the accident, and was guided to her room by a bystander who disappeared before he could ask a question.

"I remember going out," she replied slowly, as if collecting her thoughts. "I had not left my room for several days. I had purchased food and was returning, when I saw the horses coming upon me, and I remember no more." She paused and looked up at the stranger. A smile of peculiar sweetness illumined her face giving the effect of light shining from within.

"Have you no memory of knowing me in the past?" she asked.

He started with surprise, "No, we have never met before," he replied in a low doubtful tone.

Blanche closed her eyes for a moment, lost in thought. "Did you never see me in your dreams?" she questioned, looking at him earnestly.

"What do you mean?" he asked. Something within him struggled for recognition; a faint far-off suggestion, which, like a dimly out-lined picture still eluded him, among mental mists. He glanced into her eager eyes,

and shook his head. Her breath came quicker, her look more appealing. "Look deep into your soul," she said, "let that speak."

He started. "Look deep into my soul? child, what is buried there I am trying to forget. I must forget!" He bent forward as if he would have touched her, but quickly drew back. "No! no! no tumult of feeling has disturbed that soul's tranquil depths." His surroundings were forgotten; and agitated by his own thought, he rose and paced the narrow room. For a moment the girl's eyes followed him, then she held out her slender hand, her face growing luminous.

"Is there nothing in your memory that can help you to recognize me? Has Divine Intuition entirely receded from your sight? What have you done to cloud your understanding so that you cannot see the light of The New Dawn.

He gazed at her with a look of intense interest, his hands tightly clasped, he was striving to grasp the memory that her words had evoked.

"Why do I not, why can I not see?" he cried perplexed. A glimpse of the truth swept across his mental vision, but it was gone before it could convey to him its meaning. He sank into a chair with a pained cry, and buried his face in his hands. "I have closed the door; closed it by one act of folly, and I must make amends."

There was silence in the room for a little space. Then a gentle voice fell upon his ear. "The door can be reopened, you can unlock it and find the treasure hidden within. Turn your thought to Him Who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. He will help you to regain that which you believe you have lost." As Blanche proceeded to give him fuller and clearer glimpses of truth, the reality of a higher life, her voice calmed his agi-

tation, and her child-like faith stilled the storm that raged within. He listened with growing wonder as she proceeded. "Could it be possible that he had known this strange child-woman but a few hours?" Every barrier was swept away by the inflowing tide of spiritual sympathy. A sister might have offered such sweet counsel, had they been long separated and he but just returned and in sore need of gracious aid. The treasures of her higher knowledge were joyfully brought forth that she might impart to him that which she had held, as if in waiting, against the time of his coming.

Time was forgotten while he listened; while the soul struggled to regain its forfeited freedom. This simple and unlearned child held in her possession treasures of knowledge before which the scholar might bow in reverence. In her pure soul he discerned a pearl of great price that cheapened all the temporal wealth of the world. Her face shone with the rapture of a glorious thought, a presence that could forecast Eternity, and gaining sight of a true Life in comprehension of a fullness of its tuition.

Suddenly, in one of those flashes of memory that bring a conviction of the truth, it came to him. "This is the face I have so often seen in dreams; I am sure of it now." He gazed at the girl as if spellbound; she paused a moment, arrested by his searching inspection. Her eyes were large and luminous with a light divine; her face was transformed by the thought that sprang to her lips.

"When I am alone," she said, "this world drifts from my sight, and I enter a beautiful home where all is space. Tell me, do you never have such dreams?" He shook his head. The girl looked surprised. "Can we indeed forget?" she cried.

"Perhaps not quite forget," he answered. "Memories

of a dream life that I lived, at times crowd upon me," he continued slowly, like one striving to recollect, "and faint echoes of its sounds and voices come to me as you speak; but the mists of uncertainty roll between. There are mountainous difficulties in the way; I cannot see beyond them. Why cannot I understand? Why can I not know you as you know me? Tell me, oh, tell me?"

He turned to her with still keener interest—"How do you learn all these things?"

"I do not know," said Blanche, smiling absently. "They seem to unfold within my mind as if I were reading them within. While my mother lived, I used to think she often talked with the angels," she continued, simply. "As I grew older I could understand more. Then I saw and heard for myself things that can unfold only from within. Often in my dreams I go on journeys to a land more lovely, far than this, and see many beautiful things and hear sweet music; and there is one who is always with me."

"Who is your companion?" he asked eagerly.

The girl paused but for a moment only: "You," she replied innocently. There was no pretense nor deceit on her guiltless face. "And when mother died," she resumed, "you came to me and soothed my grief. You told me that some day we should meet as we meet now." He struggled to comprehend.

"And your companion," he replied, "was he like me? As you see me now?"

She paused as if considering. "Yes and no," she answered slowly. "How can I make it clear to your perception? Perhaps in this way. That is your shadow, is it not? (pointing to the wall.) As I know the form on the wall is a shadow of you, so do I know you as the man who has walked with me in the land that we shall

inhabit when this earthly body has turned to dust. But that form is as much more real and beautiful than you appear as you are now, compared with the shadow on the wall. It is not very plain," she said, "but perhaps you can understand."

The stranger gazed at her intensely and at that moment he would willingly have given up the earthly body to have been able to grasp for himself this wondrous mystery of the soul life as she knew it. But he was separated from it and from her by an insurmountable barrier. Beyond its bounds he could not step. He rose in a tumult of feelings. "What art thou, O man," he cried, "that by one rash act thou shouldst bring destruction upon thy dearest hopes, and bring upon thyself this separation?" Had not his own rash act separated their lives? A new thought startled him. Would this knowledge bring misery into her quiet life? There was keen anguish in the thought. Sinking upon his knees beside the little table, his voice rose in almost inaudible prayer, "O Thou Invisible One! Who holdest all in Thine Omnipotent Hand, let not my err blight her pure life. Spare, O spare her, though to me she is lost." His frame shook with emotion and sobs choked his utterance.

Blanche raised her voice in earnest supplication, "O Thou Eternal One! if he has erred, pardon and forgive. Purify his soul from every stain, that he may know Thee, The Author of all life." She bowed her head in reverence.

For a moment there was profound silence in the little room. The tempest of feeling was stilled by the magic of the gentle voice and there was calm. He rose comforted and eager to hear more of the obscure truths that were struggling for a place in his mind, he made many inquiries that night whose answers would throw light upon these mysteries. Her answers brought back hope and revived

his sinking heart. He had been favored with temporal advantages and had studied under the best of masters, but his acquired wisdom had availed him little in unraveling the mysteries of the Infinite. His highest thoughts had not penetrated the fleshy veil which hides from us knowledge of immortal import. The highest intelligence must unfold from within. Only in this way can we receive The truth from the Eternal Source. Receiving the truth as he had done, from secondary and external sources, his finer perception of the real, taught him in that hour, that, while he saw "as through a glass darkly," she saw "face to face." The vivid conviction of Blanche that she had long seen and enjoyed fellowship with the soul of her deliverer is not to be taken literally. It is in these ways that God Himself, by His Own Spirit, creates within us fore-shadowings of things to come. The law thereof is simple and we shall yet understand the nature and beauty of The Higher Life Science.

The lamp burned dimly, as the first rays of the New Dawn stole into the room. As the light increased a divine ray penetrated his lonely and desolate heart. Sounds of voices from the street below were borne in upon the morning air, and the murmurous hum of life awaking to its daily activity reached his ear. He felt that for him a New Dawn had been ushered in, and a New Life begun. Another thought suggested itself. He could not leave this child in her lonely and helpless condition. He would protect her as a brother might. "Would it not be well," he asked himself, "if she should go to some quiet place apart from the city, where the physical body might rest?"

Undoubtedly our readers have recognized our friend Edward James in the stranger so unexpectedly brought into the life of Blanche.

His own life was crying for rest from its struggles,

and, in being near to her for a few quiet weeks, he might obtain it and learn more of this wondrous spiritual development. Full of this thought, he suggested to her his plan. Blanche met it with various objections, but, as he urged his higher needs, and the blessings her knowledge would bring to him, she finally acquiesced.

Matters were soon arranged, and that very evening Blanche was settled for a time, as a lodger in a small cottage about fifteen miles from the great bustling city of New York. To the young girl who had never been absent from the city before in her short life, what a world of sylvan beauty was revealed! The fresh loveliness of her surroundings filled her with delight. At last she had come face to face with that glorious life in nature which had hitherto been revealed to her only in fleeting glimpses. She had lived so distinctively apart from the world around her, that perceptions had been developed above the common level of the senses. In that world of seeming unreality she had attained to such marvelous clearness in things spiritual, that she had caught an occasional glimpse of nature similar to what she now beheld spread out so lavishly about her. She was not surprised; she had known all these things existed somewhere. To her, her companion was not a man of the world. Her intuition had divined in him a kindred spirit, though latent spiritually in relationship to her own.

Their conversations led them into, to him, unfamiliar paths. In answer to his questionings, Blanche could often return but one reply. "Mortal perceptions cannot comprehend immortal conditions, and only by the help of the Divine Spirit can the necessary developments be reached. In this work we cannot serve God and Mammon. We must cultivate singleness of purpose; we must also conquer self, rise above and overcome; we must not repine

at our experiences for, if we live truly, they will prove a means for opening the portals of deliverance."

Edward had not overrated the effects of change. The delicious country air, the loveliness of her surroundings and the congenial companionship brought a delicate bloom to the girl's pale cheeks. Another life had opened to her. Her material life had broadened wonderfully in a few days, and her companion had found in her a wonderful help. Day after day they walked side by side in conversation, generally seeking the shade of a grand old oak, that spread its mighty arms above them, like those of a friend uplifted in blessing. Stretched upon a grassy carpet at its feet he listened to her words as one might to those of a being who had strayed from a higher sphere and brought its knowledge earthward.

From within her wisdom reached infinitely beyond the temporal, and he perceived that in her soul, as in a clear glass, pictures of the glorified reality of a higher and purer life were reflected. Prompted by his noble nature, the best and truest feelings in his soul rose to do honor to this unique specimen of womanhood. In her innocences and purity, as well as in her unprotected condition, he recognized an appeal to his most loyal manhood, his brotherly protection.

Oh! that it could be roused early in life to the imperative necessity of strengthening our noblest instincts, that the lower might not be able to take it unawares. Youth forgets that in its very liberty danger lurks, and in its richness of life lie the elements of self-destruction. It goes on exulting in a strength which, when unguarded, becomes like a two-edged sword, and thus wounds itself with reckless cruelty.

Often as Edward wandered by the side of this pure, innocent girl, Bulah's words came to him, "If you ever

love another, I'll discover it." He shuddered as he thought of the possibility of Bulah discovering this innocent girl, the embodiment of purity and goodness, at his side. He knew that he must leave her; Bulah might even now be on his track, but how could he tell Blanche that another had a right by law to claim him as her husband? The words were often on his lips, but something in his inmost soul held him back.

Thus does a man's perverted conscience stand with drawn sword in the path of his courage and obstruct the way.

So he waited, not knowing what any day might bring forth, but making himself believe that for the present, at least, he was safe. Never before had life seemed so sweet to him, so truly worth the living. To his inner sight this maiden was a child of the sun, radiating the light which shines through all life. In its genial warmth the old troubled existence receded until almost forgotten. She was becoming more to him than his own life, a being who had attained to superior power by some strange spiritual process whose secret is hidden with the Great Creative Principle alone. New and glorious glimpses of a possible divine unfoldment came to him. Under such conditions, what might not life become? He could blot out the past and begin his career anew.

While such thoughts as these thronged through his brain he was almost happy; but one night he fell into a disturbed sleep, and, waking from a troubled dream, he suddenly rose to a sitting posture with a keen sense of a presence in the room. Perception was on the alert in a moment, and a voice, whose source was from within, said in clear tones, though not audibly, "Not long wilt thou be permitted to indulge in this delirious dream. Thou hast erred, and the penalty must be paid; but act

wisely and thou canst rise nobly from the outcome of thy fall and become a bright and shining star. Through a Higher Life shall thy robes be purified and made white in the unblemishable righteousness of a repentant heart. Each conquered passion is a stepping stone to a higher life, and by it thou may'st ascend toward that perfection for which man was created."

A brilliant star appeared before him, and overpowered by its light he fell unconscious upon his pillow. When he awoke, the sun streamed into his room. Rising, he dressed quickly and went into the garden. Blanche was sitting beneath the oak, with the sunlight resting like a soft halo on her uncovered head, the beauty of the morning reflected in the loveliness of her young womanhood. With an inward pang he thought of the separation between them, and the words of the vision rang again in his ears, "Thy dream must end."

A summer cloud thrilled through with rosy light,
Floating beneath the blue sky all alone!
Her spirit wandered by itself, and won a golden edge from some
 unsetting sun.
None looked upon her but he straightway thought of all the
 greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year.
Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seemed a more certain gift of spring than she.

CHAPTER III

One morning soon after they were installed in their new home, Edward did not appear at breakfast until after Blanche had finished her customary light meal. She had left the apartment to seek her favorite spot under the oak. Nature wooed her like a lover, and its morning freshness drew her where, like Aurora, she "watched the dawnlight run like red wine through the hills."

The landlady who waited at breakfast on this eventful morning, wore an anxious face. As the meal proceeded she remarked with a sigh, "There has been another terrible fire in London; have you seen the paper, sir?"

The good lady who was of English birth and from the vicinity of London, had herself scanned the list of casualties in the *Times*, trembling lest her eye should rest on a familiar name. She presented the page to her English guest, rightly divining his interest in its contents. He glanced over the columns until his eye rested on a paragraph which drew his instant attention. "At a ball in a fashionable quarter and while the festivities were at their height, the building was discovered to be on fire. The guests were just returning from the supper room and many had imbibed too freely of wine, etc." Glancing over the names of the missing, he read among them, Lady Taunton, Mrs. George Hillary, Mrs. Edward James. His face blanched and the paper fell from his hand.

For a moment he struggled with himself to overcome his emotion; the landlady had left the room, and Blanche who had been won by the beauties outside, still remained absent, leaving him to complete his repast alone; so he

was fortunately unnoticed. He rose, still trembling with excitement, and in the privacy of his own room, eagerly perused the article. "Can it be true?" he exclaimed. "Has the woman from whom I fled so speedily met such an awful fate? Cut off without warning, in a moment? Why would she not listen to my words? Why pursue the life of excitement that only leads to destruction? Now it is too late! Poor, unhappy girl!"

A new thought suggested itself. He caught up the paper and followed every line of the article with renewed interest. Remains had been found, but so mutilated that identification was almost impossible. Again he ran his eye over the list and paused at Bulah's name. Raising his eyes and clasping his hands, he cried, "Free! I am free! What is time? Why should I wait? Blanche shall be my wife! Mine! Mine! My arms shall protect her."

He controlled himself with an effort, and rising, went out into the garden. Strolling along the familiar paths, lost in thought, he spied Blanche among the flowers, a vision of beauty and innocence, the fairest blossom of them all. His heart throbbed with a new sensation. "At last I am free to choose her whom my soul loved out of all the world to be my wife!" The words sang in his brain like a triumphant chorus. "Mine! Mine! Again the old home shall ring with a new joy." He hurried forward and trembling with exultation, reached her side.

"Let us go to the old oak," he said, "there we can rest undisturbed." They walked on in silence, his thoughts busy with the news that morning received, which had changed the whole current of his life. Blanche held up the dew-laden blossoms she had gathered. "Beautiful, are they not?" she said with enthusiasm. "If they have a

message for us, what should our life be that we might read their language aright, and live as purely as they?"

"Yes, my child, they are very beautiful," he replied, absently, and for the first time he folded his arms about her, "but you are more lovely than all. Now you can be mine as you know I am thine." And he printed the first warm kiss upon her upturned brow.

He forgot his surroundings, forgot everything but the girl by his side, his only, out of all the world. The warning conveyed by his vision was forgotten in his present joy. At last he had found her, the beautiful ideal of his boyhood dreams! Why need he wait? Blanche needed his protection and he needed her divine love and counsel. For a few moments they talked on; he asked her to accompany him to the city, where he purchased a special licence. When they returned to the cottage Blanche was his wife.

Days passed as if on wings. The prison bars that had bound him were shattered by the news of Bulah's death. His soul tasted the blessedness of freedom; life was before him. Blanche was now his own. Whatever in the future they might suffer, the memory of those weeks could never fade from his heart.

Three weeks had elapsed; they were still at the cottage, when he awoke one night with a startled perception of a strange presence being in his room. He rose up and tried to speak, but words failed to come to his aid. His breath came quickly, and a feeling of dread possessed him. His sense of hearing was alert and keen, but the voice was heard in only the depths of his soul. "Edward, awake from thy slumber. Thy blissful dream is at an end. Bear bravely thy cross; shun not the battle that is before thee, though thy commander place thee in the thickest of the fight. Endure all things without

murmuring; hope all things with an unfaltering trust. Mount upward in thought, then in act, and the door will open to thy knock. In the secret chambers of thy heart all will be made plain to thee. In the stillness and the silence, there shalt thou find thy love." A brilliant light filled the room and for a moment he saw the radiant form of Blanche as she was being borne away from him. He struggled to rise, but had no power; as she disappeared the light vanished and again he was alone. Overcome with a sense of pain and weariness of heart, he fell back upon the pillow with a sigh. "What does it mean? have I been deceived? Does Bulah still live?" he exclaimed, "must I give her up? Oh! Blanche! Blanche! Life will be a dreary waste without thee!"

Morning dawned; he arose unrefreshed. After a slight repast he sought Blanche in her favorite retreat under the old oak. She looked up at his approach, startled by the pallor of his face. For a moment he held her hand and looked into her loving eyes, and a great sob escaped his lips. "My darling, my wife! I have not been true to thee. I have not trusted thee with the secret of my life. I am not worthy of thy great love."

The girl looked at him wonderingly, but remained calm and silent. For a few moments they stood thus. He flung himself upon the grass with his face to the earth; his thoughts were busy. What should he do? "I will tell Blanche all, then leave for England; there the past could be blotted out and I will live a better life with my wife."

As he lay thus, the voice within again made itself heard above the tumult in his brain, and it fell upon his soul like a death-knell, though it was without audible sound:—he feared to breathe . . . "O man! how blind art thou, that thou should'st make for thyself laws which cannot be executed. What art thou, that thou should'st built upon

another's fall? Such a building thou canst not inhabit. Does thou rejoice in the destruction of a human soul? Lift thine eyes! Behold what is before thee, and shrink not from thy duty." Scarcely knowing what he was doing he sprang to his feet, turned his eyes toward the road. As he did so a still more deadly pallor blanched his face. Staggering, he held on to the old tree, to keep from falling, and hoping to conceal the girl at his side. Blanche felt the shock as of a blow, though she was unable to divine its source. She clung to him tremblingly, but spake not a word; waiting for that which was to follow, she knew not what.

He knew that not a moment was to be lost. The report in the paper was false! and to linger on the spot an instant longer was to bring destruction to the gentle girl at his side; go he must and quickly as possible. When he raised his eyes to the road he beheld Bulah in all her gaiety mounted upon a gray horse; and riding beside her was a young and handsome stranger, who appeared to be eagerly drinking in every word that fell from her lips.

Blanche and he were hidden from view by the friendly foliage of the oak. The cottage and garden were parted from the road by a running stream and had no features to attract the attention of these passers-by. Blanche and Edward were thus protected from being seen by the strangers. Thought flew rapidly through Edward's mind. Bulah must not catch a glimpse of Blanche—must not suspect him of being there. The road was winding and it would be some moments before the riders could pass the cottage. A single glance of pity he cast upon the girl at his side, a brief embrace, a passionate kiss, two words, "Go back!" and he was gone! gone out of her life forever.

It was but the work of a moment to reach the cottage,

catch up his valise, and leave sufficient money with a hurried word for Blanche in a little package on his table addressed to her. He quickly crossed the stream, reached a clump of willows on its bank, sank to the earth near the road side where the riders must pass, and bowing his head on his valise, weary and sick at heart, he waited. The sound of horses' hoofs came nearer and nearer; again he heard Bulah's laugh! and her gay chat as she rode by the side of her companion. He did not raise his head, but knew that she would recognize him, and desired it. She must see him, then Blanche would be safe. When opposite they spied him, then came to a sudden halt. A word or two in low tones passed between them, when the gentleman dismounted and approached Edward. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I feared you were ill, and this is a lonely spot."

"Thank you," replied Edward, without looking round—"I am tired, and stopped to wait for a cab which will take me to the wharf."

He knew that Bulah had the required information and would be on his track, he decided not to lose sight of her until she was far away from the cottage. Then he knew that Blanche would not be in danger. The stranger returned to his companion and they rode on at a leisurely pace. Edward could not have timed his flight to better advantage, for the cab was due and just then it appeared in sight. The riders were still in view, and Edward knew, without looking round, that Bulah saw him enter it. In clear tones he asked the driver to take him to the wharf at once as he wished to take a steamer that was leaving that evening. Seated in the cab he had leisure to think. Dear little Blanche! wife, yet no wife! What will the child think? What is the wisest course for me to pursue? The answer came, "Silence." It was impossible to explain

even were he within reach. What could he say in extenuation? He could indeed say that he thought that his wife was dead, and ask her forgiveness. "O God!" he cried, "what is this that has come upon me, and wrecked my life and the life of this innocent girl?" His conscience upbraided him sternly for his selfishness. He had thought only of self, and his heart was stirred with impotent anger against his thoughtless folly. Why did he not wait until they reached England before he made Blanche his wife?

He felt compelled to allow Blanche to draw her own conclusions, for the present at least, and justified himself for his hasty desertion of her, as the only measure for her protection. He must continue to draw Bulah out of the country lest in some way she should discover that he had been for nearly two months under the same roof with a lovely girl, as her trusted friend, only companion, and then husband.

But he had gained his point. Bulah would never lose sight of him now. He anticipated his wife's plans by inferring that she would take passage on the steamer about to sail, and events proved that he had judged correctly. As he stepped upon the steamer no casual observer would have perceived any evidences of mental anguish, or anything to show that he knew himself an object of pursuit. He looked like a care-worn traveler moving on his way in a leisurely manner, with all previous arrangements made for leaving home.

He seated himself on deck where he could see everyone who approached with the air of an indifferent spectator. Just before the steamer started, a lady closely veiled, attended by a colored man, came on board, and in her he recognized his wife. Every room had been taken; she had paid a man to give up his state room to her, which

was very near to Edward's. She did not suspect that Edward was observing her every movement, or that he even knew of her presence on board. Keeping his position until every connection with the shore was severed, and they were well out into deep water, he then retired to his state room, and locked the door. He did not re-appear on deck until near noon on the following day, when the ship was far out on the blue waters.

When he came on deck he seated himself apart from others in an attitude of quiet meditation, gazing absently upon the sunlit sea. Bulah soon approached with a low bow and a sweet smile. He rose with stately dignity and returned her salutation with the manner of one wishing to be left undisturbed. She gazed at him for a moment in undisguised astonishment. Did her presence, then, occasion no surprise, or was it self-control on his part? If the latter, it was a marked success. "So you see, dear boy," she said laughing, "I am not far behind you. Do you remember what I told you when we parted? You can never hide yourself from me. I saw you in hiding under the trees (for a moment he held his breath) with your valise under your head." She laughed and he breathed freely again, but a sigh of relief escaped him. Blanche was safe from her now, and he could face anything.

She held out her hand with a mocking smile: "Do not forget that I am your wife. Do you intend to acknowledge me as such on this voyage, or are we to appear before the world as strangers?"

Edward looked at her for a moment with an expression of pity. "Bulah," he said, "three years ago you appeared to me as a true and beautiful woman. You told me a sad story, and, flattered by what seemed your love for me, I offered you my hand and heart. When I

made you my wife, I thought you were as good as you were beautiful. But when I discovered my mistake, I left you free. I only asked as much of you, leaving you that treasure which was your real object in marrying me — my gold!”

“All is fair in love and war, dear, you know,” she replied with a careless laugh.

“What is given in honesty and purity of heart, cannot be taken back,” he replied gravely, “but you can never be a wife to me again. Be a true woman in future, and I will be to you a true brother and a faithful friend.”

“Speak in French,” she said, glancing at people standing near, “we can converse privately, at least.”

He bowed, and she continued, “I am very much obliged to you, of course. It is like you, dear boy, to advise me thus: but do you think I could be content to hide my attractions in a cottage and array myself in calico gowns and linen aprons?” she laughed, “I could not do it, even for your sake.”

He rose, bowed and moved away, as if further conversation would be fruitless. She stood looking after him with an expression half mocking, half amused. How lovely she appeared, standing in the clear noon sunshine. No woman was ever more fully aware of her charms than this woman whom Edward James had once called wife. Admiration, flattery and social triumphs had been her portion since childhood, and she could not live without it.

Physical beauty is indeed grand, yea God-like, but if not united with corresponding beauty of character, its power over a fine nature is but of short duration. There is a large class who are attracted and held captive by physical beauty so long as it affords them the variety and novelty their tastes demand. When it palls upon them

they quickly seek a new face and the unfortunate one is forgotten, but the true life charms last forever.

"No, no, dear," she soliloquised, as she watched Edward disappear from view, "I do believe I love you, but I shall never place my beauty in subjection to your whims. Life is given for our enjoyment, and I for one shall have my fill." For a moment her face darkened, and a strange expression rested upon it like a thunderous cloud. "If you will not be my husband," she hissed between her teeth, "you shall never enjoy another woman's love."

Edward returned to his state room with a heavy heart, and closing the door he buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. By one mad act, one act of rashness, he had lost all the joys of his youth, and felt as one suddenly grown old. He knew that this woman would keep her word. She would never lose trace of him and he now realized the power he had given her by bestowing on her all his wealth, thus enabling her to carry out her desires and follow him wherever he would go.

"O thou all seeing one," he cried, "why will you not open your arms, that in their sweet embrace I may sink into a painless repose and forget all my troubles?" Then he thought of the loving girl in the lonely attic room. "Coward!" said the voice in his heart, "wilt thou retire from the field because the enemy will not easily surrender? Dost thou court annihilation, because, when like a child, all thy toys do not please thee? Who art thou that courts death? Rather seek life, truth and honor." Edward raised his head. The noise of wind and wave was lost upon his ears. A face rose spectre-like before him, and beside it, the sweet face of Blanche, his earth bride. Her loving eyes beamed upon him with a tenderness that brought peace, like an angel's message to

his soul. What could it be? In astonishment he gazed upon them, but a voice soft and low said, "Hope," and sweet strains of music seemed to fill the room.

The next moment silence fell, and he was alone, but the storm had ceased, the sky was clear. His faithful love was still beside him in thought, he felt her presence, and that she was without condemnation. She had seen his struggles, and her faithful love had followed him to uphold and cheer in times of trial. He would not shrink from the unfortunate woman whom he had once called wife. Why should he condemn himself? Had he not fled to save Blanche from peril? he reasoned with a human readiness to shield his own heart. He had left her in poverty, but could he have done otherwise? Thus does the human heart try to smother the truth within and make of it a false pleader!

Could Blanche feel the force of his agony or was her pure soul so far beyond the reach of bitterness that she could drink, untroubled, from the great fountain of universal love where only purity and freedom dwells?

Words that she uttered while they had been together for those few weeks, came back to him now. "If we do our work faithfully, nothing can part us, not even this garment of flesh." He saw again the angelic smile that played about her mouth, and he cried, "Oh, my beloved, dearer than myself, walk beside me through this gloom and teach me patience. Spread the wings of thy gentle soul above me, that I may know as thou knowest; see as thou seest; that I may find rest and peace in a Higher Life, as thou hast done!"

For a long time he sat musing with bowed head, then he rose strengthened. He had only slumbered and dreamed and the angels had really visited him to give comfort and strength to his heart.

Other words came back to him. Why indeed should he shun the battle? why shrink from conflict with self when all experiences are necessary before one can become master of self? Memories of former lessons given by his teachers came to him, assuming new importance and value in this new thought. "All things are possible." But had he been faithful? Had he not snapped the golden thread that united him to The Higher Life? Had he not forfeited the blessings promised?

He thought of the girl in the lonely attic room; of the sweet content that folded her like a garment; of the quiet happiness of her life holding all things within its own blessed circle, and he cried, "Wife, yet no husband to comfort and cheer." Was not her life what some would pronounce an utter sacrifice? Yet all its conditions were accepted in a noble and uncomplaining spirit. Could she forgive him? Why could he not begin life anew, and reach after that inward beauty and perfection which is unfading and immortal in her character?

For a time a calm descended upon his restless, troubled mind, and rest came in the midst of uncongenial surroundings; he felt resigned to his fate.

During the days that followed he often heard Bulah's voice in sprightly conversation, audible above the noisy rush of wind and water. There were not many ladies on board and the beautiful and witty woman had many followers.

One morning a young Englishman approached Edward and rather abruptly opened a conversation. With the freedom exercised by the gay traveler the world over, he at once became confidential.

"I am on a tour of the world, don't you know?" he began; "the Governor sent me away because I fell in love and wanted to marry. All the boys do. You know

something about that yourself. It's awfully nice, though, to have a girl leave all the other chaps who are dying for her and come over to you, don't you know?"

Edward looked up, half impatient and half anxious. "What did the fellow mean?" But his annoyance was disarmed by increasing indications of a talkative disposition that only asked an appreciative listener, and would be satisfied with a patient one.

"When the governor parted us," he went on, "I was awfully cut up, don't you know? but the lady on board was so charming in the yellow satin gown last evening, has quite captured my heart, and I can easily forget my other girl, poor little Bessie," and he laughed gaily. His unfeeling words grated upon Edward's ear, but he listened with mingled feelings of expectancy and dread.

"I say, old chappie," continued the young lover with the impertinent freedom of youth on its first outing, "that lady is clever, don't you know, but I was really obliged to tell her that she was a flirt. To be frank with me, now don't you really think so yourself?"

Edward looked gravely out at sea, but made no reply. He was trying with what strength he had to control the agitation within, and speech was impossible.

"You play chess, perhaps, or cards, do you?" he questioned with persistent good nature. Edward shook his head.

"That's funny, but do you know, I lost twenty pounds last night, and I'm sure the lady in the satin gown didn't play fair. If my luck doesn't change, don't you know, I shall be hard up before we get on shore again, for the governor doesn't allowance me generously, you see. A few more rounds like that, and I'm cleaned out. But a fellow can't let it be seen that the governor's hard on him, can he now?"

Edward rose and moved away, unable to endure more of this thoughtless confidence. Days passed and Bulah reigned as queen in her little social kingdom. Her pleasure-loving subjects attended with loyal devotion to her slightest wish while she played, sang or conversed with the gay abandon of a young creature who had never known a heartache.

At last the voyage came to an end. Bulah had informed her admirers that she expected friends to meet her, but when, on the ship's arrival, none appeared, her new friends crowded around her with numerous offers of sympathy and assistance. Her assumed surprise and agitation over the non-appearance of friends was well carried out, and deceived even the old captain, who vied with the passengers in his gallant attention to her wishes, until she was liberally escorted to a good hotel and her comfort assiduously looked after. Just before leaving the ship, she gave Edward one meaning look, which, while signifying nothing to those around them said to him more plainly than words, "You need not hope to escape me."

At Naples he found a ship about to sail for Melbourne, and he at once took passage on it. Oh! for liberty and rest! Entangled as he was in the web of an unscrupulous woman, the freedom of even death had its contrasting value. He thought of Blanche, and of the blessed quiet of her life, unpursued by harassing uncertainty and relentless injustice.

"Can I not in mountain retreats find solitude and rest?" he questioned sadly. "But first I have work to do. Is it not my duty to seek for gold for the girl I have left in poverty? Men are coming and going daily laden with the coveted treasure. Is it not my duty to seek for wealth without delay? O Thou Great God of Love, awaken within me Thine Own Life! I will go into the

mountains at once. There I shall find strength to withstand the enemy and be myself a man among men. I can decide while there upon a wise and honorable course to pursue."

Within three days after arriving in Melbourne Edward found a party about to leave for the gold regions, near Ballarat. They readily made him one of their number, and found in his noble bearing and manly character a strong recommendation to their favor.

He soon took his natural position among them as a leader by common consent, and his orders were carried out with the ready cheerfulness of affectionate respect. He received the title of Captain among the men and they little knew what memories of his father it revived.

They left the city quietly and journeyed into the unfamiliar region that promised golden rewards in return for their investment of labor and hardship.

He had not seen Bulah since he left Naples, and he hoped that among new friends and scenes she might find diversions that would tend to make her forget him. His party penetrated far into the heart of the mountains; there they raised their tents and set to work.

Two years went by, bringing disappointment and soberness of heart. His quest for gold had not been a successful one. As he lay musing sadly in his tent one evening, his thoughts turned to the past. For over two years he had not seen or heard anything of Bulah and the silence was reassuring. She must have found new acquaintances and given up her pursuit of him.

Between sleeping and waking, Blanche, his soul's love, came to him in a vision. She had not visited him, even in his dreams, since he left the steamer. Life had often been heavy with discouragement, and the heavens had seemed like brass above his head. But in this hour he

felt the touch of loving lips upon his brow, and a tender voice saying, "Hope on, my Edward, the clouds are dark but the sun will break forth again in all its splendor. Be faithful to The Truth, all is well." He reached out his arms to embrace her, but the sweet face faded from his sight, and he was alone.

He arose, opened the tent and looked out. The sun had sunk behind the hills and the soft radiance of the afterglow was diffused through the evening air; the mountains were alive with the glory of God. He sighed. "I must go to the boys," he thought, "and learn what they have been doing with the new mine."

They had that day been busy in a mine, just opened. As he went out he saw that a new party had encamped there. They had just arrived from beyond the mountains, and had set up their tents for the night.

As he was passing, Bulah emerged from one of them and came to meet him with outstretched hands. "Dear old boy!" she cried, ignoring his surprise, "are you not glad to see me? Oh, I know that you must be delighted!" she added, with her gay laugh and the old familiar sarcasm in look and tone.

Coming close to his side, she laid her hand upon his arm and said in an under tone, "You thought you were fairly rid of me, didn't you? but you see that I do not intend to lose trace of you; you will find that I can keep my word."

The men had gathered about them full of curiosity, and were staring at them with looks of unfeigned surprise. Edward looked up and met the questioning gaze of his friend Joe. The latter was an old scout, a shrewd and eccentric member of the mining company, who had from the first taken Edward under his wing, becoming warmly attached to him and to his interests.

"Captain," he said, stepping forward and regarding him intently, "who is this woman? do you know her?"

Bulah glanced at him and turned to Edward with an expression of cruel triumph in her beautiful face: "Answer him, dear, tell him who I am. He can see that you are delighted to meet me here."

All eyes were fixed upon Edward, and their suspicion burned into his very soul, but he had no power to speak.

"Hold your tongue, woman, and let the Captain speak," exclaimed Joe, an angry flush rising to his cheek.

Edward flung her hand from his arm with an impulse of desperation. The men stared with surprise. They had never before seen him guilty of a rude or unkind act. Edward saw his mistake, and turning to Bulah with a bow, said coldly, "I beg your pardon. I had almost forgotten that you were a woman."

"And your wife!" added Bulah with cutting emphasis.

"Your wife, Captain?" burst in amazement from every lip.

For a moment Edward stood speechless, overpowered by the current of suspicious feeling that her words had caused.

"Captain," interrogated Joe, gravely, "is this lady your wife?"

"Boys," he replied, forcing himself to speak calmly, "you have known me for more than three years. Have I ever deceived any one of you? in word or deed?"

"No, Captain, never!" they promptly replied in chorus.

"Seven years ago," continued Edward, "I gave this woman an honorable name. She has disgraced it beyond remedy. I gave her everything that I possessed in the world and left her in peace. Why she seeks me now, I know not."

"You are my husband," she replied composedly, unabashed by the lowering glances turned upon her, "and where you are I have a right to be."

There was a quick motion among the men at this, and knowing their impulsive natures and strong loyalty toward himself, Edward feared a demonstration of violence toward the woman who had wronged him.

"Boys," he said, turning upon them a look of mingled authority and appeal, "do not forget that she is a woman and thus demands our protection."

Their demeanor changed to one of respectful assent, and when, a moment later, they dispersed, Edward knew that Bulah was safe.

As she turned to her own party, some of whom had witnessed the scene, one of them asked, "What will you do?"

"Stay with my husband, of course," she replied coolly, "and as for the men," she said, turning to look after them with her old defiant air, "it will be better for them if they refrain from interfering between husband and wife. Even if we do have a few words now and then, that is our own affair. We can settle all such matters without outside help. So let them attend to their own affairs, in future."

Edward left the spot. Joe's eyes followed him with watchful anxiety. His faithful heart anticipated that Edward would leave the camp that night, and he soon decided upon his own course. Going to Edward's tent soon after, Joe found him pacing up and down dejectedly, with misery written upon every line of his face.

"Captain," said Joe, "may I come in?" Edward silently assented.

"I know that you mean to leave camp to-night," said

Joe firmly, "and I may as well come down to business at once. I mean to go with you."

Edward was silent a moment, touched by the loyal affection of the rough mountaineer.

"Where will you go, Captain?" interrogated Joe.

"I do not know nor care. Anywhere so that I am away from this camp in the morning."

"Captain," said Joe, after a moment's reflection, "I know where you can go; it's an awful dangerous trail, though. But we don't mind danger so long as nobody don't follow us."

"Where is it, Joe, speak plainly."

The old man started, for the voice had a far-off sound, not like his captain's.

"That woman's broke up our happiness," he said, as if he had not heard the question, "but we'll out-do her yet."

Edward raised his hand with a commanding gesture, and the old man was silent.

"I leave here in less than hour," said Edward, "never to return."

"All right, Captain," said Joe, "take the trail to the left of the hill. I'll be with you before the moon is up. Wait on the mountain till I come."

I turned and clasped her with sudden strength;
And slowly, sweetly I became aware,
Within my arms God's angel stood at length
White-robed and calm and fair.
I will be patient now, dear heavenly Father,
Waiting here for thee!
I know the darkness holds thee!
Shall I be afraid when it is thou?

CHAPTER IV

For some hours after Edward left her, Blanche sat beneath the old oak, musing. She knew not why, but she did not expect him to return, for he had said, "Go back."

The good lady kept the dinner waiting for some time; then she went to Blanche and delivered to her the message that Edward had left for her.

The next morning as Blanche was sitting upon the porch, enjoying the freshness of the early morning, a stranger came up the walk, and raising his hat, said, "Good morning. Is your name Blanche?"

Upon her replying in the affirmative, he drew a letter from his pocket, handed it to her, lifted his hat and was gone. Before opening the letter, Blanche walked down the path to her seat under the dear old oak, then she opened it and read as follows: "Dear Blanche, more than wife, when I accompanied you to the little cottage, I had but one thought, one wish — to restore you to health, and be to you a friend and brother. You saw that my life was unhappy. Your quick intuition divined a secret sorrow, but I had not the courage to be frank with you, and stand before you in my true character. The morning that I pressed my first kiss upon your pure brow, and asked you to be my wife, I felt that you were mine in the sight of heaven, as you felt that I was yours. Before I met you I had taken upon myself obligations which I then believed were removed forever; and I knew nothing could make me more truly thine than I was, than I am, and ever will be. The last night that I slept in the cottage, I had a warning dream. Still I felt that I would

not cloud your life with an unwise step until we were at home, then I would tell you all. In the morning as I lay on the grass at your feet, the real actors of the dream again passed before me, and I heard a voice within my soul, as audible as your own, saying, 'Look !' I startled you as I sprang to me feet. But as I looked, Oh, beloved Blanche, I can never forget that moment. I must spare you the revelation that met my agonized gaze. I knew that to linger for one moment by your side might have been serious to you, to us both.

"Darling, I dare not even ask your forgiveness, but your great love will pardon my err, knowing that I am thine, and that to the end I will be true to my love. Farewell ! Edward."

The letter dropped from her hand. She drew a deep sigh. "Gone ; and I am again alone ! I must return home."

To the understanding of those around her Blanche had simply returned to resume her work, but for the young girl another life had dawned, a new joy had come into her life. At times a holy peace stole into her heart, as her thoughts went out to him who had called her wife, and had been her companion in the quiet cottage, giving the large lustrous eyes a rare beauty of expression, unknown before.

In her hours of silent meditation a deep and permanent happiness pervaded her being ; a happiness that cannot be found in the pursuit of earthly pleasure or in the enjoyment of those luxuries that minister to the senses alone ; only the Peace of the Living God can give such soul satisfaction as was hers.

Months passed, and Blanche knew that she was soon to become a mother ; yet felt no sorrow steal into her heart. There was truth only in the words he had spoken

to her, and she knew they came from a true and loving heart; she could trust him, even where she could not understand. Why he should fly from her with such mysterious haste, she could not tell. In the short time that he had been beside her, she had divined that he carried in his heart a great sorrow, though he had not revealed it to her.

She felt that his suffering was the penalty laid upon him by his own transgression: but he was human and in every experience of life we gather a precious harvest of knowledge unto immortality. She had seen his anguish for sin, and could trust in his great love, knowing that in God the unfolding nature "lives, moves and has its being," and that the outcome of such development is safe in his keeping. She also felt that he had been deceived and was governed by circumstances over which he had no control, for when he left her so abruptly with the two hurried words "Go back," agony was written upon every line of his face, and in the tremor of his hand she felt the agony that was in his soul. "Perhaps some time he will return to me," she often said to herself; "then I shall know all. If he cannot return to be with me here, I shall be with him in my dreams. I am content to wait for him. Yes, dear Heavenly Father, I am content to abide Thy time. I cannot forget that another and more precious life than my own is intrusted to me; another face will reflect back my smile. Oh, Edward, Edward, in the sight of heaven, for thee I will live, until thy love returns to claim its own."

She opened a book and read the words: "If thou would'st perfect thine understanding, guard carefully thine emotions. All pain results from desires unsatisfied, ambitions unfulfilled. Therefore, to avoid pain, free thyself from all unnatural desires. Nurse no ambition, strive

only with a pure aspiration, for in purity there is no pain." Blanche laid down the book and pondered its words in her heart. The suffering, and the misery we see around us, are the results of desire, she reflected, a restless reaching after the unattainable, or that which is apparently so. Why can we not see that deep and lasting happiness is ours if we rest content in the Almighty's arms and reach upward instead of downward, inward instead of onward? This is the highway to a Life divine.

"Will this little instrument through which life is soon to flow in unison with my own, see things as I see? or will it battle with itself and with the world, and suffer as I have never suffered? Will my child be strong and resistant, or inherit a weak and delicate frame like my own?"

Blanche seldom allowed a wave of doubt or even of troubled questioning to break over her peaceful serenity. Often in her dreams she saw her babe radiant and beautiful by her side; while music, superior to that of earth, flowed around her like the ideal melody of Heaven.

Her heart was glad with expectation. No pain nor sickness kept her from her work. She bore patiently the rude taunts and insinuations that met her among the girls at the factory, and parried their impertinent questions with silence. She lived in a world apart from theirs and a great deepening love filled her life. She knew that God lived, loved, and cared for his children. She saw but one face constantly before her, and heard a heavenly voice often say unto her soul, in accents of ineffable tenderness, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

She had found that rest, her task was easy and her burden light. Toil was sweetened by the knowledge of Him in whom she had put her trust.

The time was drawing near, and one night as she lay between sleeping and waking, in that blissful state in which the outer world is forgotten, a light shone into the room. It grew larger and larger. In it she perceived the form of a star whose center was above her head. Then by swift transition she perceived herself standing upon one of its points; when suddenly in its center there appeared one, radiant and beautiful, clothed in glistening white, holding in his arms a smiling babe, whose hands were extended toward her with a smile of angelic beauty.

He moved towards her, coming nearer and nearer, until he placed the babe in her arms. The air seemed to thrill with the music of his voice as he said, "Care for this child. This instrument (touching her shoulder) has been prepared for her reception. Keep her warm with thy love. Thou shalt call her name Faustine, and she will be to thee a daughter. Her words will carry truth and comfort to many weary hearts. Her smile will gladden many sorrowful ones in the world. See that thou doest thy work well and faithfully. Weep not for him whose image still lives in thy thoughts. After the fires of selfish ambition are burned out, this child will carry love and comfort to his desolate heart. Enmity is a bitter plant; all that give it life must suffer. See that thou dost not give it place in thine own heart."

She closed her eyes to the heavenly vision fearing to breathe, and in another moment found herself again alone. The brilliant light was gone, but her soul seemed illumined with its brightness, and the heavenly vision still lingered with her. She clasped her hands and whispered, "Faustine, Faustine, how sweet! That is the name of her who is to come and be one with me. O glorious vision! sweet heavenly voice that has breathed to me the name of this beloved child."

The words repeated themselves like music in her brain. "She shall be to thee a daughter, and shall comfort him after the fires of ambition are burned out. Oh! Edward, my love, my life! and I thought thee so humble." She closed her eyes and her soul went forth in silent prayer as a bird which has been imprisoned in an earthly cage finds freedom and seeks its mate, that together they may soar on the wings of love and sing their songs of praise in happy chorus to Him who does all things well.

Blanche had made all arrangements to be in the Home of the Good Sisters during her time of rest, and when she could no longer work she went to them. In the quiet of their Home she found needed rest, and they lavished a warm affection upon the trusting girl who was so soon to become a mother. To their questioning she would only smile or nod her head.

Her unquestioning faith and childlike trust in Him whom they professed to worship, filled them with wonder, and they often fancied that she was not clear in her brain. Thus they bestowed upon her a wealth of affection, unusual in such cases. Indeed, the innocent face disarmed criticism and won all hearts, while even the scholar coveted the faith that learning could not secure.

Not a murmur escaped her lips, and when the day of her trial came she was delivered without pain. No evidence of suffering escaped her, and when her babe was placed in her arms an expression of holy joy lighted up her face, so that all gazed upon her in wonder.

"Dear little Faustine," she murmured, "you have come to me in love, and I will be all love to you. We are to be as one. Love unites all in sacred bonds." Thus she would talk to her babe for hours.

As soon as she had recovered she left the Home. The Good Sisters had offered to take charge of the child, so

that she might be free to go to her work as before; but Blanche pressed her baby closer to her breast and covered its little face with such kisses as only a mother can bestow upon her first-born child. Then she would raise to them those eloquent, lustrous eyes, so full of love, that they had not power to question farther: "I thank you from my heart," she would say, "you are truly kind, but I cannot part with her. God will give me strength to care for her, and I must not send my little Faustine from me. "No, no, baby dear, Mother loves you and will have strength to care for you."

She would look into the little face smiling up into her own and say, "No, no, baby dear, Mamma will not leave you until her work here is done and she is called higher."

Sitting thus among them, wrapt in her own quiet thoughts, she was as one distinctly apart from those around her. "Who and what can she be?" was the thought suggested to them by the peculiar sweetness and serenity of her demeanor. They could not understand, but often gazed at the ring on her finger.

The Sisters still urged that she should confide her child to them, for her delicate appearance did not inspire them with confidence in her ability to support it. "Baby must not leave me," she said with her loving smile, in which her mother's heart was graciously reflected. "I may soon leave her, but He who doeth all things well knoweth what is best for all of us. If we trust in God, the Author of all life, we shall never want."

Thus she left the Sisters' care, and returning to her little home she again took up her daily work. The only change was a request to her employer that she might take her work home, which was readily granted. All day while the baby lay on a little cot by her side, cooing and smiling, she sat at her work filled with happy absorbing

love. The young mother's heart overflowed with the joy that comes with motherhood everywhere, be it in hut or palace. Wealth, station and luxury are powerless to bestow that deep and full content that Blanche found in the outflow of love for her child, and thankfulness to the Eternal Father for the strength that she daily received from Him. Her every need was easily supplied, for simplicity and spiritual liberty abode with her. In their presence, restless desires and torturing ambitions cannot permanently exist. Such freedom banishes a thousand besieging wants and peace nestles like a dove in the heart from which such cares have fled.

Few in that great building knew that Blanche had a child, for even the nearest neighbors had never heard it cry. Her strength would not permit her to take the babe out with her, for she could not carry it up and down the stairs. The little one was thus left alone when Blanche was obliged to be absent on errands. Her trust confided it to the care of angels, and who shall say that such unquestioning faith does not insure security?

The baby's smile that welcomed her on her return banished her weariness as a flood of sunshine chases away a shadow. She saw in its sweet face a sparkling likeness to the grave handsome countenance of one whose image lived always in her steadfast heart, and she felt an untroubled assurance that even if he could not return to her, they would still be united in that Divine love that knows no real separation. But before two are as one, in that soul union that finds distance no obstacle, many steps must be taken into the secret chamber of that knowledge into which Blanche had entered, but few there are who cross its threshold!

From some things that Edward had said Blanche knew that he had sinned against his own light and was now

struggling in the darkness into which this sin had brought him, and she knew that between him and his penalty no love could come to soften his pain. Each soul must bear for itself the stripes of its acts, for eternal and unchangeable laws, rooted in perfect equity, are set in operation by transgression, and in the universe of God there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed.

Blanche could rest her life and his in that Infinite Keeping. She was content and serenely happy in her motherhood. The separation must be necessary to their development or she felt it could not have occurred. In time all things would be made right; of this she felt completely assured.

The child grew fast and was soon able to toddle by its mother's side. As it increased in strength and stature. Blanche's form became more ethereal and her beautiful soul shone through the warm delicacy of her face. She was becoming unfitted for this plane of human action.

We will not follow Faustine through the years of childish growth; nor the many struggles that Blanche endured in order to fulfill the sacred trust that had been intrusted to her. At the age of fifteen we find Faustine the ideal of her beautiful mother. It seemed as if Blanche's soul was ready to spread its wings and soar to that Paradise from whence it had been sent forth. It had left its birth-place in innocence; now it might return after its varied experiences in purity, and with greater knowledge, having done its work faithfully and well.

Faustine had taken her mother's place in the factory; but being no longer able to bring home her work, she went out early to her labor and returned late. She had inherited the exquisite beauty of her mother, but it seemed as if Edward's restless spirit, mingled with her mother's fine and gentle nature, had entered the child.

She was not as patient as her mother had been, but there were times when the spirit of the life of peace brooded over her and when heavenly repose filled her soul.

For hours at a time she would sit by the little window lost in thought, her eyes directed to the blue arch above her, beyond whose sunlight depths her thoughts roamed free. At evening her upward gaze sought the moon's silvery radiance, or the glory of the stars, and her thoughts reached beyond the bounds of her planetary home, endeavoring to pierce infinity and read the inscrutable secrets of the universe. At such moments her surroundings faded from her sight and she saw only the grandeur that bounded her view. What she drew from unseen sources in the silence of such hours she would not have surrendered for all imaginable worldly treasure. Thus mother and daughter were making their new home here on earth.

Among those ministering souls found in all large cities, who visit the poor and the neglected, one named Mary Wise found her way up the narrow, rickety staircase to the little attic room of the invalid, and immediately her life entered into a blessed union with the lives of its two occupants. Unlike them, she had been surrounded with temporal comforts from infancy; yet by a mysterious natural law of attraction, the two girls became one in thought from first acquaintance.

Mary Wise was the daughter of a thriving merchant, and at the time of which we speak she was twenty-two years of age, though apparently not over sixteen. She was short in stature and slightly deformed, one shoulder being higher than the other. Her manner was distinguished by a refinement and gentleness that few possess. Her low sweet voice was music in the sick room; her

sweet smile brought sunshine to the invalid. She was an orphan from an early age and had been tenderly cared for by an elder and only brother, the idol of her sisterly heart, who was a splendid specimen of noble manhood.

The contrast between brother and sister was unusually strong, and this tall, nobly-molded young man regarded his gentle and dependent sister with little less than worship. He had always surrounded her with everything that constitutes real comfort, and her sunny spirit, delicate fairness, and eyes in which the tender blue of heaven was reflected, made a charming picture in their luxurious home. A marked contrast was exhibited in the large brown eyes, wavy chestnut hair, and commanding presence of the indulgent brother who found his chief pleasure in gratifying his sister's quiet tastes.

Mary Wise had visited the invalid while Faustine was at her work, and had called several times before she saw her. But in the evidence of affectionate care visible around the invalid, Mary saw proofs of a refined and loving daughter's unremitting care.

Devotion to duty calls forth admiring love, and Mary loved Faustine before they met. Faustine came in one evening from her work and found Mary sitting with her mother. In the sweet face and gentle tones Faustine at once discerned an angelic purity of character, and to an equal degree was Mary impressed with the refined strength and marked superiority of the character of Faustine. So striking was the contrast between the types of womanhood daily seen at the factory, and that of Mary's delicacy of bodily organism and refinement of manner, that Faustine at once recognised the charms of good breeding and culture which shone so plainly in her gentle mother's character, even though unaided by any worldly helps.

After this meeting Mary arranged to time her visits so that she could meet Faustine and improve an acquaintance which promised much to both. As the girls parted one evening Mary held Faustine's hand and pressed it with lingering fondness and kissed her with sisterly warmth.

"Dear Faustine," she said, "we are sisters now, are we not?" Tears of joy sprang to Faustine's eyes, and she said with emotion :

"I should wish it so, but your position will scarcely allow it."

"Faustine, dear," answered Mary, smiling at her friend's earnestness, "although we are in the world we are not of it in all its ways," and with a tender embrace the girls parted in silence; but each felt with the other the dawn of a higher life which is the true love of the Living God; a bond existed between them that would bring deep and lasting happiness.

As Mary sat with her brother at dinner that evening, he noted with pleasure the happy expression that brightened his sister's countenance. She was his ideal of high and pure womanly character, and he did not find among his friends one who rivaled her in these essential virtues. He was six years her senior and a rising lawyer of repute in his profession. His success had enabled him to procure for his devoted sister every indulgence, and he cared for no other mistress to preside over his home. His grave maturity indicated a wide difference in age, giving him almost a parental air in contrast to the girlish youthfulness of Mary's expression, at once confiding and dependent.

Her evident happiness prompted him to question her while at dinner, and in response he heard the touching story of Faustine and her mother.

"I want you to see and know this noble girl, Marcellus," exclaimed Mary, with enthusiasm, "because you know we are sisters, Faustine and I."

Marcellus laughed gaily. "Then I have a new sister, have I, little sweetheart? I suppose we shall find it necessary to enlarge the old house for she will no doubt be wanting to come home soon!"

"My dear brother, you do not know her yet," said Mary, "and when you do I know you will agree with me. She is all and more than I have pictured."

"Is it indeed so serious as that?" queried Marcellus, playfully pinching his sister's cheek, and smiling archly at her earnestness.

"Yes," responded Mary, "and do you know, Marcellus, that I feel sure that she will soon be all alone in the world. Her mother is going fast, and she has no brother, as I have, to care for her. Her mother and I had a long talk to-day, while Faustine was away at her work, and she asked me to be kind to Faustine when she was gone. Oh, my brother! I cannot express to you the happiness I felt in giving her the promise; I sometimes feel in that poor little room as though I could forget this frail little body. I seem to rise above and beyond it, into a divine peace. My surroundings enlarge and stretch away beyond the bounds of mortality, even unto the Life of Immortality in God, until I can almost catch a glimpse of the gates she is nearing, and hear echoes of the heavenly music within, such as I have never dreamed of before."

Her face was radiant with feeling, and Marcellus, strangely moved, caught her in his arms and gave her a brotherly kiss. "You are a grand woman, and a precious little sister!" he exclaimed impulsively, "and you may have your own way in the matter, for I am sure it will

be the right one. Indeed, you may bring them both home at once. It will make you always as charming as you are now."

Several times during the succeeding weeks, Mary asked her brother to accompany her in some of her visits to her friends, but he pleaded business as a reason for declining. He could safely leave that to his gentle sister, whose natural temperament makes her a living ministering spirit who draws near to the immortals who are about to ascend to the Father.

It was now August, and he urged his sister to leave the city, for a change into the country, or to go to some quiet and lovely retreat beside the sea where she could rest.

"How could I go away now and leave my dear friends?" she urged in objection. "And is not Faustine compelled to labor in the hot factory the season through without change or rest? Do not ask me to go, brother dear, while I can bring so much cheer to them both. Do not ask me, my dear brother; I could not be happy if I went."

With a rare and lovely spirit of compassion Mary thus devoted herself to this work, and found in Faustine's society a rich compensation. Never had she been so happy.

Mary's leisure time was largely spent with Blanche. She loved the gentle girl and knew that her child had now a friend who could sustain her when she should ascend to her new home.

Mary often spoke to Faustine of her brother and of her desire that she should see and admire this idol of a sisterly heart. "He is so grand and good," she would exclaim in loving enthusiasm; "just your idea of manliness, I am certain; and he could not fail to appreciate his sister's friend."

"He is your brother, dear," Faustine would reply, "but he is a man of the world, and I am but a laborer in the humblest way!" Blanche listened thoughtfully and saw in her daughter's face, as in a mirror, the proud nature of a superior being, of one who had lingered beside her those few weeks so long ago; and a feeling of keen apprehension for her daughter's future passed like a cloud over her heart. But the memory of her vision, and the words of Him who had showed her this child, banished her fears. She could leave Faustine in His divine keeping, secure in the knowledge that there is but one worker, and that perfection must be made manifest in His works at any cost.

Blanche's life was spent happily as the days went by, and she realized that the time was drawing near when "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this body must put on immortality." With a mother's tender affection her heart questioned itself how to best prepare Faustine for the change so near.

When Faustine returned one evening from her work, her mother's voice fell upon her ear with a new meaning, and a sudden premonition of fear struck coldly upon her heart. She leaned over the bed and took the slender form in her arms, raining kisses and tears upon the dear face.

With the sharpened intuitions of a soul standing on the boundary between two worlds, Blanche understood the struggle that a nature like Faustine's must undergo before giving up its idols. "Faustine, my darling," she said, "do not grieve; I shall not die, but live. The last enemy to be slayed is death."

"Not yet, mother dear, not yet," said Faustine, "I cannot give you up yet." The mother's hand was laid caressingly upon the bowed head.

"Faustine, my dear child," she said tenderly, trying to be calm, "there is something I wish to say to you while here. Be calm, darling, and listen."

Faustine raised her head. She had known that this would come; had known it for months, but its nearness was none the less a shock, and the truth broke upon her warm and almost idolatrous affection like a cool wave. Immediate resignation was impossible.

"Faustine dear, where is your faith? Surely you have not so soon forgotten our loving Father's care over us?"

The words touched a new chord, and Faustine strove to be calm for her mother's sake. She hushed the tumult in her sorrowful heart and rose to arrange the pillows and give her mother a cool drink.

"Mother dear, I will try to be calm. I will listen. Oh, mother, dear mother, must you go so soon?"

Blanche took her daughter's hand in a loving clasp. "You have often asked me to tell you of your father."

Faustine started and pressed closer the beautiful hand in hers. "Father, dear father! Yes, mother, I do wish to hear of him. Tell me, if he is living?" A sudden hope sprang to life in Faustine's heart, as Blanche drew a letter, yellow with age, from her bosom and put it into her daughter's hand.

"Treasure this, my child," she said, "and keep it always with you. If, in the future, you meet one whose name is Edward, and he asks you for Blanche, give him this letter." Her eyes closed and she was silent. Faustine pressed the letter to her lips with fervent feeling, looking at the beautiful form on the pillow. "Mother dear," she said, "shall I read it?" Blanche opened her eyes. "Not just now, my child. I must talk. There will be time later for you to read and understand its contents as you cannot at present. I have much that I wish to say to you."

Faustine put the letter in her bosom and turned to her mother with an eager inquiry that she could not repress. "Tell me, dear mother, is my father still living?"

Blanche smiled patiently. There was no complaint nor reproach for the years of desertion in the sweet face.

"I do not know, my child," she said softly, "I have never seen nor heard anything of him since I received that letter."

"And you do not know where he is?"

"No, dear, I only see him in my dreams, as I saw him before he came to me here."

Faustine listened with attention and controlled herself to hear more, inwardly praying that the dear mother would go on.

"He came suddenly into my lonely life," Blanche went on; "I felt sure that he would come. I had been resting. I went out to purchase food, and a sudden fright from a horse that had broken away from its owner, deprived me of consciousness. I fell to the earth. He saved me. His brave act meant life. As I looked into his face, I knew he had erred, and ignorance brings its own punishment."

There was a pause, then the sweet voice went on, "When I opened my eyes, he stood beside me. As I looked up I knew it was he who had been the companion in my dreams. But when I spoke of spiritual things he did not remember. He had forgotten that we had ever met in those beautiful fields of God's Paradise. He had no remembrance of his own dream life. But to me his presence was like sunshine in dark places. For a while he wandered by my side; then I became his wife, but I knew that such happiness could not last. The great love that illumined my soul was such that, had he remained with me, I should have lost my hold on this physical body. But that divine and earthly love which was born then, has never left me. It does not grow dim with time. I

shall take it with me, now this earthly robe has become perfect in its new home. I have finished my work. I shall soon be *free*."

"I cannot understand, dear mother, why he should never return, when you were so happy together."

"That, my child, is hidden from me; I know he suffered at parting; it was written upon every line of his face. The letter may explain."

Blanche's eyes closed. A new thought sprang to Faustine's lips—"Then my father has never seen me?" she said, questioningly, "perhaps he does not even know of my existence! Tell me, mother dear, tell me, has father ever seen me?"

Faustine listened for answer. Blanche drew her down to her breast; pressed her lips to the girl's, and spoke in a whisper, "We know not, my darling. Perhaps he is even now nearer than we know. The heavenly Father above all, my child, is a true Father. He will never leave you in loneliness. He is ever near, when we call upon Him. Edward should have been our earthly protector, but when we have learned our lesson well, we shall know that all experiences, hard as well as pleasant, may be necessary for our development. Then we shall not so readily condemn what we dislike in others, but praise their better qualities, and thus lift them into The New Dawn of truth."

"Why is it that men are so unjust and even cruel?" said Faustine.

"Darling," replied her mother, "you know that appearances often deceive! We cannot trust appearances. Our first thoughts often lead us to judge unjustly. We only gain our experience by our works. The good things that come to us we take as our right; we make no comments upon them, nor perceive that they are

special favors from the Divine Hand. Our seeming hardships are constantly before our eyes, causing us to murmur and complain at blessings in disguise; the very angels of our unfoldment may prove our guiding star. If we live faithfully, they bring us wisdom. Each trial may be sent as a teacher, and through trials we may learn patience."

Faustine gazed upon the beautiful features with a swelling heart. She had often fancied her mother surrounded with beautiful things, and her life made restful with the ease that riches bring to humanity.

"Dear mother," said Faustine, "what lesson can poverty teach us?"

"Patience, Faustine," replied the mother, a saintly look dawning in her face that spoke of a Higher Life's work that patience had wrought within her soul. "When we have learned our chief lesson, that this life will teach us, then we shall know how to help others as well as ourselves."

"But how can one who is poor help others who are as tried as themselves?" queried Faustine?

"If we would do the greatest amount of good we shall become rich in this world's goods as well as in richness of soul, but it is not the wealth of the world that can purchase real happiness; yet we must have riches as a means to an end," replied Blanche, her large eyes growing lustrous with a light whose source is beyond the plane of our lower perceptions. "It is the weakness of humanity in us through which gold corrupts the heart and quenches the divine fire of love and trust which God has kindled on the altar of every soul. Riches bring in their train the very opportunity we are seeking that we may bring to humanity *purity* and *peace*. They are the only real treasures, enduring in character,

incorruptible in their nature; but if we put them aside for the corruptible, they will be taken from us. My child, we must choose between them, but if we smother our aspirations for a Higher Life into whose inheritance we may all come, we part with that which insures eternal life and lose that rest and peace which is ours. Choose your Heavenly Father's free gift, Faustine, which is riches unto Eternal Life and Peace in the soul, *here and now.*

As Blanche talked on, a feeling of rapture banished the shadows of their separation from Faustine's thought. She saw not her mother's nearness and approach to the gates held ajar. The rapture that Blanche felt gave her an unearthly look. The life that she had lived shone in every line of her beautiful face and gave her the look of an angel. The girl gazed, and clasped her hands as if she too had caught some glimpse of that glorious future awaiting us that had unveiled to her mother, who had put on immortality, the fulness and richness of Life Eternal. It is not a shadow which only comes for a few moments into our view and is gone. No, it is not that. The real man knows that heaven is not by way of the grave, but by way of life.

"Dear mother," said Faustine, "this knowledge has reached you in your earthly surroundings. You have found Heaven's riches which nothing can take from you, and in their knowledge you have lived a true life and reached the gate of perfect understanding; gained that knowledge which has brought freedom to soul and body. Tell me, mother, O tell me, why am I not fully conscious of this knowledge, that life which thou hast found? Why do I not feel the presence of that divine love which fills your soul? You know that it is my greatest desire to become one with you in your spiritual exaltation."

Faustine's experience at that moment banished fear and she could not see that it was the last communion on earth with her dear mother. Thus she failed to discover the approach of the transition that was even then enveloping the beloved form.

The voice of Blanche aroused her. She said, "A consciousness of this life is held within the reach of the soul. Patience, Faustine, is the twin sister of contentment. They are the graces that lead us to the tree of knowledge; every life will be known by it's fruit. If a good thought is sent forth the life within is pure."

"It all seems so clear and true, dear mother, when you are talking of it," said Faustine, "but are we not often left in darkness and doubt, and fear troubles the soul, and darkness clouds our understanding?"

"Sometimes," replied Blanche, "but it only tries our faith. Through faith and its experience we become strong in the knowledge of a higher life; yes, even victorious when we desire only to manifest goodness, truth and love. Faustine, darling, before you were born I saw you with the angels robed in glorious white, and when you were placed in my arms a joy came with you that I have not language to express. Every child that is born upon this earth is sent forth in love, surrounded with the light of love, and when we live worthy of that light we receive a crown that fades not with time. He that came to earth, King of Kings, struggled not for the wealth of the world, yet He possessed all the riches that earth can give. He wore a seamless robe, a substance that faded not but increased in beauty and power with time through patience, endurance, privations, persecutions and even strife, but led the way that we may follow and become one with Him in that perfect life in Eternal Love, and enter with Him into rest and become one with the Father in the glorious paradise of God."

A smile of heavenly sweetness touched her cheek with angelic beauty that earth language cannot depict. In this last communion with her child her ephemeral form seemed like a receding wave that was prepared for its homeward flight and ready to enter that paradisiacal home which awaits the faithful of earth's children when their work here is well done. A brightness almost dazzling illumined her face as she leaned forward in her last communion with the child. Was it the dawn of a new day into the soul or was it a glimpse from that glory within the unclouded portals that shuts out from mortals the perfect day and only casts upon the human consciousness the shadows, those that cling with the tenacity of life itself to the beloved object which is about to leave the earth?

Faustine scarcely breathed while she listened. At last overcome by a sudden thought she bowed her head, sank upon her knees, buried her face in the pillow. She lay motionless and saw not the glowing radiance of the mother's form as the complete woman, body, soul and spirit, was united and made ready to take its flight to the home of its nativity—the glorious paradise of God where all is rest.

Faustine was so still, lost to all her surroundings, that she failed to see the beautiful mother as the mortal put on immortality and ascended in its robes of purity to that glorious life to wait the crown of whiteness upon her brow, with a smile of love upon her lips.

She gazed down upon Faustine's motionless form for a moment. Her lips parted. She said, "Faustine, my child, weep not; you are not alone. The form that you have called mother can no longer return your caresses, but life that animated the body lives on. A new and more glorious life than mortal can perceive is mine. As

you reach after, my love, you will find a purer love than earth can give. It lingers by your side. Make it your own. It is a part of your life. Follow in the footsteps of the only true teacher, the Great King, who taught all men to become perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect."

Faustine started at the voice, raised her head, gazed upon the angelic form of beauty that she saw. The light was dazzling. For a moment she veiled her eyes with her hand and stood speechless; then raised her arms high in air and cried "Mother, my beautiful mother, I will live worthy of thee. I will become one with thee in that new and glorious life here upon the earth." She sank upon her knees, clasped her hands, and all was still.

It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see.
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan my cheek
Amid my worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.

H. B. STOWE.

"The heart grows richer that its lot is poor,
God blesses want with larger sympathies—
Love enters gladliest at the humblest door,
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes.
And thus her heart a softer beauty wore
Growing in gentleness and patience wise,
For she was but a simple, trusting child,
A lily, sown in the rugged wild.

J. R. LOWELL.

CHAPTER V

In a room adjoining that occupied by Faustine and her mother, lived a widow with two little girls. The mother gained a meager support by washing, and found it a difficult task to procure the necessaries of life for herself and babes, her slender strength often giving way under the strain of daily labor. Her patient struggle for bread, and her evident worth, appealed to Faustine's sisterly heart, and Blanche being quite alone saw the opportunity to do good, had often kept the little ones in her own room while their mother was absent.

Thus Faustine had gone to her work feeling that a kind hand would minister to her mother's wants in her absence, for Mary Wise had become interested in the poor woman also, and her generous assistance had enabled her to give up going out to labor. The widow thus became a watchful assistant and care-taker, in whose neighborly offices Faustine felt a reassuring confidence.

With a provident thankfulness Mary left her address with the widow, charging her to dispatch a messenger for her in case of sudden need.

About eight o'clock in the morning succeeding the passing of Faustine's mother, the widow tapped at her door. All was silent within, and receiving no answer to her second knock, she opened the door and entered; but her step was arrested by the scene that met her gaze. Upon the floor beside the bed lay the unconscious form of Faustine. She stood for a moment, uncertain what course to pursue. Her first impulse was to alarm others in the tenement; but a wiser thought prevailed. Returning to her own apartment, she procured Mary's address,

and promptly dispatched a messenger with a hurried note requesting her to come as soon as possible.

Returning to Faustine, assisting her to a chair, she set about kindling a fire in the grate, for the girl was shivering as if with cold. She was busying herself for Faustine's comfort when Mary entered. She folded her in her arms, and pressed the girl to her bosom with that warm and silent sympathy which needs no language. In response to a sign from Mary the widow withdrew and the two girls were left alone together.

"It is very good of you to come so early," said Faustine, at last, smiling faintly. It was evident that she had forgotten all that had passed during those long hours with the departed.

"I am your sister, Faustine dear, and you need me," she replied tenderly, pressing her close to her loving heart. "Can you tell me how it was when you returned yesterday, dear sister?"

Knowing that the only means of bringing about a mental reaction was to rouse Faustine to herself, however painful the awakening might prove, Mary sought with skilful questioning to bring back consciousness apparently suspended. At first Faustine listened vacantly and made no reply. "Mamma, has not left me," she said at last, with the air of one striving to recollect. "We were talking a long time. I do not know if it was hours or days. She had so much to tell me, I held her hand. She suddenly received her new life, more shining and beautiful than anything I had ever thought to see. Oh! the joy and the glory that I saw around her," cried Faustine, her face kindling with the memory of what The New Dawn had revealed. "Her face was not worn and sad," she went on, "but radiant as the sun. It was full of joy; she is well again and her life is full of happiness

and peace. O mother! my beautiful mother," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of excited feeling, "I will follow you. Your words shall be a light to guide me onward. I know now how well you understand the Master's words, 'Only the pure in heart shall see God!' You could see God in His works and you followed in the steps of the Master, Mary," she said, turning her glowing face toward her, "how I wish you could have seen and heard her as I did, when she said 'A greater than earthly love will enter thy soul, my child, and fill thy life with joy and love, live worthy of this great love.' I will, mother, I will live, that I may be with thee. You were too beautiful for this earth, but I will live so purely in thought that I can commune with you. I will live faithfully that my work may be well done like yours; that the beautiful light may illumine my path as it has yours; it will illuminate all that live for it.

"Oh, Mary, the body that you have looked upon bore no semblance to the spiritual beauty of the immortal presence that had gone away." Before Faustine's wondering and amazed eyes it had been clothed upon with purity, the shining robe of Paradise. She had caught one glimpse of the beauty of the true shield of the Living God.

As Faustine sat gazing absently out upon the fading sky, Mary approached and laid her arm caressingly around her shoulders. "You will come home with me now. You know, dear, how much we want you."

Faustine shook her head with decision. "Mamma will return to me," she said, "she will come here; I must be here when she returns. She is too beautiful to remain with me, but I know she will come to me; if not, at all times I shall see her in my dreams."

Mary looked tenderly in Faustine's face, she longed to shield her like a mother. "Perhaps Marcellus might help to influence Faustine and break the spell that the mysterious events of the past few hours had thrown around her. She would appeal to him for advice and ask his aid."

She made one last effort to induce Faustine to go with her.

"No," replied Faustine, with singular firmness, "it was in this room that Mamma parted from me. It is here that she will expect to find me. Think how often she has watched here alone for me. No, dear, I will remain here, and alone. You need not be anxious nor return on my account," she said, answering the anxiety in Mary's loving eyes, with a smile almost cheerful, as Mary turned to go.

Mary left the room with a secret resolve to return that evening, and if possible, effect her purpose with her brother's help. When she had gone, the widow who had been waiting for this opportunity to serve the girl, entered quietly and moved about the room setting things in their accustomed order, and preparing refreshment to tempt Faustine's appetite. When the food was ready the good woman urged it upon her with affectionate solicitude; but Faustine put it aside with a persistent sweetness that disarmed persuasion, and brought tears of sympathy to the widow's kindly eyes. Blanche had often told the widow that there was no death, when we lived true to the Higher Life.

As Faustine seated herself beside the little window, her eyes fixed upon the darkening scene without, the widow looked into the sweet face in which was no trace of emotional grief, with a puzzled feeling. She had no gauge with which to measure unusual mental states; no conception of a bereavement, she called as Faustine's,

without any visible expression of sorrow. Yet she could not for a moment doubt the deep affection for the mother just removed from the brooding love and care of years. She could not understand, but with rare womanly wisdom she trusted where she could not see, and withdrew with the noiseless step of one who feels that she treads on holy ground.

As the twilight faded, the full moon rose slowly over the city, until every roof and spire reflected the shimmering rays, and the little room was flooded with effulgent light. The white wistful face at the window, clear cut and motionless as a cameo, took on an unearthly look in the soft uncertain radiance.

To Mary and Marcellus, who entered with quiet step, the picture suggested something unreal that they paused on the threshold, startled at the pale semblance visible in the silvery light. But it was only for a moment. Mary crossed quickly, and clasping Faustine in her arms, kissed her fondly.

"I have brought my brother, Faustine," she said; "he knows how much we need each other and is waiting to add his welcome to mine."

Marcellus had approached while they were speaking, and was gazing down upon her with compassionate attention. Her desolation appealed eloquently to the brotherly spirit which had shielded and protected his frail sister in its strong arms all her life. It moved him to plead with her in her own behalf.

Faustine returned the sisterly caress with her accustomed warmth, but gave no sign of assent. She half rose as she perceived the young man's presence, looked at him for a moment, then turned again to the window.

Marcellus took the chair Mary placed for him at Faustine's side, and began to plead his sister's cause. His

tones were softened by sympathy, his manner was appealing, and Mary silently pressed his hand in token of thankfulness.

"Come home with us," urged Marcellus, "and be a sister to Mary who has had all a sister's love for you. She has never had a sister, and you can fill that want and still live as privately as in this little room. We are not of the fashionable world. Your tastes and wishes shall be respected; you shall never be intruded upon at any time."

Faustine was deeply moved. "How can I thank you both for your love and kindness?" she said, raising her great dark eyes to his, eloquent with feeling. Their unutterable beauty spoke to his soul as tears could not have spoken; and they pictured themselves upon his heart for ever.

She bent her head and pressed her lips to Mary's brow, upturned to her: "I thank you," she said again, "but my place is here where my mother left me. I wish to be alone, and I need to think over all that mother has told me. I know she will return to me, if only in my dreams, and if I do not remember, her loving voice will remind me of what I forget. In this little room she found peace and joy, and here she entered into eternal rest. Here I shall find that peace and discover for myself the great divine love that filled my mother's heart."

Her friends saw that she was inflexible, and that, for the present, their friendliest course would be to leave her to her own devices. Peace would abide with her in its own good time.

She refused all offers of assistance which they would gladly have given. They urged her to rest from her work, but to no purpose.

"Mamma no longer needs my care and work," she said

calmly, "but now that she is gone, cannot I work for myself? I have forgotten many things that she said to me while she lived. I can recall them better if I remain here."

"Leave her to herself, for the present, little sweetheart," said Marcellus, as they walked home that night. "The future will do much and if the higher life is what you have told me of Blanche, it will bring her to you, with her free consent."

Thus the brother and sister ceased to persuade, but not an evening passed without finding them seated in the little attic room listening and asking questions. They had lived in a world to which Faustine and her mother were comparative strangers; and the wisdom drawn from those secret springs of knowledge which are hidden from the struggling, the selfish, and the careless, fell on their eager ears like seed upon good ground which should spring up and bear fruit manifold.

They did not weary Faustine with long visits, for they respected the reticence that demanded seclusion from even the best of friends. But they were drawn to her by that fine intangible spirituality that shone in her beautiful eyes and illumined her calm face and showed plainly that she had found rest. This it was that caused them to forget her surroundings. They recognized the spiritual jewels which are lustrous in the plainest setting, and the best and truest feelings within them rose to do honor to this pearl of womanhood, always reaching after the highest truth.

Faustine took the lead in their mutual search, and step by step they followed her on the path that led to the Higher Life, purer thoughts and nobler living.

Marcellus began to find himself anticipating the time when their homes would be one and they could become

companions on a higher level of thought and experience.

"She has been brought into our lives to become one with us, little sister," said Marcellus one evening, "she will soon come to us, her mission is not to battle with the world alone; a higher life will draw others to them."

At each succeeding visit, Marcellus discovered some new grace, or fresh beauty in Faustine's character. The unworldly child of the people was unfolding grandly under the high tuition of divine influence, her very surroundings though stern and solitary tutor that held her distinctly apart from the corrupting influences which might have thwarted the great plan in which her mission was included.

Worldly success had not dulled in Marcellus; that fine discernment by which genuine mental superiority is made apparent, independent of surroundings or temporal inheritance. He knew that alone scholarship or wealth could not bestow that high culture which is reserved for the heirs of immortality; we must have a culture, which will endure when even the memory of earthly kingdoms and temporal learning have perished.

As Faustine's inner nature unfolded, it was reflected in a growing exterior loveliness. Each New Dawn saw her nature unclosing itself in the upper sunshine as the rose unfolds to the morning light. In her words and deeds, a moral fragrance was perceptible which, like the perfume of the rose, gives gracious evidence of its presence. Her scanty income was shared with those needier than herself. The unselfish devotion of which her mother had been the beloved object, found a new field of activity among the ignorant, and struggling poor. The arisen mother's gentle spirit seemed to have entered into her

life, softening her more impetuous nature and blossoming daily in loving deeds.

None could attest to this sleeping spirit of love more sincerely than the poor woman who had been her mother's friend. Often when her little ones were ill at night with some childish ailment, Faustine stole in, and taking the wailing child in her arms, hushed it to sleep, bidding the weary mother take needed rest. Only a strong and Christ-like love for our neighbor will bear the strain of personal service; and the widow thanked God for the daily support and blessing that she found in Faustine.

Of her secret sources of abiding joy Faustine did not speak lightly. Only her nearest friends guessed them or ventured to question her regarding them; truly she was living a noble life.

Mary and her brother when calling one evening found that she had not left her room that day, but her face spoke so eloquently of happiness that they looked at her with secret wonder. Her eyes shone with joy and her smile expressed far more than words.

"What is the secret of your wonderful, joyful content?" asked Marcellus when they were seated together.

Faustine looked up, and replied with a little hesitation, "I fear you could not understand if I were to tell you."

"Perhaps more than you think," he gravely answered.

"O, it is not that," she replied quickly, "but it is not easy for any one to see clearly just what Mamma and I were to each other. She is often with me in my dreams. Her presence brings a joy more real than her bodily companionship, and our talks are on those things which belong to a higher life."

"Then she was with you last night," said Marcellus, awaiting her answer with repressed eagerness. He was

conscious of a great longing to share her knowledge, and without detracting from the joy of it to her, longed to explore for himself this hidden life.

"Yes," answered Faustine, giving him a look that made his heart throb with anticipation. "and it was so real that I feared to break the spell by going out to-day. She is so pure and beautiful that I would not let her back if I could: but I can live as near as her true ether nature is folded in the arms of sleep. I can see her face and hear her beloved voice more real to me than when she dwelt on earth."

Marcellus and Mary drank in her words as flowers drink in the dew. Within the hungry heart of Marcellus were buds of promise whose fragrance would be the ripened fruit of Knowledge. To him her words were balm and sweetness. Nothing in his experience had hitherto satisfied his spiritual craving. Could he have found that clear knowledge of a higher life, the path on the material world have surely been long before he met Faustine. In spiritual as in material things the soul must be ready, and the system for work must be propitious. God will take care of the rest, and in good time bring forth abundantly the harvest.

Time went on until Blanche had been among the angels for three years. Faustine found a path field for her charities among the needy. She carried an atmosphere of cheer to every bed side, and from the shadowy regions of poverty she brought the sunshine of hope and love. Many a worn face brightened at her approach, and in the God-like compassion that shone in her kindly countenance, many fancied that they could trace a likeness to the Master she so truly served.

Her entrance did check the rough wind in the crowd blow; and silent blessings were invoked upon her as she

bent over the fevered couch and soothed away its pain.

In one of the most neglected parts of the great city, Faustine secured a suitable room and opened a Sunday School. Into this she gathered, not only the children, but all the men and women of the neighborhood who could be induced to come. Not as one condescending from a high social standing, or distinct from the cause of the accident of birth or fortune did she come to them, but as one treading humbly in the Master's footsteps, and standing with them in the shadow of the Cross which bore the suffering One.

The difference in personal refinement was bridged by love, pitying, all-embracing and steadfast. As a friend in need, a sister who excused and understood and set them right (they scarcely perceived how) they welcomed and almost worshipped her. Personal purity and active goodness allied, became a strong light in the world's darkest places, and those who discern it, hasten onward by a natural instinct, a desire to live a better life.

Mary, who felt Faustine's influence, followed whithersoever she led, and entered into the work before she was hardly conscious of any power of her own. Burdens which were too heavy to bear, and bitter complaints of life's hard lessons, were laid upon Faustine's shoulders. Her sweet counsel lightened the burdens and took the sting from their trial before the sufferers were aware; her own life's witness to the alleviating power of contentment with a humble lot, was proof they could not gainsay, and not a complaint had escaped them. She counseled them not to look beyond the present for anticipated trials. "Work for the future may be done to-day without worry. We usually suffer that which never comes except in thought. Do faithfully the duty next at hand, and work unweariedly while supported by trust."

If we could in all circumstances, exercise this faith, leaving the issue with our Creator, a substantial happiness will flow through our daily existence like cooling streams through arid lands. Life would freshen and blossom under its beneficent influence. Existence was given for a high and holy purpose. It was not intended to be sacrificed to poverty and want, just to the Moloch of food and clothing.

"We cannot control circumstances, always," said Faustine, "but we can find comfort and lightness of heart in the parables of Jesus, in which He cites the sparrows and the lilies of the field, against the fret and worry of the usual daily life. In simplicity of living with the Holy Spirit, the Faith brings conquest over selfish desires and we find contentment and upward growth which is higher life."

Thus her Sabbaths were passed, and she brought back into the little room a consciousness of duty done, which enriched her life. She had led some into the better way, and arrested many a harsh word or cruel blow that was about to fall unhindered. The babe received a smile or caress where it had heard only sharp words from its wearied and burdened mother; the husband was made thoughtful and a sleeping conscience was aroused. She was assisted in all her labors by Marcellus and Mary. The children loved Mary, for her sweet nature speedily made her one with them. Many a little urchin who had come into her presence with soiled hands and face hastened to make them clean that he might shake hands with the "lovely lady" who never omitted this pleasing attention. Were not hers always soft and white?

Through the influence of Marcellus the unemployed were often furnished with work, and better situations found for others. Thus the three laboring for a noble

end found mutual support in each other's society. The brother and sister depended upon Faustine for more than they realized.

Mary had never relinquished her hope that Faustine would at last find her home in theirs. In this she was joined by Marcellus, who would have quickly gratified this wish of her heart had it been in his power. The fair girl's affectionate nature clung around her brother's strong and manly one, as ivy clings about the sturdy oak.

They were speaking of Faustine one evening when Marcellus said playfully, "What can we do to bring her home, little sweetheart? Your heart appears to be in her keeping; is it not so, dear?"

Mary leaned affectionately over the back of his chair and laid her cheek against his. "You have named the one dearest wish of my heart that you have not been able to gratify," she said earnestly, "but I know it is through no fault of yours. You have left no means of persuasion untried to convince her that she would be welcome on your part as well as mine. I have often thought of asking you what further I could do to persuade her to come home. I cannot give up my cherished plan without another trial."

There was silence for a little while and Mary looked up with an eager motion of her head, that always reminded her brother of a bird.

"Marcellus dear, if I were ill, do you think she would come to us then?"

Marcellus started and strained the slender form in his strong arms. "God forbid that you should be ill, my own little love," he said, kissing her fervently.

"You dear, darling brother," she exclaimed with a gay little laugh, "I am not ill. I only meant to feign illness

that I might perhaps draw Faustine here by stratagem. Do you not think she deserves it for holding out against our affection like this?" she added with a mischievous twinkle in her merry eyes. "The poorest child in her benevolent care has more of her than I have."

"But we will not play at being ill, even for that," rejoined Marcellus with a reflective smile.

"I may be rather late this evening, do not wait for me as usual," he said as he prepared to leave her at noon. "Be of good cheer, little one," he added, kissing her cheek, "I will discover a plan to bring Faustine to your side within a week."

Before she could ask the question that sprang to her lips, he was gone. She knew that what he affirmed was as good as done, and so secure was she in her conviction, that she lost no time in preparing a room for the dear foster-sister of her choice. Her new happiness overflowed in cheerful activity, as a bird's overflows in song; and her one servant, whose love for her little mistress savored of the maternal, smiled to herself as Mary bustled about as delighted with her hospitable preparations for Faustine's comfort as if Marcellus himself had been the object.

Scarcely less rejoiced at the prospect was Annie herself, for Faustine, during her rare visits, had excited Annie's affectionate admiration by the unassuming sweetness of her disposition, thus Annie's part of the work of preparation was performed with cheerful alacrity.

"Just to think of having my sister with me every hour," cried Mary, clapping her hands with the irrepressible delight of a child. "No more 'good nights' and going out in the cold."

"But, Miss Mary," said Annie, cautiously, with an eye to the consequences of a possible disappointment,

"are you sure that Faustine will come? Think how often she has refused."

"I know she will come," responded Mary, confidently, "my brother has promised it and he would not promise unless he knew. You will be good to her, Annie, I know you will. Everybody loves Faustine. Go to her room every morning, before you come to me, to see if she needs anything."

"I will do that with pleasure," responded Annie, "but, Miss Mary, Faustine is not like other young ladies who enjoy being waited upon. That wet night when she was here last, and I went to her room for orders, she thanked me sweetly, but said I was not to ask, for she did not require help when she was able to wait upon herself. If people were quite well she thought it selfish to require service of others. You need not fear, Miss Mary, it will be a pleasure to serve her whenever she needs it."

Mary's dreams that night were bright with suggestions of coming happiness, and when her brother bestowed his morning kiss at the breakfast hour next morning, he looked into her radiant face with delighted satisfaction.

"What is it all about, sweetheart?" he asked, with an assumed ignorance that scarcely concealed his own pleasure.

"Faustine is coming," replied Mary, beaming with joy. "My happiness is complete."

“Touched by a light that hath no name
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God’s great pictures hung;
How changed the summits, vast and old,
No longer granite browed
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath: no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled,
The silence of Eternity
Is falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
Those purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly he has dreamed of God
On Ida’s snowy crown.”

CHAPTER VI

When Edward left his tent, no one looking after him would have suspected from his appearance that he was going, never to return. Taking his gun on his shoulder, he went forth, as was his custom when hunting, and following the trail indicated by old Joe, went straight onward without a glance either to right or left.

His habit of going at all hours disarmed inquiry, and he was soon lost to view from the camp. On he went unheeding, lost in thought, until the trail grew indistinct among fallen rocks and thick underbrush.

At length his progress was so impeded by tangled underbrush and boulders, that he paused for a moment to survey the prospect. Above him towered craggy steeps, hoary and grim, the granite giants of the mountain chain. The ascent would have appeared impossible to a less determined climber, but, nerved by despair, his limbs seemed conscious of a lion's strength. Up, up he went in the gathering dusk, dangers lurking beside him at every step, springing, slipping, and anon gaining a firmer foothold for the next effort.

Had he been calm he would have discerned a narrow path leading round the mountain, the trail of wild animals, and less precipitous, but he thought only of putting distance between himself and the woman from whom escape seemed almost hopeless. No white man had ever attempted the path over which he was now laboring. On he went, breathless but persisting. The stars came out one by one until night wore a royal diadem. The moon came up clear and full until the darkness fled

into the canyons beneath, and the mountain picture was silvered and softened in a flood of tender light.

When at last he reached the summit his strength was gone and he sank to the ground exhausted by physical fatigue and a mental pain he could not subdue. Lying in the restful silence under the serene heavens, a calm at last came over him and his restless soul found temporary freedom in sleep. But no angel visitants came to his rocky pillow. He knew not how long he slept, but he awoke from a troubled dream with a vague sense of impending danger. As he raised his head the brilliant ascending flames of a camp fire near at hand shone into his face, and the next moment, with a joyful feeling of relief, he saw his faithful companion Joe sitting composedly beside the fire, evidently awaiting his awakening.

Springing to his feet, the old man came forward with a glad greeting.

"Come, my dear Captain, have something to eat. You must need it after your tramp; it's been ready this hour."

Edward, who had begun to be sensible of his need of food, cheerfully assented, and they were soon refreshing exhausted nature with a steaming meal that the old man had thoughtfully prepared.

When Edward left his tent on the preceding evening, Joe was watching his movements, and the old scout observed with some concern at the moment, that he took nothing with him but his gun. But on second thought he saw wisdom in this apparently improvident course.

"Better so, if that woman or her sort are a-watchin' him," he reflected sagely, "they can't suspect anything from the looks of things, so fur. All right, Captain," he concluded, with a satisfied air, "I'm your shadow, and I'll follow you like a hound."

Watching his chance he gathered his supply of neces-

sary cooking utensils and food from Edward's tent and his own, together with their blankets, and packed all securely on an animal's back, then led him away into the bushes, tied him and went back into the camp.

"Have you seen the Captain lately?" he asked of a miner who was resting beside his tent. "Yes," was the reply, "went out with his gun a spell back. Took the trail to the river, plenty of game round there, now; and I s'pose he wanted a shot."

Joe knew that his Captain was safely off, and after passing a few indifferent remarks with the miners standing about and taking a social drink, he watched his opportunity to slip away unobserved. Going back to his tent he loosed the horses as if to lead them to water, and stealing round under the shadow of friendly rocks to a secluded spot, left them and returned for the mule. Quickening his pace he was soon following Edward's trail, without having aroused suspicion from a soul in the camp.

For some time he followed the trail, but as it became too steep for his animal he took the path we have mentioned, and after several hours' ride reached the summit. He fastened his animals securely and set out in search of Edward. In a short time he discovered him stretched upon the ground face downward and sleeping soundly.

Full of exultation at the success of their plan, Joe kindled a fire without waking Edward before bringing round the horses.

"It will keep the wild varmints away if any of the derned critters happen to be around," he soliloquised, pausing beside the sleeping man and looking down at him with an almost parental affection softening his rugged features.

Under Joe's rough exterior was concealed a tender-

ness like a woman's, the one divine spark in his uncouth nature. When Edward came into his life Joe's reserve of affection sprung to the front and centered around him with all the intensity of his untutored heart; he was glad of the present opportunity to prove his loyalty.

Leaving Edward near the fire he went in search of the animals, and soon had them secured within a convenient distance. After preparing food to be ready when Edward should awake, he sat down to his vigil beside the fire to wait until he awoke.

Familiar with every mountain trail for hundreds of miles around, (the mountains had been his only home for fifty years) there had not been a camp started or a trench dug by miners of which he had not some personal knowledge. It was his intention to guide the Captain to an old mine opened fifteen years before but now almost deserted. The early excitement had died out and none remained except a hopeful few who had subsisted as best they could, prospecting patiently in its neighborhood, and trusting that fortune would turn at last by the discovery of a paying lead or new and more promising gold-fields. It was a region distinguished for the wild grandeur of its scenery; and the old man, shrewdly perceiving Edward's appreciation of natural beauty, inferred that he would find it a land of enchantment.

Most difficult of access by man or horse, nature reigned there in almost solitary state. The loftier granite peaks rose majestically into the heavens and sat cloud-crowned, throned kings of the wilderness. The lesser peaks grouped around them like subjects kneeling before their sovereign. Stately pines were ranged about, like sentinels on guard, lest nature should be profaned by man's rude invasion of her secret haunts. The solitary observer, peering over the brink above, grew giddy and faint as

he beheld this net-work of shadowy ravines and canyons whose mysterious depths the eye refused to fathom. Far down among the rocks gnarled oak trees stretched their giant arms as if in waiting for the hapless victim who should miss his footing on the treacherous ledge above, and be cast into its unfolded arms.

Only a steady brain and firm foot could be trusted to explore those mountain fastnings; but practice had made old Joe as nimble as a mountain goat, and his alert senses quickly guided him past danger with true animal instinct. Such was the spot to which Joe proposed to guide his Captain. There, for a time at least, he could make his home and be free from pursuit. Even when peopled by adventurous miners, the road leading thither was full of dangers; now it had become almost obliterated through disuse.

As the old man watched the sleeper with unwearied patience through the long hours, he suggested a mother watching beside her child, sleepless, vigilant, waiting for its eyes to uncloset to the morning light.

Day was just dawning when Edward rose and obeyed the welcome summons.

"It's all right, Captain," observed Joe assuringly as breakfast proceeded, "our fire is too far from the camp to be seen, but all the same, just as soon as we're ready, we'll be on the march."

Edward turned and caught the faithful hand for a moment in his own. The eyes into which he gazed were full of affection, the heart true as steel. He looked his thanks without trusting himself to speak.

"Don't be anxious now, Captain," Joe hastened to say, "they won't try to follow us."

"I have no fears," replied Edward, "but I am moved with gratitude to Him who knows all hearts and will

deliver us from all our troubles if we trust in Him. How can I thank Him for sending to me such a friend in my need?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears. "Captain," he said with emotion, "I'd rather go out with you than own all the gold in these 'ere mountains."

"I believe you, Joe," said Edward, with a warm pressure of the hand he held.

As they prepared to set out, the first rays of a New Dawn touched the mountain peaks, and the rising sun sent a flood of warm, golden light over the rugged landscape, turning crag and peak into shades of softness and beauty. The warmth and cheer shone into Edward's desolate heart like a harbinger of hope. Songs of birds filled the air. The wild deer and antelope scampered from their hiding places in search of food, pausing unscared at the sight of men they had not learned to fear. Life was astir everywhere and Edward felt new vigor in his veins, new aspirations rising toward the beneficent Creator in whose hand is all life and movement.

Gratitude to the unseen is the natural instinct of the unperverted soul and Edward raised his clasped hands to heaven as a sense of man's insensibility to the thousand natural proofs of Creative Care came over him. "Oh, Man!" he cried, "while nature falls on her knees in conscious gratitude, thou alone art full of doubt and rebellion against the Divine."

Memories of that other morning when he had watched the New Dawn's rays steal into the little room in the great city, came back to him, and his anguished feeling found vent in a passionate inquiry, "Why is all this, and what is the end to be?"

A voice in his soul gave answer, "Evolution is accompanied by pain; they are inseparable in human exper-

ience. The one Mover and Actor in all things moves on his way to the Grand Ultimate in view, regardless of cries or protests." "Why does not man move gladly in harmony with the Eternal Plan?" he questioned, "and recognize with joy the Power that rules all? When will the higher law operate in man for the development he craves, and render him conscious of his part in the glorious work?"

The voice of the old man roused him from his reverie: "Come, Captain, it's about time we were on the move; everything is ready and we'll be off."

Edward sprang into the saddle and followed Joe as he led the way. Joe had traced out an unfamiliar route which he thought might shorten their journey; and having full faith in his own sense of direction, he went on with confidence.

Days went by, lengthening into weeks, and still they saw only mountains before, behind and on either side of them. Still fresh difficulties succeeded those already surmounted. The old man was puzzled. For the first time in years he had fairly lost his perception of the latitude and longitude of the situation, and paused at a loss how to proceed. They had lost their pack mule; the bare rocky landscape gave small promise of feed and the horses were getting so thin and lame that they could scarcely carry the remaining supplies.

That night they lay down to rest in a painful state of doubt as to their future course, and upon awaking next morning they discovered with consternation that both the horses, their last resource, had broken loose and disappeared. For a few moments neither spoke, and Edward viewed the situation with a sensation akin to despair.

"Something must be done, Captain, an' that's a fact,"

said Joe, with a heroic effort at cheerfulness that brought the grateful moisture into Edward's eyes.

"I think it's the best plan for you to stay right here, Captain," said Joe, after a few moments' consideration, "an' I'll be off at once. Perhaps I can find my way to some settlement. I've somehow lost my bearing," he continued thoughtfully, "but I think I can right myself when I get off alone. I know the mountains pretty well, an' you keep up a good fire when I'm gone. The wild creatures will keep their distance when they smell that. Besides, Captain, a little rest will do you good, you know. You've been lookin' kinder used up fur a week past. I won't be gone more'n a day or two."

"Just as you think best, Joe," said Edward, with an effort at cheerfulness. For several days he had been weighed down by an unaccountable depression which he could not shake off. A little solitude might bring him into a clearer consciousness of an over-shadowing protection in whose arms he had been thus far preserved. He was glad of the quiet and rest, but the pent-up emotions which had been gathering force within for many days, found vent in a passionate outburst as the old man receded from view he felt powerless even in himself.

"What am I, Oh, God, that I should be thus compelled to forsake all?" he cried, flinging himself upon the ground in a passion of despair. "Now all have forsaken me. Even the poor horses were starving in my service and have left me. My only friend has been compelled to leave me to myself. Will he ever return? Am I doomed to perish in these mountains alone?"

Shaken with contending emotions, for a time he felt lost to himself and to the world. But the storm of feeling passed away and he arose to better thoughts and

gained composure. As he looked out upon the grandeur before him he felt reproved for doubting the justice and wisdom which had led him thus far, and in its own way delivered him from himself.

The day waned slowly and darkness spread its sable wings above the mountains, but Joe came not. Edward gathered fuel and piled the fire high, that its light might guide the wanderer if he chanced to be returning. Another day and night passed, but still he had not come. Doubts and apprehensions crowded upon Edward's heart. His supply of food was almost exhausted, and perhaps the faithful old man might even now be lying at the bottom of some ravine.

"Will he perish for my sake?"

Clear as speech, and distinct as sound came the answer, "No!"

With a feeling of relief he sat down and reflected upon the old man's nature. It was simple, courageous, affectionate and just. It sent out no malicious nor unrighteous currents of thought, and judged by the law of "like attracts like," a feeling of confidence in Joe's safety banished his anxiety, for the time at least.

As we advance in knowledge of the forces of human nature, this law becomes more obvious to our understanding. If we could believe that human malignity attracts that which destroys; that fear attracts danger and invites accident, could we not entrench ourselves in safer conditions by cultivating those qualities which, being of Divine Order, are armed with protective force?

Near noon on the third day Edward decided to remain no longer, but to try to escape from threatened starvation by setting out in search of some human habitation. But in what direction should he go? He walked forward a few paces in agitated mental inquiry. Suddenly there

flashed across his consciousness the words, "Turn neither to the right nor to the left."

Accepting them as a guide he went straight on, allowing nothing to divert him from his course. He was oppressed by sadness, and missed the cheering presence of his old friend; but were they not both in the hands of One Mighty to preserve? One who said of old, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" Buoyed up by a new impulse of faith he toiled steadily onward. Thoughts of his pale love who had so often visited him in the past came over him. Why did he no longer hear the beloved voice or catch glimpses of her gracious presence? She had said, "I will never stray from thy side;" yet he found himself alone! Could she no longer reach him in the shadowy depths into which he had allowed himself to fall.

Overcome by a passion of longing he sank down upon the rocks and cried out, "Come to me once more, thou loving one! Come to me, my wife, uphold and cheer me in my journey through this solitude!" But no response came to his prayer. Night found him weary and foot-sore, but he arose with the dawn, still toiling along. The third morning he rose unrefreshed, but he must not yield to his exhaustion. He must move forward. Slower and slower became his steps; he prayed for strength. As the day was nearing its close, beyond a screen of projecting rock he espied a camp fire. A glad cry of thankfulness escaped him. As he discerned the spot he saw a white man standing beside the fire. At the first glance he thought it was his faithful Joe, and bounded forward, but he discovered with disappointment that he was mistaken. "It is, at least, a white man," he reflected, "perhaps he is lost in these muntain wilds, like myself."

"You are weary and foot-sore, friend," the stranger

said in a musical voice. "Sit down and rest, and take some food; I am sure you need refreshment from your long journey." On a large flat rock near the fire were spread food and drink. The stranger motioned Edward to a seat beside it. He thankfully accepted the hospitable invitation and was speedily refreshed by a substantial meal. Strength returned to his limbs and cheerfulness to his heart. He had not felt such a lightness and buoyancy for many weeks, but speech seemed denied him.

Looking up gratefully toward his new friend, he saw that the stranger was observing him attentively. "You are weary," said he kindly, "and need rest," pointing to a blanket spread near the fire. "We will not talk to-night. Sleep will do you more good. We shall have ample time for conversation to-morrow."

The considerate words fell like music on Edward's ears. There was blessed relief in the very liberty of silence. Who has not felt this in similar circumstances? Edward obeyed without a word, and a delicious sense of rest stole over him as he lay watching the fire die out. The starry heavens overhead were his only canopy, and the words of the poet sang themselves into his memory in chime with the night breeze among the mountain pines.

"Night draws her sable mantle down
And pins it with a star."

His eyes sought the stranger, who sat motionless beside the fire. An indescribable feeling of repose, an inward peace possessed him. "Perhaps it is the nearness of a human face and voice," he reflected. For six weary nights and days he had not seen a living being.

"Who is this gracious stranger?" he questioned inwardly, "who has extended such hospitality in these lonely mountains, and spoken with such familiar kind-

ness to me, that I had not a word to say in return?" Musing thus, he was soon lost in the arms of sleep and when he opened his eyes at dawn, the gentle presence was still at the fire beside him. He seemed to occupy the same position as when he closed his eyes and was lost to his material surroundings. "I wonder if he has not slept!" thought Edward, looking at him with wondering curiosity.

As he rose and came forward the stranger-host turned and said pleasantly, "We will take some breakfast at once, my friend, for we must be on our way if we are to reach our shelter to-night."

Edward turned toward him eagerly. "Are we then near a camp?"

The stranger pointed to a seat without replying, and seating himself placed before his visitor a repast of bread and honey.

Edward studied the strange but kindly man beside him with keen interest. What manner of man was he to whom speech was evidently superfluous? Refreshed by his rest he desired to inquire regarding the region about them. He longed to tell the stranger of his absent friend, and something of himself, and ask his advice.

At last, no longer able to restrain himself, he asked, "Are you familiar with the mountains?"

"Yes," responded the stranger; "the mountains have been my home for many years."

Edward's tongue was loosed and without waiting further replies, he launched at once into the narrative of his journey; the old man's departure and failure to return; concluding with his own perplexities, doubts and fears.

As he paused to take breath, the stranger said, "You say that he has been fifty years in the mountains. I do

not see that you have cause to fear for his safety. He may have lost his way, but I do not think that he is in danger of losing his life."

Edward cast down his eyes in confusion. His impulsive speech was evidently foolishness in the other's eyes. A cooler judgment rebuked him for his lack of faith in the living, loving protection of God. "Do not forget," the stranger continued with grave earnestness, "that fear is a bitter weed which poisons the air about you, destroying happiness and power to think calmly. Drive it from you as you would a reptile in whose sting is death. Send out only your brave and true aspirations; they are registered to your credit on the moral atmosphere, and there reflected to preserve and to supply. Send out living sentiments armed with the elements of perpetuation and received by every truth-seeker, thus helping them to live the truth more perfectly."

Edward listened with growing interest. Memories of past teachings floated back into his consciousness. The impression was the same.

"Are my desires then known beyond myself?" he questioned.

"Yes," responded his companion, "when the aspiration of the human heart goes forth with a desire to live a Higher Life and serve the true, living, loving God, seeking knowledge from no selfish desire, but for the good of all; then will their steps be guided, their life work be shown plainly to them; and the All-Wise Loving Father will show them, and move others in the direction that all their needs will be supplied, if they put their faith in Him. Your steps have been guided hither. By sundown we shall reach a cave where you can rest for a time and follow the longings of your heart after wisdom. The soul desire is for The Higher

Life, but the flesh is not willing to yield and bow in submission to the Divine. With thee, my friend, the soul has triumphed, and the loving God whom ye desire to know, is with thee! Be true to thyself! Seek not only for that wealth which perishes with time, but seek those treasures which are able to stand the crucial test of all trial, issuing unharmed from its purifying fires reaching thereby beyond earth's power, and gaining more than earthly wisdom."

They were rapidly ascending the mountain, but the stranger showed no sign of fatigue. "When the soul awakes to a knowledge of strength in the Living God," he continued, "she heeds not the clamor and discord of the world, but goes boldly on until her thirst is quenched. But she must have seclusion in which to ripen these powers before she can gain all things. Each soul must be developed under its own star. Lose not, therefore, the precious moments that remain to you, or the opportunities now freely offered, which, if neglected, will not return.

"There are many steps in the ladder to a Higher Life, and those who have gone before reach out their helping hands as others ascend. Upon every plane of ascent there are those who prove veritable Angels of Deliverance to The Truth-seeker; we attract to ourselves that which we most earnestly desire; only pure desires attract the highest spiritual aid from the Living Father of all. Those in whom the lower passions are active, who desire gold and the honors of the world, are helped by those on corresponding planes; but until all such selfish desires are given up, truth, justice and love cannot do their perfect work."

The day passed so quickly and pleasantly that Edward saw the evening shadows lengthen with regret. The

stranger had given him generously of that rare food for which he had been hungering. Since his father's death and his separation from school life, he had often found his spiritual nature starving for the bread of life which was denied to him since his marriage with Beulah.

In the course of their conversation Edward spoke freely of his desires for The Higher Life and the good of others, but his companion answered gravely, "My brother, we must help ourselves before we are in a position to help others. Being imperfect in self-control and in that inward spiritual grace which our Father gives so freely to all that seek Truth, which inspires respect and undisturbed confidence in those we teach, we defeat our purpose by these very deficiencies in ourselves. Rejecting an authority which is not supported by personal example and conquest, they are rather turned away from The Truth of the Living God that we seek to impart to them. The perfect example of Jesus, who hesitated not to bear and to become all that he taught his disciples, stands alone as the world's ideal of personal purity, self-sacrifice and perfect love. All who live true to those teachings will surely find the Living, Loving God to guide their steps. A human struggle after perfection inspires respect in even the careless; and in our great desires we draw to ourselves, by a mighty attraction, admiration for its courage and the prayers of the most timid for its success. It is the noble witness of the Divine in the human and of the human in the Divine, ever moving as by an irresistible impulse toward a conscious oneness with its Creator—the mighty God within man."

They were now near their journey's end. The stranger paused and pointed to a large pile of rocks, about a hundred yards to the right. Edward looked attentively

but saw nothing remarkable about them. Shrubs and underbrush clustered thickly about the place. One might fancy that the wind loved to bring its treasures there, for sand and refuse lay about it in heaps.

“Go to those rocks,” said the stranger, “upon one of them you will find this mark.” He opened his vest and exhibited to Edward the sign of the Order which he knew. He started in surprise for he had seen it with his former teacher. “Remove the stone,” he continued, “It will yield to your touch. Enter! There you will find the rest and quiet which you need. You will be undisturbed. My brother,” he said earnestly, “in your search for Truth, be faithful to yourself. Peace is a treasure that is bought only with patience. The babe must be born and grow to maturity before the man can walk the earth. The slow process of growth has been so ordained by a loving and wise Creator. Seek for knowledge in nature, the grand visible expression of the Creative Mind is there expressed. Ask the mountains to reveal to you their secrets! Listen to the winds that sweep along the mountain path to catch the whispered message that they bear. Pause when you hear the voices of the night, that you may learn their mystic language. Ask the starry heavens to lift their jewelled curtain that you may enter into the chamber of knowledge and learn there the song of the Universe as it circles round! Ask the sun to send his radiant life into the depths of our earthly soul, that it may banish the darkness and bring you into a clear knowledge of the truth. Listen to the voice of the murmuring stream rippling over its pebbles at your feet; and above all, listen for that voice which speaks without sound. Seek in the depths of your own heart if you would discover that hidden knowledge which will lead you to the mystic gate that opens only to the

wise; listen to the voice of the Living, Loving God that speaks only within your own soul."

Silence fell between them as the stranger ceased speaking; when Edward lifted his bowed head he was alone! His friend had said, "We shall meet again," and had gone from sight as if the earth had opened to receive him. Edward felt no fear, but turned toward the rock indicated to him. He must seek it while yet there was light, and hastened his steps pondering over the strange events of the passing day. What new revelations awaited him in the cave? New light stole into the darkened recesses of his memory, and linked this stranger with his past beloved teachers of boyish memory.

For a moment his heart cried out strongly, "Beloved Master, friend of my boyhood! Do you know what I have passed through? Have your spiritual eyes witnessed the agonies of my heart? When I left you I was full of hope, now, what have I?" His head sank upon his breast and for a moment he was silent. He soon roused himself and approached the spot pointed out by the stranger. The rocks loomed up boldly before him. The wind moved an over-shadowing branch to one side and disclosed the mark he sought. A thrill of joy went through his soul as he recognized it. His thoughts flew to the hand that had left it there. "What hand has last moved this stone?" he thought, as his was laid upon it. The words he had heard had kindled a fire of excited feeling within him. Who and what was the stranger who appeared to be in these mountains studying apart from the noise and tumult of the world? Why had he so mysteriously left him? Why could he not pass the night with him?

But as he reflected upon his words, the stranger evidently considered much speaking as idleness, unless the

words conveyed life-giving principles to the understanding. By useless words we deprive ourselves of vital force and defeat the object for which life was given. He had already received all that he could remember, and directions sufficient to guide him into the cave.

He knew that the one object of life is to gain understanding that should reconcile us to God and to all things on earth and in heaven. As he laid his hand on the mysterious rock, he raised his head with a reverent look. "I will be content," he said. "I will be patient! Dear, loving Father, help me to understand!"

The next moment he had entered a narrow passage in the rock. The sky was no longer visible, and so concealed was the entrance that a passer-by would never dream of its existence. He made a light and the scene that presented itself startled him into questioning its reality. As he looked around him he believed himself deluded by a dream from which he would presently awake. As he gazed, its reality grew upon him and its glittering wonders became the facts of a conscious delight! He raised his hands in devotion and cried, "Oh, Thou living, loving God, I thank Thee for my deliverance from the threatening dangers; I thank Thee for this asylum; for this place of rest; for the loving friend that Thou has sent to me!" He paused. He found himself in a large room, deep in the heart of the rock. Its precipitous sides and lofty roof sparkled as if set thickly with precious stones. As his light flashed nearer, green, gold and purple shone in resplendent hues and sent forth gem-like reflections, like rays from the sun. He was lost in wonder and admiration of the prodigal beauty revealed to his sight. Ledges cut out in the rocks for shelves were here and there, where so many strange and interesting articles were deposited. Old books, parch-

ments, plates of brass and of gold with writing upon them, and carved wood in various forms were ranged in order. Stone bowls containing oil which served for light, were standing in niches in the rock.

In the center of the room was a large table upon which were writing materials and many other useful articles. Around the table were strange looking stools of various patterns. Skins of animals were spread upon the floor, and in one corner was a rough couch, also covered with skins, serving for a bed. There was a supply of bread and honey.

Edward gazed upon the strange scene with breathless interest. He half feared that it might vanish before his bewildered senses could grasp the meaning of all he saw. At last he could not longer control his emotions, he sank upon his knees beside the couch and buried his face in the skins.

He had no words to express the emotions of his heart. His thoughts flew to the lonely girl in the attic room. Perhaps she was in want and distress and he was powerless to aid her. Could he have viewed for a moment their true respective conditions he would have reserved the pity for himself.

Having found running water in the narrow passage by which he entered, he refreshed himself, removed his dusty clothing, and sought rest upon the couch. A deep peace fell upon his spirit. The stillness that reigned can only be realized by those who have experienced it, shut away from even the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, the hum of animated nature, and the many indistinct sounds that are never silent in the outside world.

Buried in the mountain's quiet heart, his own thoughts seemed almost audible. He fell asleep and a vision,

peaceful as his surroundings, floated before him. He saw Blanche, her white robes falling in folds of purity around her, and in her arms she carried an infant. It smiled upon him as he looked, and its tiny face shone like that of an angel. When he awoke, he mused over the strange dream and sought its interpretation. "It is to show me that I must become as a little child," he reflected. "Blanche is as pure as a babe in thought, and if I would be one with her I must give up my self-will and become as the babe in her arms. I will, my love, I will be worthy of you," he cried fervently, rising from the couch. "Blanche carries sunshine into the darkest places, because she has it here," he exclaimed, smiting his breast, "here, where is the only true and heavenly world. I will open the gate and enter with thee, my wife, my love."

A divine peace crept into his heart and nestled there like a dove seeking refuge. It folded him close like a mother folding her child to her breast, and brought comfort in the place of desolation. The cave had been to him like a home coming, a pilgrim's rest; and with a great thankfulness he returned gratitude to a loving God for his deliverance from what appeared, a few hours ago, certain starvation. As he meditated, a voice within seemed to say, "Thou hast taken the first step on the ladder of progress; go on; there are many steps to be taken before you reach the top." It was as if loving arms were folded about him, and a sweet voice whispered, "Peace, peace to thy weary soul!" "How many before me have found a blessed asylum in this cave!" he meditated, as he looked around him in quiet rest.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, but Edward was so busily engaged with the wonders he found and the beauties of the life that unfolded

from within as the flower which unfolds to the sun, that he lost all trace of time. Night and day were as one to him. He subsisted by simple means for which ample provision had been made, and lived in the light of a true knowledge that had never before illumined his understanding. He often left his cave for rambles, and for hours at a time was lost in wonder at the grandeur and beauty of the scene around him. He drank, as never before, from the great fountain of Creative Love, The substance, whose spring is never dry. As he engaged in meditation and in searching self-examination, the past rose clearly before him. He thought of the woman whom he had accused as the destroyer of his peace. Truly, she had been the instrument to deprive him of his wealth, but had it not stood between him and the life which he had sought. As he reflected he saw the wisdom of a loving Father in all that had befallen him. He also saw the law which governs human unfoldment; he ceased to send forth thoughts which could only drive her farther from the good, and react upon himself to his spiritual loss. He sent forth thoughts of love and a prayer that she, like him, might find rest. It is only after the chastening hand is lifted that we can see clearly the resulting good. We cannot forget the pain long enough to perceive that we are gaining knowledge through its agency, unobtainable in any other way. What we learn by suffering is stamped upon the memory. That which we gain by fleeting pleasure, or easily acquire, is quickly forgotten. He that cometh to the Father cometh through great tribulation, and his robes are washed in the blood of the heart.

Edward considered these words in a new light. There is for every soul desiring freedom a furnace of trial, a testing of spiritual courage, like that of Daniel among

the lions. His own trials had been light in comparison. What was the wealth he had given up when measured by the precious riches he had been gathering through experience? Yet he had scarcely taken the first step toward obtaining what would be revealed in the life of the faithful.

He had not forgotten his faithful Joe in the absorption of daily thoughts. He wondered as to the probability of his whereabouts and of their reunion, but no longer with anxious fear. Time passed rapidly and he lived not in the future, but in the Eternal Now; and acquired those spiritual gains whose value is above all temporal computation. He scarcely thought of a return to the world from which he was so strangely withdrawn.

Was his life a selfish one? he questioned. He longed to again meet the strange friend who had brought him here, and waited with daily expectation and hope. He wondered if his home was in the mountains, and if he was very far away.

A few days later Edward was seated upon a favorite rock about twenty yards from the cave, enjoying the beauty of a morning picture, when, turning his eyes toward the cave, he saw his stranger friend approaching him. He sprang from his seat and hurried forward as if to embrace him, but a perception of his own impulsiveness checked him, and he saluted him with a sober expression of unfeigned pleasure. The stranger smiled and said: "Shall we not enter?" Edward started. All his old life loomed up before him, "Thank God that I am worthy to be your guest!" he cried. "We are friends," said the stranger, raising his hands as if deprecating Edward's humility. "Come, my brother, let us enter together. I know that you have much to tell me and many questions to ask." He took Edward's hand

in a welcoming grasp, and they entered the cave. Edward's joy knew no bounds.

Days passed in earnest conversation; Edward being a delighted listener. He had read and pondered over many of the books and manuscripts intended for his perusal, but failing to understand many things contained therein, he reserved them until the stranger should appear again. He knew that he would come. Now he brought forward his questions and perplexities. All that was mysterious was soon made plain. Words of wisdom from the lips of one rich in experience fell upon his eager intelligence, like refreshing waters upon the parched and thirsty earth. It was speedily absorbed and more was demanded. Many things which he had struggled to understand, stood forth unveiled; and where before, he had looked without discerning, the mists of uncertainty rolled away, leaving him in the clear sunlight of the approaching day.

His friend seemed to divine his inmost thoughts, and to know the scope of his reading while in solitude, and he oft smiled at his eager questions.

"Remember the words of the Master," he said, "'Seek and ye shall find; ask and ye shall receive.' If there were nothing to receive, why should we ask?"

"I do ask," said Edward, "but I do not always receive."

"That is true," said his friend, "but let us complete the sentence, 'Whatsoever ye ask in *faith, believing*, ye shall receive.' Not ye *may*, but *shall*. Faith is essential to our progress in The Higher Life."

"How are we to have faith in that of which we have no knowledge?" he demanded.

"When Faith becomes Knowledge, the necessity for Faith no longer exists. Yet there are those who profess

to believe in much that they cannot know," replied the teacher.

"True," said Edward, "what indeed do we know about life? Yet many profess to explain that which has puzzled the sages of all time."

"Life, my brother, is a problem that the wise in all philosophies have failed to fathom. The problem still stands before mankind to-day unsolved to their satisfaction; and it will so stand until they go to the fountain head of Knowledge for the solution. Only God Himself can answer of Himself to satisfy His children's desires. Many have suggested that the will is the Life, and they say, 'by my *Will* I can execute and compel obedience.' The will is absolute monarch over the physical structure; it governs the thought sent forth; thought being the co-worker, but submissive to its powerful colleague. Yet there are powers beyond and above even this autocrat that subject and bring it under the dominion of law."

"It may be so," said Edward, "but when man wills, regardless of right or wrong, he can accomplish wonderful results."

"True, my brother," responded the stranger smiling, "but take electricity for an illustration. Let a strong current be turned on while one is holding the poles of the battery, and let him attempt to exercise his will against the fluid. He instantly discovers that a force infinitely superior to his, will oppose him. He may will with all his power, but to no purpose. Thus we find that man's will is a servant to a master, when opposed to a will above it. We can therefore have power only over that which corresponds to something within ourselves."

"How vast and bewildering is the region of thought," said Edward with a sigh. "When we attempt to penetrate far into its depths we are speedily lost and the brain

loses its balance, and we wonder on in darkness and doubt. How are we to gain infinite knowledge with finite understanding?"

"That we can never do," replied the teacher, "thought is the only means of measurement we have in venturing beyond the bounds of material things. It is our only means of measuring the vastness of creation, and determine the distance between God and man, and man and God."

The two talked on, Edward with questioning interest that took no note of time; and now, to his infinite regret, the gracious friend rose to depart.

Edward hastened to set refreshment before him, and very soon he was again alone; alone with his own thoughts. He seated himself and called up in review much that the friend had said to him. Would he ever be able to reach that point of knowledge for himself? Were such powers within the scope of his attainments? He thought the friend had given an affirmative reply to such queries. The pupil may not reach to the Master's requirements, but he can relatively advance, always finding the Master gone on before, when he reaches a desired point, and finds that God is with His Creation. Only his own acts can deprive him of this power to rise. The road is narrow but the gate is never closed. Many are the attractions set forth to lure the senses, that most are drawn away from the straight and narrow way that leads to a better life, and its seeming difficulties debar many more from entering upon it. Only an overmastering conviction, a tireless zeal, and great love for Truth, can submit to the crucifixion of the flesh, and live in the Spirit with God while dwelling upon the earth.

Edward had food for much thought in the days that

followed, and memory was busy with the past. He had learned from his new friend that there was a small settlement about three miles distant. Men were there digging for the coveted treasure, gold. After some consideration he decided to go to the place in search of Joe, or at least to gain some tidings of him.

Early one morning, a few days later, he forsook the cave, bending his steps to a point a few yards to the left, where he turned into a trail that led him up to the pass. He felt that the time had come when he might once more move among men; but it was not the Edward of old who went forth into the golden dawn fresh from new experiences. The old Edward had passed away and a new man had arisen from his ashes. His horizon had broadened, his faith increased, his life grown earnest. As he travelled on he saw new beauties in the material world which he had never perceived before, and saw it as fresh from the Creative Hand. He perceived that men worshiped the thing created, instead of its Source of Being. The golden calf was set up for their adoration and they saw nothing beyond, thus they become one with death instead of one with Life. As he climbed the rugged path his thoughts were busy; he was about to mingle again with the world and the things thereof. Had he acquired sufficient control to be *in* and not *of* the world? Could he work for gold in company with those men and return to aid the patient loving girl in her attic home in the city? for she was his wife, though as yet he dare not claim her, "but in the sight of Heaven she is my wife," he cried. He would use all that fortune might bestow for the one great good without placing undue value upon gold itself. "Can I place before the world the thought that there is but One Giver, One Worker, in all created forms?"

To Him who gives should great returns be made, thus storing up blessings for a Higher Life.

Occupied with such thoughts he reached the summit and seated himself upon a projecting rock to view the loveliness of the surrounding scenery. The blue over-arching sky seemed to smile approval of the step he had taken. The giant trees nodded a grave acquiescence and the grand old rocks spoke of the wisdom of building upon so mighty a foundation. The mountain stream had a musical language all its own in unison with the harmony of the scene before him. His heart felt at last one with Creative Law and obedient to its provisions, and it rose in thankfulness to the Divine Author of Nature's beneficent plan, he saw the mighty power of Love working through all creation.

As he sat thus meditating, a cry of joy came to his ears! He looked in its direction, and to his delight and surprise beheld his old friend climbing towards him. In a few moments Joe reached his side and the old man's demonstration knew no bounds. He gave vent to the most extravagant antics in his delight, kneeling before Edward, clasping his knees in such a transport that he almost dragged him from his seat; laughing, crying, and exclaiming all in a breath:

"Captain, Captain, I have found you at last! Can it be true? can it be true? or am I only dreaming?"

Edward tried to raise the old man to his feet, but he appeared almost beside himself with delight, and possessed with some superstitious idea of his own.

"Oh, Captain," he exclaimed again, looking upon him with an incredulous expression, "is it really you or am I dreaming? Wake me up, for I believe I am out of my head!"

Edward grasped his hands and giving him a friendly shake, said in a firm voice, "Joe, I am as glad as yourself, but it is not like you to give way like this! Arouse yourself, act like a man."

"I can't believe I'm awake," said Joe at last. "I can't seem to feel that you are flesh and blood after all. Just knock me down, or do something to prove to me that you ain't a ghost! Oh, Captain, Captain, are you really alive?"

Edward laughed and slapping him on the back said: "There! old friend! Ghosts can't give such a blow as that, I'm sure."

The old man looked up with a reverent expression and said: "Captain, I never did much praying, but since that mornin' I left you, I have prayed and cried too that I should find ye again. I felt that it was me that took you out of ye way and lost ye in the mountains, and then lost myself."

Edward let him talk on: he saw that it relieved him from the pressure of his emotions.

"Don't blame yourself, Joe," he said at last, "it was all right for me when you left me lost in the mountains."

"I don't know what ye mean, Captain," he replied with a puzzled look.

"It's all right, my dear old friend. I would not recall a single thing about, if I could."

"How ye talk!" said Joe, "yes, and ye look different, too, from the mornin' when I left ye! Your eyes have a shine in 'em, like the stars, and look about as fur off. When I first seed ye down below there, I thought it must be you, but that you'd come to be an angel and belong to that ar land where thar ain't any bar huntin'. Even when ye spoke I didn't feel sure about ye. You're sure ye ain't dead now?" the old man queried with a

fond and earnest look. Love and pity for his faithful companion struggled in Edward's breast. He clasped him like a brother and kissed his withered cheek, saying, "Don't be afraid of any mistake, old fellow; I am really flesh and blood yet, and your true friend as of old!"

"Thank God!" apostrophised Joe, with a great sigh.

"But you have not told me yet why you didn't return to me," said Edward, with a light laugh, wishing to turn the conversation into more practical channels, for the relief of both.

Joe at once entered upon a narrative account of his adventures since leaving their camp. He related in detail all that befell him in his wanderings in the mountains; how he hunted the horses until dark that day; and then turned in the direction of their camp, as he thought, but he did not succeed in discovering its welcome fire and patient watcher. He kept up the search for a week, subsisting as best he could. He then took another direction, and found the settlers, borrowed a horse from them, travelled over the mountains round and about, long after Edward was safely housed in the cave.

"I had never stopped searchin'," concluded the old man, "nor never would if I hadn't found ye; but where have you been all this while? what has preserved ye safe and sound? You look so well, Captain!"

Edward thereupon related all that he thought necessary for Joe to know concerning his experience, omitting such particulars as would puzzle without enlightening his listener.

"I shall remain in the mountains at my resting place," he concluded, "but I will go to the miners' camp with you, and perhaps decide to remain awhile and work with them; that is, if I can; if the men are willing."

"Captain, you always did do good, and it somehow

seems to me as if you was better fitted to do it now than ever."

They rose and pursued their way down the mountain, and on arriving at the camp were received by the miners with delighted satisfaction. Joe had not failed to sound his Captain's praises, nor to enlist their warmest sympathies and interest in the result of his long search. They were thus ready to give Edward a cordial welcome and instantly perceived in him a man of superior qualities and attainments.

While they conversed, others of their party who had been out prospecting, returned and reported the discovery of what they supposed to be a rich vein of ore five or six miles distant.

Preparations were at once made to repair thither to confirm proofs of the story, and all united in an earnest request that Joe's "Captain" should become one of the party.

By their description of the locality he decided that it could not be more than three miles from his hiding place, and he consented to the proposal, only stipulating that the men should wait and rest a day or two before going thither.

Edward returned to his retreat, and as he approached the place he saw his friend coming toward him. He eagerly pressed forward and held out his hand.

"So you have decided to work for gold again?" said his friend, smiling a welcome.

Edward bowed with a strange feeling of humility, and remained silent.

"It is not an unwise step," said his companion. "You can be of use to many thus, without any disadvantage to yourself. Besides, it is only by facing obstacles and fairly overcoming them by a hand to hand conflict, that we

become true masters of any situation. In silence we learn wisdom; in the world of temptation we overcome and grow strong. If we are honest with ourselves we do not shun contact with the treasures of this world that men prize. We must live a higher life and have riches until they no longer have power to attract and hold us captive."

During the time that Edward had been alone he had pondered many questions in his heart. To one concerning freedom, the stranger replied:

"No man is his own master until he has overcome self, nor can he find freedom until he knows himself." He told Edward many things about the cave, and that there was a company of them who had given their lives to the work of humanity and, like the parable of Moses and the Red Sea, they were always ready and willing to aid a brother and lead him to that Divine Fountain, where he can drink of the waters of the Revelation.

Long after his visitor had departed Edward reflected upon the wisdom of his teachings. The subject of self-knowledge presented to him was matter for infinite inquiry and deep study.

"How little we know about ourselves," he reflected, "this moving machine and its wonderful mechanism! That there is a higher power than physical man we all admit; but until we are one with that power, and work in harmony with its divine plan, we can gain no adequate conception of its mysterious workings or of the agencies it employs. God's ways are mysterious; man must know God, before he can know himself."

Poring over problems that have engaged the attention of man for ages, without revealing to him their secrets, Edward fell asleep. Troubled dreams visited his couch for hours, but at last quiet reigned and the whole cave

was illuminated by a strange silvery light, and he heard the voice of his beloved Blanche, saying: "Edward, seek our child, the child thou hast never seen. She is a fair daughter of the sun. She mourns her loss. Edward, thou must take my place by her side. Thou shalt call her name Faustine. Edward, seek thou the Living Light. Among the rear blossoms, in dark places, thy soul will find rest. Supported by the hand of a loving daughter, thy earth mission will be well done."

He sprang from his couch expecting to see the beloved form; the wife whom he was compelled to desert; from whom fate had separated him so long ago.

"A child! a child! What can this mean? God of Love, give me understanding! Blanche, dear Blanche, I was compelled to leave thee."

A gentle tap announced the presence of his ever welcome friend. As he clasped his hand a joy filled his soul, a supreme happiness that he could not conceal from his friend.

The lessons gathered from this never-failing fountain of wisdom quieted the turbulence of the troubled soul, and when the visitor had departed that night, he slept the undisturbed sleep of a child, and many things were made clear to his understanding.

Fair as a summer dream was Faustine;
Such dream as in a poet's soul might start,
Musing of old loves while the moon doth set.
Her hair was not more sunny than her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head with careless art,
Mocking the sunshine that would fain have lent
To its frank grace a richer ornament.
She dwelt for ever in a region bright,
Peopled with living fancies of her own,
Where nought could come but visions of delight
Far, far aloof from earth's oft-changing moon.

CHAPTER VII

As Marcellus pursued his way after parting with his sister, various plans favorable to his purpose presented themselves. His promise must be fulfilled. "Faustine has a noble nature," he mused, "and one worthy of wider advantages than her pride has thus far allowed her to accept. In regard to personal beauty and dignity of carriage, she would grace the palace of a king. But how can I bring her to accept our offer without wounding that sensitive pride of hers? My sister needs her companionship and so indeed do I, I admit it frankly, and our offering her a home is largely for our own benefit. I have it! the very thing!" he exclaimed, half aloud, after a thoughtful pause, as a new idea flashed through his brain. "She will accept now for Mary's sake!"

As his work went on that day his thoughts often strayed to his new plan, and a satisfied smile betrayed the pleasure he found in his conviction that it would result in success.

As he was going home to dinner that evening he observed Faustine a few paces in advance of him. The crowd melted away, and hastening his steps he was soon at her side.

"If you are not in haste," he said, after a cordial hand-shake, "I should like to speak to you on a matter of importance."

The nervous tremor in his voice startled her, and her thoughts instantly flew to her little friend. "Your sister," she said quickly, "is she well?" A glimpse of the

affectionate anxiety so easily aroused opened the way and made it easier.

"She was in her usual health when I left this morning," he said, collecting himself; "it is of her I wish to speak. You know she is not strong and seldom left alone. Business calls me from home for an indefinite period, and I wished to ask if you would take my place at her side during my absence? I ask it as a special favor to both of us," he hastened to say as he saw her hesitation. "I should be much more content to go if I knew you were with her."

"How long do you expect to remain away?" asked Faustine, after a moment's reflection.

"I cannot tell," he replied, "but I wish to secure for her such care as yours. I shall then be free from anxiety."

"My obligations are many. I cannot refuse so small a favor," answered Faustine, smiling.

"No, no," said Marcellus impulsively, starting at the significance of her words. "My sister would not consent to receive you upon such conditions. Whatever the loss to my business, I will remain with her rather than require of you a moment's sacrifice."

The offended dignity of his manner, so well assumed, prompted Faustine to a more cordial expression of assent.

"I beg that you will allow me to watch over your sister while you are away, Marcellus," she said in a heartier tone, but without betraying the degree to which she had been touched.

"Forgive me, Faustine," he said cordially, rejoicing inwardly at the success of his scheme. "My love for my sister must be my apology."

"This is a public place," said Faustine, with a quiet smile, glancing at the curious eyes turned in their direc-

tion. "Besides, Mary will be waiting dinner for you, will she not?"

"You will be our guest this evening at dinner?" said he, with a scarcely concealed interest in her reply.

Faustine declined on the plea that she must be at home early, and Marcellus parted from her with a promise to bring his sister to her that evening, when more definite arrangements could be made, as he wished to go away as soon as possible.

Two hours later Marcellus and Mary once more climbed the dark, rickety stairway, and sought Faustine's little room.

"It will be the last time," said he to himself as they ascended, "she will soon have another home, if I can accomplish it."

Mary, on her part, could scarcely conceal her joyful impatience to make her hope a certainty.

They remained later than usual that evening, for Mary clung to Faustine with the childish affection of a girl for her mother. It was the dependence of a loving nature upon one strong, beautiful and self-sustaining.

"At what time will you find it convenient to come?" asked Marcellus, as they were leaving.

"My arrangements are easily made," she replied, with smiling reference to her limited belongings. "I can notify my employer of my intended absence and come to-morrow."

"You are the dearest sister in all the world," exclaimed Mary, with an impulsive caress, "and I am satisfied with this proof of your love."

"It will be something of an undertaking, Faustine," said Marcellus, glancing at Mary's childish figure with an expression of indulgent affection. "Mary is so delicate physically that I have never allowed her to feel the

weight of domestic responsibility, and, I might add, of the marketing."

Faustine pressed the little hand clasping hers so tightly. "I know the value of what is entrusted to me and shall carry out your instructions faithfully." And she put a motherly arm about Mary's waist.

"You are more than kind," he returned, bowing. "At what hour to-morrow shall I send a carriage for you?"

"At no time!" interposed Mary with animation. "Why, you dear, silly boy, I shall be here early to help Faustine and shall not lose sight of her until she is safely domesticated under our roof. I will attend to the carriage myself. Nothing shall be neglected." And she drew up her small person with playful dignity.

"With such a little friend beside me, nothing will be forgotten, I am sure," said Faustine, returning his salute.

Marcellus could not trust himself to meet the frank, beautiful eyes that were lifted to his, lest his own should betray him.

"God bless you," he said, and turned to go without another word.

He was unusually silent on the way home; and with womanly tact Mary forbore to rally him upon his evident abstraction, though she easily divined the cause, and rejoiced at the possibility of the future fruition of her dearest hopes.

Marcellus decided to leave next morning, lest he should too soon betray his feeling, and perhaps frustrate the nearly successful plan.

Long after they had left her, Faustine sat meditating beside her evening fire. "Have I done wisely," she questioned, "in consenting to give up my little room with

its cherished associations, to accept a place in the home of others, however generously offered?"

All the maidenly reserve and resolute independence of her nature rose up to protest against the surrender of her quiet evenings, and the solitude into which her deepest spiritual experiences had come. Another voice, her mother's, made itself heard in her consciousness: "Yes, my child," it said, "you have had your experience. The wealth of this world belongs to The Higher Life; those who live worthy, must be in a position to help others; you are fitted for a field of usefulness that you cannot reach here. There is work for humanity that you must now enter upon. Henceforth your life is dedicated to larger work. Prepare to do it well, it is the highest earthly mission." It appeared so real that Faustine looked up, expectant. Perhaps a glimpse of a tender and beautiful face would be once more accorded her; that mother's face which memory had graven on her heart.

Long she sat in silence wondering what more this New Life would reveal. "Shall I find greater opportunities to prepare my body for a Higher Life, which my mother received. "Even if I go for the present, I can return when Marcellus is once more at home," she said, as she rose to prepare for rest. With this thought she sought her pillow; bright visions floated before her as she lay passively waiting in that quiet and peaceful rest.

Again she saw her mother in radiant robes of light, so real that she closed her eyes to shut out the dazzling vision. Music blending with the sound of many voices floated about her, flooding the room with waves of sound, but the words eluded mortal understanding. As her longing gaze followed the receding light, she caught one glimpse of that day wherein is no night, nor shadow of

darkness. She arose at dawn refreshed from her peaceful slumber.

Her simple arrangements were soon made and early morning found her seated at the little window, her thoughts evidently far away.

"Your eyes look beyond earthly things," said Mary, as she came in softly, with her good-morning kiss, "and your face shines clear like transparent glass." Faustine was silent, but held the loving girl lingeringly in her arms, then remembering that she was ready to leave her little home, said: "Let us go, darling!"

Arriving at Mary's home, Faustine found that Marcellus had made all preparations for his journey and would leave on the evening train.

"You will allow me to write to you while I am away, will you not? and you will answer my letters?" he questioned, as he took Faustine's hand at parting.

"Business must be attended to," she replied, with smiling acquiescence.

So with a lingering handclasp for Faustine, and a loving embrace for the little sister, he left them, hoping soon to return.

Faustine entered upon the duties and pleasures of her new life as if always accustomed to them. One seeing her in that luxurious home would never have associated her with the simple surroundings of her attic room in the tenement house. Her refined sensibilities found kinship in beauty, and latent tastes ripened under its magic influence.

To Mary, the change brought unfailing enjoyment. Her child-like nature found in Faustine not only the utmost congeniality, but an almost maternal support that fed her heart like heavenly manna. Nor was this fact altered by Mary's seniority in years, and their attachment

strengthened as the days went by. Their evenings were full of quiet enjoyment; Faustine read aloud while Mary worked and listened beside the open fire. But a nature like Faustine's could not be contented without many hours of solitude, and this Mary respected with a delicate thoughtfulness that still further cemented their friendship.

Thus Faustine found herself at liberty to spend a part of each day alone in the privacy of her own room, and her thoughts reached down into those unfathomable mental depths which no mortal conception holds the plummet to sound. A faithful student of her Bible, her vision grew clearer with each New Dawn, as she searched for the hidden meaning in the teachings of her beloved Master. Her finely trained intuitions came to her aid, enabling her to grasp interpretations of sacred Truth where reason failed. She saw the hand of a loving Father in and around her.

In the midst of so much that was new and delightful to one of her ardent temperament, she remembered the poor whom Christ had said were always with us. This saying was to her a command, and out of her unfailing sympathy with her kind, had grown a willingness and a love for the work which had made such ministering rank among the pleasantest, as well as the most imperative portions of her life's work. Not a week passed without some sowing of good seed and telling of The New Life in obscure places, the nurturing of which was left to God, and the fruits to others.

Marcellus had been away two months. Letters were brought in as usual one morning as the two girls sat at breakfast. Among them was one addressed to Faustine; in the familiar chirography Mary recognized her brother's hand.

Faustine had been in the habit of reading her letters aloud, but this morning she perused them silently and then sat for some time in deep thought.

"Is it private, dear?" questioned Mary with affectionate interest, seeing Faustine's grave countenance, and seating herself on a low ottoman at her side.

"No, darling, nothing is private from you," answered Faustine, holding out the letter.

"Read it to me, dear," said Mary, caressing the hand she held, "it sounds like Marcellus from your lips."

"I scarcely know what part to read you," said Faustine, with modest hesitation. "Marcellus places too much value upon my words. I stand higher in his estimation than I really am."

"Not higher than you hope to be, dear," responded Mary, smiling at Faustine's earnest protest against merited praise.

"No, dear," Faustine answered, with a half unconscious sigh, as her ideal of perfection rose for a moment before her; "The New Dawn rests not until all knowledge is explained. When one becomes fully reconciled to present conditions, all things are possible."

"Read some of the letter to me," urged Mary coaxingly, "I can trust you to render honor where honor is due."

Faustine smiled indulgently into the sweet face at her knee and read: "Business has been all that I could desire, but I am not content. Pray for me. I ask this because I know that you stand at the gate of the Temple of Knowledge. Help me to pass within its portals. Lead me onward and upward to that life and peace which you enjoy. I know that a deeper, purer love than mortal, sustained by an unfaltering trust, is yours. Your words are as the stars that have guided me through the

darkness of night when life appeared almost worthless. When I was ready to give up all as unknown, your words gave me hope. You gave me the key to the Treasures of Divine Knowledge. Help me to enter into that celestial city where I shall find rest. I have many dark hours and my soul rebels. I am anticipating the time when I shall return to hear again from your lips the beauty of The New Life, that brighter, better existence in whose joys you so freely share."

The letter dropped from her hand and she raised her eyes, while Mary laid her face in Faustine's lap. For awhile the two sat in silence, drinking from the fountain whose spring is never dry, but ever sending forth love divine to those that seek it.

"Darling sister," said Mary at last, "how can so many doubt that God hears and answers prayers? Ever since this house has been our home I have prayed that God would send me a sister; and in reply He has sent you to me. My cup is full, and if my darling brother were here and could share this heavenly love, this Higher Life that is ours so abundantly, I should have nothing more to ask. Oh, Faustine, darling sister, do you not wish that Marcellus were here?"

Faustine bent and kissed her, and rising, left the room without a word. There were times when she sought the privacy of her own chamber for that blissful self-communion that she could share with no one; that beautiful life that never fails us. Alone with her own soul she listened to a soundless inner voice with feelings that she did not attempt to express, even to herself. To-day her heart rose in gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for in these friends she felt supremely blessed. Out of the fountain of her own joy currents of loving thought flowed forth to bless and comfort others. "Freely ye

have received, freely give." Herself beyond the reach of the troubled currents of human anxieties, her thought rose into the realm where thought-forms are infinitely more perfect than those beheld by us, exist in original perfection.

Mary sat long in rapt thought after Faustine had left her. She wept softly in the fullness of her joy, but her tears were as sweet as the dew-drops from heaven that refresh the opening rose in Spring. How full and lovely was her life. Her faith in the potency of love had drawn around her all that was good and true. Lovely in spirit the law of Divine Compensation rose to convert physical infirmity into blessing by enfolding her closely in affection's protective arms.

Thus blessed and full of trust in those she loved, she began to long for her brother's return that he might share her joy in Faustine's society and beautiful teachings, and thereby find some compensation for his constant brotherly devotion. Her absorption prevented her, for the moment, from seeing the approach of a visitor who had entered unannounced and now stood gazing upon her with a new expression of admiration in his laughing eyes.

Andrew Harrison was a rising young lawyer, and being an old schoolmate of her brother's, and his confidential friend, he had long been on terms of intimacy with the family, enjoying their fullest regard and confidence. Upon this established footing he had ample opportunities to take note of Mary's character and to estimate her quiet worth and unassuming sweetness of disposition. Interest in her had ripened into love, but he had revealed nothing of his feelings, not even to Marcellus. The latter had his suspicions at times but had dismissed them without foundation. "My little sister is a

mere child," he reflected, "incapable of such attachments. Besides her nature is too high and pure for an earthly union with any one. With her brother she is content and will always remain so."

Andrew, on his part, had decided to open his heart to her, if occasion should ever offer, that he might know the truth. "If she has no love to give," he reasoned, with lover-like abasement, "she can still be my little sister and our long friendship remain unbroken."

An orphan from his earliest years, he had been adopted by friends who had reared and educated him as an own son, bestowing upon him an affection nothing less than parental. His native cleverness and wit rendered him a welcome acquisition to society, where his genial nature was a better passport than gold. With brotherly thoughtfulness Marcellus had requested him to look in upon the girls during his absence, and he had often called to see if his services were needed.

A good reader of character, he had, to some degree, estimated Faustine correctly, and had taken a shrewd measure of her power over Marcellus. If the latter were in love, he reflected, his own prospects were the brighter. "If a new attachment has entered Marcellus' life," he said to himself, "my little May-flower may bloom for me. I will at least give it my protecting care, and may one day gain it for my own."

Seeing no rival in the field, he had so far been content with the sweet home atmosphere where she dwelt and presided as a queen.

Mary had long been conscious of a shy pleasure in his frequent visits, but considered his place at the fire-side as scarcely less than a family one, and was content to second her brother's hospitable welcome. This morning, as he looked in as usual, he had chanced to surprise her

in an unusual mood, and the sight of her face, tender with tears and gladness, revealed to him emotional depths in her nature, before unexpected. Her morning wrapper, of some soft white fabric, fell about her graceful little figure in picturesque folds, and her delicacy of feature and complexion reminded him rather of a sweet child's ideal picture rather than of a woman capable of fortitude and endurance. It seemed, for the moment, presumptuous to ask this dainty creature to be more to him than an ideal of goodness and purity. As he approached, Mary rose quickly, and collecting herself, held out a tiny hand in welcome.

"Letters from Marcellus, I am sure," he said, dropping into the seat that Faustine had occupied. "Nothing else would give you that charming color," glancing at her bright countenance.

"Yes," responded she, with a frank smile, "and such a beautiful letter to Faustine, too. Do you know, Andrew, I believe my brother has received a baptism of love!"

"A baptism of love?" he repeated, starting a little at the suggestive expression. "Explain yourself, that I may grasp your meaning."

With innocent frankness Mary repeated from memory portions of the letter, and remarked confidently, "His words revealed to me a new thought; the wondrous power of a new love that lives in his heart; its transfiguring beauty rose before me, as Faustine read. The mists of doubt rolled away, and I realized in her words my dearest hopes." She looked up with a smile and continued, "Then you stood before me and a curtain fell over the picture; but its light is still visible to my inner sight; its joy is still with me, and, I trust, will remain."

"Your picture is too beautiful for me to realize," he

said with a sigh of suppressed emotion. "Yet I get clear glimpses, in fancy, while you speak."

Desiring to get a better insight into Faustine's character, he questioned Mary with the freedom of an old friend and learned many things that were new to him.

"Many of her ideas can be but dimly outlined by words," said Mary, "you must know *her* to know *them*. 'If one's nature ever receives a divine illumination all will be clear,' she says, and I know it must be so," she added with loyal earnestness.

Curious to know of Faustine's feelings for Marcellus, Andrew still pursued his inquiries, gaining little, however, beyond surmises, which did not help him. Faustine's reserve effectually shielded her from obtrusive comment. While admitting an undefined nobleness in Faustine, Andrew did not understand her. Her ideas were above his line of thought, and for her conclusions he had no basis. At times he fancied that she had never really recovered from her mother's death. He could not see that she lived upon a plane that rendered her thought foreign to his comprehension, as if expressed in an unknown tongue.

With a conclusion drawn from his social training, he surmised that when Marcellus returned, there would be a declaration on his side, consent on hers, and a subsequent happy marriage. Reasoning from a worldly standpoint, he questioned the judgment that could deliberately refuse an exceptionally good husband, social position and a lovely home; blessings to which she was not born, and all for a purely religious and benevolent theory. He could only judge within his own little circle of reasoning, without perceiving its narrowness. He listened with amiable interest to Mary's explanation, gathered from Faustine, of the higher development necessary to bring

humanity into a more perfect self-knowledge and perception of creative law. He readily admitted that man was already reaching eagerly after a higher wisdom, and seizing with rapidity upon novel presentations of truth, which he instantly appropriates to his own advantage, though not willing to receive any that come in ways which, to him, do not appear the best.

Andrew vaguely realized that he was staying beyond office hours, but Mary was so charming and apparently charmed this morning, that he still lingered, reluctant to leave her. Confidence gave him courage, and his brotherly position in the household gave him an advantage that made him bold.

In the silence of her chamber Faustine communed with her own heart. As she reflected, new and more beautiful aspects of truth were disclosed to her understanding. The daily necessity of overcoming until the human soul is freed from its earthly fetters became more and more apparent. But in this transformation no manly nor womanly duty is to be left unfulfilled. She saw vividly that each is nailed to the cross of his or her own passionate desires, a cross made by ourselves. She saw that from it there could be no liberation until each is willing to break all bonds and give up self, and enter upon a Higher Life's work. True freedom, thus acquired, gives birth to love, patience, mildness and fortitude amid all difficulties. Before freedom gains an established foothold we must be born again.

Three months had gone by since the morning when Faustine and Mary read Marcellus' letter together. Every hour had been filled to the brim with its duty or its pleasure, and the two girls were very happy.

In this beautiful life in which she found so much that was congenial, was it a beautiful dream that would pres-

ently vanish into the past? Faustine often asked herself this question. Although always occupied, but one absorbing thought filled her breast. "I am here to do, not my own will, but the will of Him who placed me here; and only by obeying the laws and commandments of Truth, can I do that Will. If my acts do not correspond to my desires I am not a true disciple. To those who sought Him when on earth He gave comfort and healing always. He has said, 'According to thy faith be it unto thee.' If they come to Him in faith, believing, according to the measure of their faith is the fullness of what they receive. Oh, that I could arouse the unhappy ones whom I meet, that they might see the Truth and go to Him in that simplicity of faith which is mighty because it is true; then would they find blessed relief from the pressure of their trials and sufferings. If I could only place them in direct communication with that higher knowledge, that they might gain it for themselves, I would ask no more. I would feel that my life had not been in vain. All the seeking after Divine Truth in external knowledge is in vain. God's laws are divine, and the divine in each soul must be awakened before it can perceive that which is divine."

All Faustine's aim and study was to lead others into the broad light toward which she was so fast entering; to lead them to prove the Truth as she was proving it, was her greatest desire.

Mary's confidence in these mighty principles and her admiration for the reality of Faustine's living faith in them, grew as time went on. She received the suggestions leading into advanced thought with the readiness of an intuitive intelligence, and pondered them patiently in her heart.

In their conversations Faustine always pointed to the

perfection and beauty of a wise Creator's arrangement in everything. If man, with his selfish will and unregulated desires, would but listen to that Divine Voice speaking in every heart, harmony and peace would dwell with him; but losing sight of the Creative Hand behind all things, he creates idols of his own fashioning and bows before them in adoration. The works of his own hands fill him with boasting and vain-glory of self-praise.

These conversations always interested Mary. Time went on until one evening we find the two friends seated in their pleasant sitting-room, not reading, they are too much occupied with pleasing anticipations for that; they are waiting for the brother who is hourly expected. The sister's loving heart throbs with joy. Already in fancy she feels his strong arms around her, his kiss upon her cheek; her happiness is too great for words.

The sound of a carriage is heard coming up the drive, and Mary is quickly at the window. "It is he, Faustine!" she cries joyfully, and in another moment she is clasped in his arms.

But who is this regal woman who comes forward to greet him? With scarcely concealed surprise, Marcellus notes the magical change in her face, her dress, her carriage. Always refined in manner and lovely in person, with a gentle dignity all her own, she had yet made marvelous improvement in the months while he had been away. Freed from conditions of toil and isolation, she had bloomed into a rare exotic beauty in which her vigorous mental activity fully shared. In the well-filled library she had found books of whose existence she had hitherto been unaware.

She had made wonderful progress in the studies which she had selected with Mary's help. As her mentality expanded its unfolding powers stamped her brow with

new nobility of contour and her beauty of expression shone in her fine eyes. She would scarcely be recognized in the Faustine he had left to care for his sister.

In short, the entire woman was invested with a new and unconscious dignity, the more charming that it was a growth whose source was hidden in the spiritual life of her being. Marcellus expected change, but was scarcely prepared for the wonderful transformation accomplished in so brief a period. There had been a frank and frequent exchange of letters, sisterly and brotherly, between them, but these had failed to convey the whole story of personal improvement.

As their eyes met, he was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment, for in her welcoming smile there was no love, other than sisterly. Her eyes met his with a look clear and steady; in them were gracious friendship and cordiality, but that was all. No tell-tale blush crept into her pure cheek; no trembling of the hand bespoke a reflection of his own feeling. True to herself and the cause she had espoused, he saw in her an ideal steadfastness of purpose, a spirit light, womanly and sweet, but rarely different from others.

Conscious of a feeling that ranked below complete personal consecration, his eyes fell before hers, and confusion usurped, for a moment, his ardent feeling.

What a delightful evening the three passed together. Each had a little tale of experience to relate, and new things to tell of their discoveries in life and thought.

Marcellus had many questions to ask regarding Faustine's work, of the Sunday School in Chatham Street among the poor where they had worked together, and of the progress of Truth in the city's dark places. The fatigue of his journey and the inharmonies of business complications were all forgotten while he listened to the

musical flow of conversation, and watched the play of expression in a face whose every variation charmed him. He found his thoughts raised to a higher plane, a purer atmosphere, under Faustine's leadership.

"Your inspiring words would carry one straight to the Gate of Heaven," said Marcellus, with an envious sigh for the faith and the clear unwavering conviction that never left her or wandered in those desert places of doubt into which so many stray daily, in spite of kindly assurances and scriptural promises.

"If you allude to a place located by many beyond the bounds of time and space," said Faustine, "I know nothing of it. If I were at this moment transported to the theological heaven of popular fancy, I should not be happy. While so many are feeding their fancy on the joys of such a place, I am looking for the heaven that Jesus told us to pray for—the kingdom of heaven within which a Higher Life reveals, and I long to see this established, then the Will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven; where there is no strife of creeds, no divisions of opinion, no rich and no poor, but all are one with Him in Love Divine. Our highest work here is to bring this knowledge to those who know not God, to lead them to the fountain whose living waters they may drink and live. That fountain which is free to all who will live a life divine, walk in the road which the Master trod before us."

"But why do men choose to follow the road to evil rather than the upward road to righteous attainment?" asked Marcellus.

"Because man is free, with an evidently perverse will. He is clothed with certain powers which may be used in the service of what we call good or evil. He is sent forth from His Creator unfettered, free to choose from the Tree

of Knowledge whatever he wills. God does not forsake His Creations because they do not serve Him, but they forsake the true way, forsake His ways, and turn from Him, to work out their own desires. It is only by raising his thoughts beyond these conditions into union with the Divine that man can ever overcome them; but how, indeed, is he to be tested if no obstacles are to be met and evil overcome with good? Men were created to walk the earth like Gods, and if they live up to their possibilities all divine attributes will shine forth in them, and the will of God be done on earth through man. But man must accept and obey rules, thus coming obediently under the dominion of law before this can be fulfilled. When he obeys those laws he comes into intelligent relations with the true and Living God. When man becomes pure in thought, the blossoming will be perfect acts. Love includes every being which God has made. Its fruits will be justice and charity in the fullest measure. When these prevail and righteous man rule, others will soon follow in his footsteps, until the will of the flesh becomes obedient to divine law. This house of clay must be perfected, prepared for love's reception and become the abiding place of all kindred virtues before peace can be found on our earth."

Her words were welcome food for the hungry intellect of Marcellus, and before they parted it was past midnight. As they rose from the breakfast table next morning, Marcellus said, "If you are not engaged this afternoon, Faustine, I should like to make some calls with you."

She gave him her plan for the day.

"Do not be long away, dear brother," said Mary, coaxingly, as he departed, "you know I must have you to myself awhile after your long absence."

Left alone, Mary's loving heart was lifted in thankfulness for her brother's safe return, and for the reunion which left nothing to be desired. She had not been long alone when Andrew entered, a little disappointed at not finding Marcellus at home, but secretly pleased to find Mary alone. Her face was beautiful with happiness, her manner doubly frank and engaging. From the fullness of her heart she gave to those about her in overflowing measure, and Andrew found himself envying the man who had power to bring that look into her face.

"What magic there is in love," said he, with a sigh, "Marcellus is a lucky fellow."

"We receive in proportion as we give," said Mary with a frank smile, a faint blush stealing into her cheek.

"Do you really mean that?" said Andrew quickly, taking her unresisting hand in his own.

"I know it to be true, Andrew," answered Mary, impulsively. "If we wish to receive love, we must give it out freely. God's attribute is Love. Faustine says that Love prompts every act."

"Do you really believe that?" he queried.

"Most assuredly I do," she answered, smiling at his grave look.

"Stop, little one, you are deciding hastily. Is it love that prompts a man to commit a crime?"

"I should say yes. When a crime is committed, is it not for love of self in some way? Even crimes done for revenge gratify a love for vengeance. Crimes for gain are still for love of self, to bring to that self a doubtful kind of happiness. If you look closely into these things, Andrew, you will see that love of some kind is the motive power behind the every act."

"You are too wise for me, little one," said he, laughing, "I give it up. But I must be going. I wished to

see Marcellus before I went to the Court-room. It is there that my battles are fought."

"Still for love and love of self," said Mary, triumphantly. "Is it not for love of success in your profession that you labor?"

"Well, yes, I rather think it is."

"Is it not also for love of self that a lawyer allows himself to tell that which he knows is not quite true, in his duties as legal adviser?" she asked again, with an arch look.

"Have mercy on us of the profession! Don't accuse us too harshly. You cannot expect us to be too particular when business interests are to be served."

"There are not two right ways of looking at things," said Mary, gravely. "Jesus said He would send the Spirit of Truth which was to live in and abide with us. Do you think when that Spirit is present with us that we can utter falsehoods? If an untruth were admissible at any time, do you think that implied commandment would have been given?"

"Oh, a little fib, sometimes," said Andrew, with a self-indulgent smile.

"Truth will stand in all circumstances and should be our motto always," said Mary.

"You do not know what you are talking about, little one. You have not seen what I have seen. When, for instance, you enter a cell where a poor wretch is doomed to death, but longing and waiting to hear words of hope; news of a reprieve, perhaps; or an appeal for a new trial. We may find him crouched in a corner, rubbing his benumbed hands, listening for our step, the only thing that has kept him from madness. The prison door opens; he starts forward with bloodless lips, outstretched hands; eyes starting from their sockets with fear of what

words we may bring. No sound comes from the parted lips; agony is written upon every line of his pale face as he listens for our words. If we should speak the truth to such a one, every drop of blood in his veins would turn to fire, or you would see him sink helplessly at your feet, struck dumb by the cruel tidings, the words of Truth! Who would have the heart to say, 'all is over, old boy, your life has been a failure!'"

Mary was silent a moment, then looking up she said, "When you speak in that way, Andrew, you do not know what life really is. His own acts may deprive him of his physical body which is but an instrument through which the soul manifests here on the physical plane. If the instrument has not done the will of God; if it has not been used for good, pure and noble purposes, then is it not better that the life-principle which animates the instrument should be freed and allowed to return to its source?"

Andrew looked at the young girl with a puzzled expression. Her simple but keenly natural intelligence was penetrating into regions of thought where he could not follow. His thought had seldom wandered beyond the Court-room and his books.

"No life is a failure, Andrew," Mary went on. "Man was created free. The knowledge of good and evil is in every heart. He had power to do either, but the desires of his heart led him in the direction we call evil; through that act he has gained a painful, instead of a gratifying experience. Our Creator forces no one to love Him, or even to think of Him. Every act of devotion or good works must be voluntary. Those who have no desire to walk in His Light and Love are at liberty to walk in darkness and doubt; and when the end comes, and the laborer in his earthly field receives his wages in strict

account, who shall say that the awarding is not just? Memory is the recording Angel of the Soul, and conscience is a stern accuser. In their presence we are arraigned, and we shall find no place to hide ourselves. If, on the other hand, we live with an eye single to good, making our acts correspond with our thoughts, doing right for its own sake, speaking and living the truth from love of truth, we shall come into possession of a grand unquestioning faith that cannot fail us at the last moment."

"You astonish me, Mary," said Andrew, breaking a thoughtful pause. "I know that is Faustine's theory of a Higher Life, and that you both dwell in a region of purity and brightness beyond the fogs and miasma of average living; I know if the soul is pure it must rise into a corresponding moral atmosphere; but I——"

"That land is free to all," said Mary, looking up with a pleading expression. "Its treasures are unfading and we may all possess them, if we will. Oh, Andrew," she exclaimed, her face suffused with earnestness, "there is nothing that will bring such peace as the teachings that Jesus so plainly taught. We are told that its conditions are too severe; its exactions beyond endurance. I know that it is claimed by many that such a life cannot be lived here and now, but it can, oh, yes, it can, if we are ready to yield up our own wills, as He did. If we do not place our affections too much upon the creations that pass with time and forget their beneficent Author, we can enter into a clear knowledge of The True Life, and of Him, the One Altogether Lovely!"

"To the pure all things are pure," said Andrew, reverently, touched by her high faith. "Your soul is white and spotless, like this robe" — touching her sleeve. "Yes,

I know that living truly brings a high and beautiful quality of happiness. I have watched you and Faustine since your brother's departure, until I have been lost in your happiness and have sought to discover the secret of such abiding joy."

In his eagerness he clasped both her hands in his own.

"Andrew," said Mary, "it is only living in The New Life that brings such lasting satisfaction. Will you not put it into practice in your business life and transactions with your fellow men?"

Her voice was low and sweet, her face a mirror of guileless thought. In that moment he perceived, as never before, the marvelous force and beauty of purity. He saw it as infinitely above the grosser qualities of a worldly character.

"I will!" he said. "For your sweet sake I will watch my every thought. Your image lives in my heart and will always preside there; it is my good angel. It cannot remain there unless I am true and worthy of you. You, and you alone have opened the door to my soul, little love; say that this door shall never be closed and I will live worthy of your love."

Full of the tumultuous expression of a great love, long repressed, he dared not trust himself to give it utterance then. He pressed his first fervent kiss upon her upturned brow and hastily left the room.

Mary felt the strong tide of his passionate love and its bliss thrilled her with a joy that she had never before experienced. She dropped down upon the rug beside the couch and buried her blushing face in the pillows. A new and strange, sweet happiness entered her heart; a joy that she feared to examine too closely, lest it dissolve under her inspection took possession of her inmost consciousness. As she grew calm, her thoughts reflected

as in a mirror the events of the past few months, and she saw and knew that Andrew loved her.

In her mental exaltation everything was outlined with marvelous fidelity. She saw there a faithful record of love's growth. She remembered the feeling that had welcomed Andrew; the intent ear that recognized his approaching step among many. Yes, the still small voice whose whisperings had moved her with such shyly sweet and undefined emotions was that of a voice of love; and she knew that his love was returned.

In the fullness of her happiness was a growing confidence in her power to lead Andrew to the Master's feet. Together they would journey joyfully, hand in hand, to the gates left ajar for all who patiently travel the straight and narrow road to Life Eternal. Yes, they would enter together.

Because I lift my head above the mist
Where the sun shines and the pure breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's Love doth bestow;
Think you I feel no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?
Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
Or weary self and those who love me. Nay,
A thousand times the good that I deserve,
God gives me every day.
In each of our rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take his slightest gifts, no fears,
No doubts are mine.
Vex me not with chidings, let me be;
I will be glad and grateful to the end,
I grudge you not your cold and darkness; but me
The powers of Light befriend.

CHAPTER VIII

Not long after Andrew's departure, Faustine entered the parlor in her walking dress, and Mary started nervously as she approached. Her preoccupation had prevented her from taking note of time, and with her knowledge of Faustine's character she shrank just then from a free discussion of what had passed, much as she loved her.

"Are you going out so early, dear?" she asked. Faustine smiled as she caught a glimpse of the tell-tale brightness in Mary's conscious eyes. No words were needed to reveal the precious secret, that her lips refused to utter.

"Early?" replied Faustine, "My dear, it is after eleven!"

"Why, Faustine, I did not think it was ten yet," Mary said with a confused air, casting down her eyes. "Andrew has only just left me."

"Of course you did not think it was late, dear; I did not think it best to disturb you." Faustine glanced with affectionate sympathy at the blushing face, and said frankly, "I have seen for some time that Andrew wanted a private talk with you, darling."

Mary raised her head. Great drops glistened in her eyes.

With a mother's quiet tenderness Faustine drew near and took the shrinking girl in her arms. "You need not tell me, dear," she said soothingly, "I know all without words."

"I knew you would understand, dear," said Mary, with a relieved air. "Andrew did not tell me in words

that he loved me, but I know I am as dear to him as his own life. When his lips touched my forehead, I was filled with joy; I think we understand each other perfectly. Tell me, dear, (looking earnestly into Faustine's loving eyes) is it so very dreadful for me to love him so much?"

"Love, Mary darling, is one of heaven's holiest gifts, and since it fills your soul with such light, it must be a love divine," answered Faustine earnestly.

"I know that some day Andrew will wish me to marry him," said Mary, more confidently, "and you do not believe in marriage, Faustine!"

"My dear little sister," she answered, "to me marriage is a most sacred and holy bond. When two are united in purity of heart, as well as in hand, nothing more beautiful can be found to represent heaven upon earth. It gives us indeed a glimpse of Paradise, for there are united the three in one, father, mother and child. The marriage that I do not believe in is where men and women unite themselves, not in true love. Under such false conditions one soon tires of the other, and instead of finding in that house the spirit of peace and joy, we find strife and contention. Unwelcome children are born into the world full of the discord that nursed their prenatal life. The parents wish to prevent their birth, yet remain bound in a union which civil law and custom have pronounced holy. Thus defrauding themselves and deceiving each other, darkness and death are brought forth instead of the sunshine and beauty of a true life, a true home life, happy children and loving parents. We sometimes hear little ones say, 'My father does not love me; I heard him tell my mother he wished I had never been born.' This is the marriage, dear, that I do not believe in. Then there are other marriages,

where a young girl unites herself to one she does not love, for the sake of a home, a position, and relief from the cares of self-support, a shelter from an unsympathetic world. She yields up her true womanhood ; thus many are united in marriage without ever understanding the true meaning of love."

Tears dimmed Mary's beautiful eyes as she looked up, saying, " Dear Faustine, how clearly I see the falsity of marriage without love. But do you not think you will marry some day?" she continued wistfully. Her brother's cause was very near her heart.

" My life is dedicated to another work, dear," replied Faustine, with a calm smile that did not encourage Mary's cherished hopes. " I wish to be as a Mother to the poor, the lonely and the deserted. I have put my hand to the plow, and hope nothing will induce me to turn back. A mother's duty is a sacred trust, and when woman awakes to her responsibility we shall find more mothers true to themselves and the trust which God imposes upon them. But I must be going. The poor mother with her babe needs me."

" God bless you, dear," said Mary, with a parting kiss. " Few are as brave and strong as you are ; or as willing to give their lives for others as you are doing."

" I do not know at what hour I shall return," said Faustine, " do not wait dinner for me."

She pressed a sisterly kiss upon Mary's white brow, and went quickly to her work among those who looked forward to her visits as they did for their daily bread. Thus the happy girl found pleasure in her work in helping others. It was almost eight o'clock that evening when she returned.

Andrew and Mary were alone in the parlor when she entered.

"We were speaking of you, Faustine," remarked Andrew.

"I am content to be the subject of your conversation," she replied, smiling. "Were you criticizing me very severely?"

"Not at all," answered Andrew, starting a little, consciously, "not at all. Mary is never so happy as when she is speaking of you."

"May I not know the subject of your conversation?" asked Faustine, pleasantly.

"Certainly," said Andrew, "and perhaps you can help us by giving us a key to some of our questions. We were speaking of your talks upon a true life. They are such new and grand ideas!"

"They are not my ideas any more than they are yours. It is within the reach of every one to unfold within themselves the wonders and beauties of the Living, Loving God's Creation."

"Is that really true?" asked Andrew, somewhat at a loss to understand.

"Every soul which is sent forth from the Presence of God," said Faustine, her cheek flushing with earnestness, "is created in Paradise to bloom and mature upon this planet until the knowledge pertaining to this planet is gained. But that knowledge can only be gained through obedience to Divine Law, of truth and love. Only by obedience to the Law of Truth can we come into a perfect understanding and recognize and do the Will of the Father here and now."

"Perhaps my brain is not very clear," said Andrew, "but to me it does not seem possible that man can ever arrive at a state where he can know the Will of God here on earth."

"So long as we live in the daily exercise of our own

selfish will, it is impossible for us to know or see any will but our own; but if we obey the Divine Law, so clearly laid down for man to follow, then shall we become one with that which is divine. But while we are so anxious about what others are doing, or what they ought to do, we neglect our own salvation and lose the blessings that rightfully are ours."

"Dear Faustine," said Mary, looking up thoughtfully; "few read and pray for knowledge as you do."

"Do you really think every one has the capacity to understand the Scriptures as you do?" asked Andrew.

"Man was created a little below the angels," replied Faustine, "and a little above the animal. Thus he is always reaching after knowledge. If he allows the Divine within him to search for the treasures of Truth that lie beyond the senses, he grows nearer to, and daily more like the Living, Loving God. If he is reaching and longing only after that which is to gratify sense, that which belongs to time alone, he is preparing for death, not life! But if his deepest desire is to develop from within, or listen to, the soul, he soon becomes conscious of his one-ness with the soul of the planet upon which he resides, thus he draws to himself a knowledge of himself, and loses sight of that which is created, in knowledge of the Creator."

"How is this knowledge to be gained?" asked Andrew.

"Learn to live in to-day, and let to-morrow take care of itself. I do not mean by this that one is not to work to-day to lay a foundation, the benefits of which will be reached a year or years hence. When Jesus said, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' His words were intended to convey the idea that we are not to indulge in worry and wearing anxiety about things; reaching out after that

which we think we ought to have, depriving ourselves thereby of the blessings that may be received here and now."

Andrew had followed her attentively and looking up with an incredulous smile, he said, " Few see it in that light, and I think if you would visit the dens of poverty in the city where they do not provide for the morrow, you would change your mind."

" Mind, my friend, never changes," said Faustine. " It is thought that undergoes change. It is not the work that we are occupied with, but the thought that we send forth with it. While the thought is reaching out, longing after something, body and soul find no rest, and we soon sink under the mental strain. Sickness often follows, and the body is soon deprived of what we call life; then upon this earth our work is done."

" Your words are true and logical," said Andrew, thoughtfully, " if put into practice they would do much good to all."

" The work of each one should be to show struggling humanity a better way," said Faustine, " a way in which they can arise out of the darkness of poverty into the clear hopeful light of a better life. We can show them that by holding the thought of right, their hopes become lighter and by sending out good thoughts they will be lifted to a higher plane of understanding, and be surrounded with good instead of sorrow."

" But I think," said Andrew, " that if you should see more of a certain class of poor people, your opinions would undergo a material change."

" Alas, my friend," said Faustine, " I have passed days, months, aye, years with what you call poverty. When I have spoken to them of a God, their thought has been so low that they would stare, or listen with a vacant

gaze, not comprehending my words, and not caring even to listen. And when in the grasp of death agony I have tried by prayer or reading a few of the words of the Sacred Writings to draw their thoughts from their pain, I could see by the vacant stare they could not understand. I have seen them tossing and foaming in the despair of death, fearing every moment, lest they should be engulfed in that unknown sea, and pass into the great beyond without a hope, without God. Thus I have watched as the long hours of night passed, giving me glimpses of the awfulness of death surrounded by ignorance, fear and despair."

"Faustine, you have seen much," exclaimed Andrew, "you have made yourself one with the poor, your crown will be brightened by their blessings."

"Only they who are sick, need help," said Faustine. "Who are to minister to the needy, but those reaching after a surer life. I have seen them in despair, and when a crisis has been safely passed, and the renewal of health steals into the pale cheeks, they would again plunge into their old vices, forgetful of the watchful and loving care which has guided them through the stormy seas of delirium, back to the shores of health. All was forgotten, the tumult of their own earthly passions was the only sound they could hear."

"And is it possible that such as these can attain to this Higher Life and Peace of which you tell us?" said Andrew.

"When we understand what this body was created for we shall begin to realize that there is but one law, one law-giver and one actor in all actions finding expression through millions of instruments which are to be made perfect. The body has its own life work and we shall be held accountable for the acts done in the body. 'As

we sow, so shall we also reap.' It is for the acts done while the life animates the body that we must give an account."

"Your words have given a new meaning to those of Scripture; yet I confess that I do not understand it," said Andrew.

"Let me put one question. Does the body control the life, or does the life control the body?"

"That is a standing question," replied Andrew.

Faustine continued: "By our acts one would often think that the body ruled and possessed all; yet we know that the body is not the possessor, but life possesses all; and the more we crave those things which gratify the physical, the farther we are drawing our thoughts from the true source of life, and are losing sight of that for which we were created. When we send forth longing, grasping, avaricious thoughts, we bring upon ourselves misfortunes, disappointment and disease. Then we complain because we receive the just reward of our acts."

Here Marcellus entered, and seeing Faustine, said, "I am glad to find you at home this evening; it is an unexpected pleasure."

"I only came for a few hours' rest. I have promised a poor woman that I would watch with her to-night," she replied.

Mary looked up with affectionate concern. "Faustine dear, you are really risking doing too much. Surely you are not going to be up again all night." Faustine smiled and pressed the gentle girl close to her.

"Can we not send a watcher to take your place for to-night?" asked Marcellus.

"Dear friends," said Faustine, smiling, "please do not make a mountain of such a little hill. I have all the strength that is required for my duty. During the quiet

hours of the night I can lead many to the fountain of Divine Love that ever flows from a loving Father. Oft the noise and confusion of the day drowns the voice of the Spirit, and our words then fall unheeded. If you will excuse me now, I will go to my room." A few more words and Faustine left them. In the privacy of her own chamber she prayed for that strength and wisdom which is granted to every earnest seeker. When she reappeared for her night's work, Marcellus begged to accompany her to the home of the invalid, and, though Faustine thought it quite unnecessary, he persisted in his request.

"I have some questions to ask, Faustine," he said, "and I so seldom have a quiet conversation with you now; you are so busy. Andrew will remain with Mary until my return."

Thus urged Faustine could but consent, and they set out together. The young man felt a quiet and peace steal into his soul when near Faustine that he could not resist.

It was now a settled question with Andrew and Mary. Andrew had asked Marcellus for the hand of his sister in marriage, and Marcellus made but one reply: That he cared only for his sister's interest and happiness. He had hitherto lived for her, but he was ready to sacrifice all selfish consideration for her highest good. If in Andrew's loving arms she felt that she could find a home in a fullest sense, he would release her from his own warm clasp and leave her free. Thus the two found mutual content when they were by themselves.

"Will you not try to live the life that Faustine is teaching us?" asked Mary persuasively, as they were left alone.

"When you talk and look like that, little sweetheart,

it makes me serious," replied Andrew, taking in his the small white hand that lay in her lap.

"But, dear Andrew," she said, looking up with an earnest intentness, "shall we not choose to travel the same road, and send forth kindred thoughts that our life may be one in all things?"

"I hope so, darling," he answered, pressing her closer. "If I could look into the future and see a division in our lives, I would rather lose mine than lead you to the altar. But I have not yet perceived that shining light of truth which illumines your life. I have not the faith which sustains both you and Faustine; but, darling, I live only for you; and fear I could not stand alone and find completeness as you do. Even if I should enter upon that path I might turn back and it would be a failure."

A shade of sadness passed over the beautiful face at his side, and his manly heart was touched with contrition as Mary said with winning persuasiveness, "Dear Andrew, what is there in this life that can bring to us the joy and unspeakable peace which comes from simply living after the example and trusting in the words of our Master? Are they not given as a guide to lead us while here on earth? What is there in the world that can bring the light into the soul, that perfect faith and self-conquest bring, with the knowledge of the Living, Loving God to the listening heart?"

Thus they talked on, Mary striving in her own loving way to bring the man at her side into a clear perception of the Truth as she perceived it; and he listened with delight to the words from the lips of the loving girl.

As Faustine and Marcellus left the house, he said, "If it will not fatigue you too much I should prefer to walk, as there are several points I should like to touch upon."

"I think the walk will do me good," said Faustine, with cordial acquiescence.

The greatest ball of the season was to be given that night, and as they passed along, the streets presented a singularly brilliant appearance. Fashionable residences were scenes of activity, carriages were going and coming from every quarter: the great building in which the ball was to be held was a blaze of light, and strains of music were wafted to their ears. They caught glimpses of ladies in costly dress, of rare flowers and glittering jewels. Each face was bright with expectancy; the air breathed perfume and brought fragments of happy speech and joyous laughter with every breath.

As the two walked on together, not a pulse quickened in Faustine's frame, not an envious thought disturbed the serene quiet of her soul. Her work lay among the destitute of the world. She was young in years, but her mother's life had been a stern teacher, and reared as she had been, above the level of fashionable life, there was no response in her to the call of its fascination. With Marcellus, it was different. His estimate of the world's attraction was determined by education and habit. If he had owned to the truth, he would, at that moment, have preferred to see his beautiful companion arrayed in becoming costume and intent on sharing the social triumphs which others, less lovely, won with ease.

But the struggle in Marcellus' heart was brief. Other feelings soon succeeded, and the beauty of Faustine's unworldly character eclipsed all else, bringing her moral purity, and devotion brings that life into bold relief.

"I regret that I did not know you were at home this evening," said Marcellus, withdrawing his attention from the gay pageant of the street, and breaking the silence in which the thoughts of each had been busy, though in dif-

ferent ways. "I should much prefer a quiet conversation with you on The Higher Life than on any question I can think of."

"We should endeavor to be honest with our better selves, Marcellus, and serious in our estimate of life always," said Faustine innocently.

Had she divined his secret thoughts? he queried, she had answered with rebuke well merited.

"How can I be honest when I am always dissatisfied with myself? I have never felt satisfied since I first saw you in that little attic room. My discontent increased with every visit, as I discovered your contentment; nay, your happiness. I saw that all the outer pleasure you had in your humble surroundings was the love of my little sister; her voice was your audible music. Oh, Faustine, you do not know the agony of disquiet, which has filled me at times, since those evenings, and only in listening to your voice can I find rest."

"Peace does not come from the possession of anything earthly, my brother," said Faustine. "What men call peace and love, is but a slight reflection of that pure joy which lies beyond all earthly pleasures. When we place our affections upon the external pleasures of earth, and its treasures, if they are removed, then our hopes are blighted and our joys depart. But when the heart is placed beyond earthly joys, they have no power over us to cause either joy or sorrow."

"Faustine, if I could be placed in possession of one coveted earthly treasure, I would ask no more."

"Marcellus, I am not blinded to your devotion and your kindness, but your soul is searching after higher knowledge, longing for the treasures of Truth not found upon this earth. That which is created will satisfy the aspiring soul but for a time, and sometimes in the pos-

session of the object of our desires, we lose all. Like the Dead Sea apples, our treasure turns to ashes in our hands, and we find only shadow where we thought that we should find light. Marcellus, your soul will never be satisfied with what this earth can give. Only the true riches, my brother, the pure spiritual gold, will fully satisfy the cravings of your heart."

"Faustine," he answered, "I have wrestled with this mighty love, with this devouring flame, until I feel at times as if I should go mad. You will forgive me for speaking thus, but I must tell you what is in my heart. I left home, hoping to find relief in change, but I found none. Day and night my soul cried out for thee and would not be quiet. Then I longed to be once more where I could see you daily in your work, and hear your voice, even if I might only hear the poor breathe your name in words of praise, and sometimes walk beside you, and hear words of comfort and cheer."

"Marcellus, your prayer has been granted. You are again a helper in my work at the bedside of the sufferer. My dear brother, be satisfied."

"How can I be satisfied, Faustine, when I see you sacrificing your life to——"

"Stop, Marcellus, there is no sacrifice on my part. It is a joy to minister to the needy and the suffering; to those too poor to afford the help they really need to preserve their life. It is a privilege to bring the Truth to those who are dying spiritually, with none to help and see not the light of a New Dawn."

"But, Faustine, is it right that one so young should give up all the pleasures of this life for a life of hardship, even for contempt and scorn, which I have seen you endure?"

"But, Marcellus, mine is not such a life; and surely

it is not your ideal of a noble life to pass one's days in ease and comfort, while so many are suffering around us, and when a loving smile or a kindly word will lessen their burdens."

"Faustine, are there not many noble women who, though wives and mothers, find much time for charitable work?"

"I do not deny that there are many who do much good, but where do we find those with home duties and ties who are fully consecrated to such work, making themselves one with the needy to whom they minister. It can only be a branch of their life work, a duty from which they return to their luxurious homes and enjoy the ease and comforts of this life, with little thought for the suffering and poverty they have momentarily encountered. A very little of their abundant wealth would give comfort and courage to many to whom these things are unknown; but in their giving do they deprive themselves? No, Marcellus, I was reared among the people, my mother lived as a New Lifeist should live, she perfected her body while on earth through a life of devotion to those who saw not God in His creation. She left her work with me. My place is with them, my mission is to give what comfort and cheer I can. When my dear mother was with me she said that she had prayed night and day that I should be worthy to carry the message of life to the poor, and convince them, by a human example, that the love of God was a living reality shining through the acts of His children, of all that lived in the New Dawn."

"But, Faustine, if, as you say, God is no respecter of persons, why have we so many unhappy ones; those who know not God and doubt even what they hear? I am sure we have religion enough to produce a better state of things."

"We need more of the Christianity of the heart; the practice of the teachings which Jesus brought to earth. Its summing up might be given in 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' and 'Love God with all thy heart.' If we follow this, none can lead us astray. Here we are! and I will say 'good-night.' Tell Mary that I shall be at home early in the morning, but will not disturb her."

Before Marcellus had time to reply she had disappeared in a dark and narrow court. For some moments he stood lost in thought; he knew that every word she had uttered was Truth; for had he not lived only to gratify the senses? His thought had been given to self, and he labored to gain things of worldly value, reputation and wealth. As he walked on, he reviewed their conversation, perceiving clearly the truth of what she had said; and when he reached home, his heart was lighter and his thoughts freer, although Faustine had not given him one word of hope in return for his great love.

Faustine entered the humble tenement carrying the sunshine of a bright, brave smile. There were three little ones huddled together on the floor who looked up with delighted expectancy at her approach.

"Mamma is sleeping," said the eldest, "and the doctor told us to be very still until you came."

Faustine laid aside her wraps and spoke in whispers as she prepared the little ones for bed. Her task was ended before the invalid opened her eyes.

"Thank God you have come back," said the feeble voice.

"I hope you did not doubt," said Faustine, as she crossed to the bed.

"How can we help doubting?" said the woman, looking up with an apologetic smile. "So many come to see us with professions of sympathy, and promise to

come again, but they do not. This time God has heard my prayer. I feel as if I could get better now."

Faustine performed the duties of nurse as a loving friend would do. She bathed the hot hands and face, smoothed the tangled hair, and made the pillows comfortable. Her touch was so tender and her manner so soothing that the poor woman looked up with tears of grateful love.

"I have so much to be thankful for," she said, "and I would like to hear you read or talk to me. I do want to know more of the life in which you are so happy. Please tell me once more that beautiful story of 'The Three Sisters.'"

"I shall be pleased to do anything which will carry your thoughts to Him who is ever loving and ready to follow all your aspirations with blessing," said Faustine, seating herself, "and when you grow tired we can stop."

Faustine always found something interesting, bright or soothing to tell those she visited, that would help to draw their thoughts from unpleasant things. She had related the story of "The Three Sisters" to the eldest girl. It ran as follows:

"Three beautiful sisters were once seated side by side discussing different ways for doing the most good. They were beautiful in every sense of the word, being rich in interior as well as in exterior graces. They were known as Faith, Hope, and Charity. As the earnest discussion went on, Hope said, 'Do you not think, my sisters, that if we should separate and work independently of each other, more real good would result from our labors? We must not forget our mission here is to help humanity on its upward way, by helping them to find the life of the true-loving God.'

"So these three loving companions rather hurriedly

decided in favor of a separation, and each went her way alone. Faith had not gone far, when she began to feel lonely. 'It is not so pleasant as I thought, to be alone,' soliloquized she, 'and what is more, I am losing confidence with every step I take. Even my love for the work I have at heart grows colder with each New Dawn.' She sank upon the ground with a heavy sigh, to consider her future course.

"Hope found herself in a similar predicament. She also found her love for, and loyalty to, the good work waning fast, and all the benevolent objects she had in view dwindling into shadows of the past. At length she found herself too faint and weak to go farther, so she lay down to rest.

"Soon after parting with her sisers, Faith and Hope, two strangers, named Doubt and Fear, joined Charity in her wanderings. They were neither pleasant nor profitable companions, for they hindered her progress and dampened her ardor by gloomy suggestions, until she wished heartily to be rid of their company. So she cast about her for some means of freeing herself from them. 'When they joined me I was alone,' she reflected, 'I suppose they think they are conferring a favor by remaining to keep me company. I will seek my sisters, and I am sure they will then be courteous enough to depart.' So she set out at once in search of them, and no sooner were they found than Doubt and Fear vanished. The Three Sisters were very happy in being once more united; and after relating their experiences, they resolved never to part company again, for they saw that in unity there is strength."

At the close of the story the woman looked up, her eyes bright with intelligence. "There is something more in that than a mere story," said she.

"Yes," said Faustine, "and I am sure you clearly perceive its meaning. The three beautiful sisters are the three essential principles for us to cultivate in our everyday life; they will lead us, step by step, to that life, if they dwell with us in unity. Faith will lead us to God; Hope will carry us onward to those things which are dimly seen, but not quite realized; Charity will turn with unfailing tenderness to cheer the weak, support the stumbling, and bind up the wounds of those who have found the way thorny or precipitous. As Charity raises the fallen by the wayside, Hope gives them a strong hand, and supported by Faith on the other side, they mount upward until that which at first seems impossible, is gloriously overcome. While we entertain these sisters as guests in our hearts, Joy and Peace enter in and abide with us."

"Your words make it all so plain," said the woman, "I will try in future to have and hold in my heart both Hope and Faith; then I know that Charity, which is Great Love, will never forsake me. I will not murmur and complain as I have done; but hope all things, and so gain the truth."

Thus the long hours of the night passed, and with the dawn Peace and Rest entered the poor widow's soul.

"I will look up," she said, "and will try to thank God for this illness. If it had never come, I doubt if I should have gone to Him and found this joy."

The gray dawn looked palely in, and the noise of carriages rattling over the pavement began to be heard. Those who had passed the night in pleasure were returning to their homes. Among them all I doubt if one could be found so light of heart and content as those two in that humble room.

Faustine took her leave, and as she passed along the

streets through the crisp morning air, she caught glimpses of haggard faces and heavy eyes, the weariness of exhausted nature. The enchantment and glamour of lights, flowers, music and excitement had fled with the light, leaving the travelers worn, the flowers withered, the ball-room a ghastly reminder of last night's intoxicating revelry. Pleasure stalked forth in the pale dawn like a spectral shape from which the soul had departed.

Faustine had not slept, but lifted above the reach of such exhaustion as she saw about her, her thoughts flowed out and partook of the divine fullness that suffers no diminution. She gave thanks that her choice was made, the reality of a nobler life was dawning in her soul. Not even a moment's feeling of envy or of longing disturbed her heart. She had reached a level from which she found it possible to take a dispassionate survey of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. She saw that the fruits of dissipation are bitterness and disappointment; that its utmost joys are followed by a painful awakening and a heavy brain; that from a sowing of temporal pleasures is reaped a harvest of regrets.

Reaching home she sought her room without disturbing any one, and after refreshing herself by the morning bath, she took up her Bible and opened it at the words, "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe and ye shall receive." For a few moments she sat in silence and her heart rose in overflowing gratitude to Him who is ready to give good gifts to those who ask in faith, but recognizing that if we are not living in accordance with the law, we lose the fulfillment of the promise.

Faustine entered upon her day's work with a light heart. She had voluntarily assumed heavy obligations in taking upon herself the care of the entire household, but she never shrank from their performance. Since

the return of Marcellus he had not sought to lighten them, fearing that she would become restless in consequence and seek another home; although she knew at any time he was ready to share the burden which was hers. More than all else he feared this, so her responsibilities were never lightened.

She had left the widow with a promise to carry some things to her during the day, and she went out after lunch, telling Mary that she would be with them again at dinner. She found the woman much better and sitting up when she entered. Faustine had prayed for the change, and tears of joy filled the widow's eyes as she expressed herself.

"I am feeling so much better," she said, "I know that the three beautiful sisters have come to dwell with me, and I shall try to keep them with me always."

The children played about Faustine's knee in gleeful content and thanked her in childish fashion for making mamma better.

"When I grow up, can I be like you?" asked the eldest girl, artlessly. The question carried its own suggestion. In this expression of childish wisdom was a clear recognition of the beauty of The Divine Life which goes forth "ministering and to minister."

When Faustine returned, she found Mary sitting alone in a pensive mood, by the parlor grate. Marcellus was in the library, but hearing Faustine's voice he entered to ask if his services were needed in her charitable labors. Since his return he had shown every attention to Faustine's comfort, and respected her claims upon his moral support in her work with a true brotherly spirit.

"Mary, dear, why are you so thoughtful this evening?" Faustine asked, laying a loving hand on the bowed head.

"I am glad you have come to arouse her," said Marceline. "When I entered I found her sad, almost to tears, and so despondently quiet that I wished for you."

"Dear brother, there is no time for explanation now. Dinner is ready and we will not keep it waiting. The reason I have not explained it before was because Fanci-ne was not here. When she is absent, something seems to be missing from our lives."

Dinner over, the three were again seated cozily in the parlor, Mary occupying her favorite seat, a low ottoman, her head resting on Fanci-ne's lap. "We seem to be complete now," she said, raising loving eyes to Fanci-ne's face. "If either of you is absent, I feel a sense of loss. The cause of my depression was because one was not here. Dear Fanci-ne, the home is not complete when you are not here."

Marceline bent over and kissed his sister affectionately. "I hope it will always be so," he said, and for a time no one spoke. Then he added, expectantly, "We are ready to give you and hence sister mine."

"It is my wish that I have to tell," said Mary. "It may appear nothing to you, but Fanci-ne, I do wish to ask you what it means."

"Be assured that I will explain it to you, if I can," she answered.

"As I lay upon my lounge yesterday evening a strange vision passed before me," said Mary. "I was not asleep as it could not have been a dream. You will remember that it was a rainy evening. The room was flooded with slanting moon-light and objects were as clearly seen as at noon-day. I lay gazing at the full moon and musing upon the fact of my being supplied with borrowed light, only a faint unwelcome shadow in my mind; then there came a sudden change in my surroundings and I beheld my-

self in a long room at one end of which was a throne. Surrounding it were all the colors of the rainbow, the lights and colors of which were more brilliant and gorgeous than anything I have ever beheld. The rainbow included a throne and all upon it. In the center of the throne was a large chair and beside the chair was a table of white marble, more beautiful than I had ever before seen.

“Seated in the chair, with his arm resting upon the table as if reading from an open book, was a form whose aspect was kingly and his face was radiant with spiritual light. At first I thought it was a king, and then I thought it was Jesus; his glory grew so bright it appeared to overpower me. In the center of the room I could see two forms, myself, as you now know me, and a second resembling me in every particular, except that she was infinitely finer and more ethereal; her face was much more beautiful, indeed almost transparent as from an inner light. This body was resting upon one knee and had her arms clasped around the waist of the more angelic form, as if to prevent her from escaping. The other had her arms extended with clasped hands, imploring him who sat upon the throne to release her from my grasp. There was an expression of agonized pleading upon her face, more eloquent than words, and I saw chains about her ankles, arms and waist, to bind her more closely to me.

“I cannot say how it was that I saw myself and the other resembling me, but I did see them, and knew that the other represented a second me; and the knowledge caused me no surprise. Then I heard a voice, but there was no sound. It was like a thought-wave from some one beside me, and yet it came from within: ‘These chains are false beliefs that bind your soul to earth. Only Truth can unclasp the clinging hands and give you per-

fect freedom.' At that moment Anna tapped at the door to ask a question. I looked up really expecting to see that pleading face beside me; so vivid was the impression it had made. It was so real, Faustine, what does it mean?"

"Just what it represented, dear. Soul and body are one. Body cannot exist without soul, and soul is powerless to act upon this physical plane without a body. Thus the two should be as one. While there is disunion between them, we are bound with fetters that nothing but perfect thought and true understanding can burst asunder. The soul may plead with her Creator for release, but there can be none so long as the body seeks to gratify her own selfish desire without reference to anything higher. But when we turn from the desire of self-gratification to the true life, then we gain freedom and serve the Living, Loving God."

"That is a hard lesson, Faustine," said Marcellus.

"When the Creator gives life to His Creations," she continued, "He also gives them free-will. He will not therefore afterward hypnotize that free-will into doing something contrary to its desires. Man is free, but sooner or later, he will know the Truth. If we do our Creator's will, it must be voluntarily. He will never force His children against their will."

"What are the false thoughts held by me that deprive my soul of freedom?" asked Mary, earnestly after a thoughtful pause.

"No one can answer that question for you, dear," replied Faustine, placing a tender hand on Mary's head. "We all have much to learn. This lesson may have been given to you that others may see and interpret its meaning and profit thereby."

"It has," said Marcellus. "Little sister, your picture

has shown me my own self. I lack those noble qualities which bring patience, simplicity, modesty and resignation. I have served only my own self-will, and sometimes I feel it will consume me with the service that it demands. The human self is never satisfied until it is lost in the divine service of all."

"True, my brother, there is another fire, whose flames are mild and sweet," said Faustine, "burning without pain; and this does not consume. Its spirit is Love, and when it enters, earthly attractions lose their power to draw us away from Truth's shining light which never fades."

As they parted for the night, Marcellus said, "Faustine, to-night I realize the significance of your words, as never before. I see that freedom depends upon the extent of our knowledge and our willingness to put that knowledge into practice."

"When that is realized," said Faustine, "the laws of man and the customs of society will become the counterparts of the Laws of God, and the fair pastimes of the Celestial Host; and Paradise Lost will be Paradise Regained. Then shall we see God in man and man in God. This is the Law. This is what man was created to become."

THE ROCK'S ANSWER TO EDWARD'S QUESTION

My heart for earth is dead; self-will is overcome.
The strife for me is past, the battles fought and won.
All is achieved where I now stand; beneath this rock
No shifting sand; Time is held within my marble hand.
Sunshine and shadow are alike to me.
Earth is now the home of liberty.
Trees totter and fall; flowers fade and die;
I am not shaken by the storm; all pass me by.
The scorching sun cannot bow my head
Nor the lack of rain send me less bread.
I stand amid the frost; feel neither hunger nor cold.
As ye gaze ye think I am lofty and bold.
Look on me well; know that all must stand
Upon solid rock, not shifting sand
That will soon pass away
Leaving the hopes but a ruin of clay.
Go! search for the rock; rest not till your feet its foundations
can touch,
Then cling to it firmly with heart and with hand,
Watch the thousands that drift along on the sand.
Be faithful to Truth; it will carry you through.
Sunshine and shadow and then you will see,
If you build on the rock that alone can set free.

CHAPTER IX

As Edward pondered over the words that came to him while gazing upon the lofty mountains they came like a strain of music with his first awakening to The Divine Life on the morning after his last conversation with his mountain friend and the refreshing dream that he had of his beloved Blanche and her assuring words, "I am ever with thee in thought."

The association with his mountain friend now became more frequent, and Edward looked forward to their evenings together as seasons of inspiring pleasure. To this friend every desire of his heart seemed clear. To be fully understood satisfies one of the deepest longings of the human heart, and to him this special blessing had been granted. He knew that he had broken every earthly fetter, although separated from his earthly love; he was no longer desolate; he held all as one in the great center of Infinite Love. He could leave his beloved Blanche and her child, if there was one, in the keeping of Him who does all things well. Not that the one affection of his life had become less; it was only elevated and purified in love's cleansing fire of the heart.

His love for Blanche became ideal and her memory was a sacred thing enthroned upon the altar of his heart; a love that is as limitless as Eternity, for its infinite source is exhaustless as life, flowed out in unfailing measure to all the world.

Thus these great experiences led Edward step by step to the field of ancient story wherein is hid the pearl of

great price. But he knew that he must find, and uncover the treasure for himself, before he could make it his own. Very clearly was he shown that a desire for spiritual knowledge must be the central thought, the controlling motive of his life, if he would know for himself the true loving Father; this thought must supersede all others of whatever nature. He saw, too, that this must be his before he could gain the perfect understanding that he so greatly desired. He had come up to those heights of peace through devious ways and with many struggles. He had lingered long in the valley of humiliation, bowed with sorrow and torn with conflicting desires. He had found his nature bared to the searching inspection of the Most High God. He had stood long before the bar of Omnipotent Judgment, in deep contrition. His resistance had been strong, but the power of a loving God proved stronger, and it had triumphed in him to the overcoming of the desires of the flesh. He had seen God manifested in things under his own observation, and he had clearly realized that the force acting in and upon his life was that which is the living principle in all visible and invisible activity. He saw also that he was only one among tens of millions of instruments through which that Supreme Source of Life is manifesting here on earth, and waiting only for man's recognition to bring forth its wondrous glory and beauty upon earth.

In his darkest and loneliest hours he had felt truly grateful for the brotherly support of his new friend, who understood his inner struggles, his battles with self, his groping toward the light and deliverance to freedom as only such a high consecrated intelligence could have done. Now the friend and teacher saw that great triumphs had been achieved, and that Edward was freed from all earthly loves which had heretofore held him

captive, to the detriment of his spiritual interests. In the times of his greatest conflict, the inspiring words of his friend had been to Edward like oil upon troubled waters. Yet he knew that if the Truth he had heard did not become his own through living practice and faith, his professions were like "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Thus had Edward's work gone on, a ceaseless endeavor to find those hidden treasures that are found only in the living, loving God within man; but buried too deep for unassisted human wisdom to discover. He saw that true self-knowledge is hard to gain. It comes through daily trial, through crushing humiliation, through countless painful and sharp incisions, made by the relentless chisel of discipline. Only thus can the angel in the stone be released and revealed to the world. He knew before this was fully gained, the divine must overcome the material and bring it into perfect subjection to the God in man. His one desire to know for himself he felt sure was within his reach.

During those years of travel Edward wrestled continually with some of the earliest problems presented for his solution; and found himself still puzzling over them. But there were moments in his life of the blissful union with the Divine Source of our Being, which cannot be described. He would not part with that knowledge if he might thereby possess all the treasures of earth.

In one of their earlier talks his friend had said: "Intuition upon a higher plane must be developed before we can make spiritual discoveries or clearly perceive things pertaining to that plane. Each must make these discoveries for himself. Many battles must be fought and won, each individual soul must stand for himself before victory crowns the head of mortal."

Since leaving the last camp, Edward had heard nothing of Bulah. He was seated one day upon his favorite rock in hourly expectation of his friend's arrival. Many questions had arisen both in study and meditation that demanded replies. He had also felt for some time the necessity of a change in his life and surroundings, temporarily at least.

At last the expected friend appeared, and after greetings had been exchanged they entered at once upon the discussion of thoughts that had long occupied a large place in Edward's mind. To one of them the friend replied as follows: "Every one stands or falls by his own acts. The inner consciousness must be opened to the Divine Voice of a Living God, audible only in the soul, before we can gain true understanding, and receive the thought emanating from the Creator to His creation, we must be free from desire. Then can we both receive and give forth the knowledge received. Soul is independent of all worldly teachings; Love is the essential principle in true knowledge. Love creates love and works from the inner to the outer. Be still, my brother, and comply with the law of receptivity; listen with every faculty of your intelligence that you may hear the voice of the Lord your God who speaks to His children in the silence of the heart. God said, 'when I called, there were none to answer'; why was this so? Because every thought of our being is absorbed with the business of life, our inner ear is dulled by the world's clamoring voices and confused by its demand upon our attention. In reaching after phantoms we miss the riches that endure through all eternity.

"God is in the soul of the universe and equally in the soul of man. He is not an existence beyond the bounds of time and space, nor is He man, seated upon a great

white throne dealing out laws and threatenings to the nations. He is that Infinite Lover whose fullness is incomprehensible to finite perception. He gives perfect Love, Wisdom, and Justice, dwelling always in His creation. Keep this thought constantly before you, and it will check each angry feeling and arrest each hasty act. When we can fully comprehend that nature in all its parts is working for the good of the whole; that we are all but parts in the infinite and universal Soul, and that unless we work in harmony with nature we lose our birthright; if we keep this before us, we shall be able to estimate aright our true place in the universal whole.

“Only through perfect faith can we receive perfect knowledge. When we live so that our soul is in direct communion with the universal soul, old things will pass away and all things become new. Men will rise to broader comprehension, to purer thought, and manifest that divine nature of which we are created to be the true expression. While man is in bondage to his sensual appetites, and bows down to idols the world has set up, he sees nothing divine. Man falls by the exercise of his unrestrained will, and only by the righteous exercise of that will can he break the chains he has forged about himself and rise triumphant to his immortal state for which he is sent forth.

“The dawn of a brighter day is close at hand. Its triumphs and its heavenly peace have not entered into the heart of man to conceive, nor can he estimate the high aims, glorious freedom, deep gladness and infinite progress of such a life, as walking, and talking with his Creator while on earth. But this can only come when the will of man becomes one with the Divine Will, and eternal law becomes embodied in the true self of each individual.”

Edward's appreciation of these teachings was in proportion to his continual thirst for divine wisdom and understanding. His friend had led him to a fountain of living water, and as it flowed through his life-channels it washed away the accumulated bitterness of years. He had grown much in humility since he had come to the cave.

A grand simplicity marked his demeanor, and it not only impressed the miners with the genuineness of his worth, but drew from them an exalted regard for this strange but superior man.

"What a splendid preacher our Captain would make," one remarked, expressing the reverence of untutored natures for knowledge, purity and self-control whose source was hidden from their perception.

"Well, boys, you know the Captain tells us what we can do for ourselves," said Joe, promptly, "and I know he tells the truth."

"Yes, yes," replied one, "but none of us ain't got the edication he's got; that's a big start, you know."

"But, boys," pursued Joe, "edication won't do it all. The very poorest of us could better our habits, and talk and read more, instead of having the cards forever in our hands!"

These comments would sometimes provoke a careless laugh, and again a hearty expression of approval, according to the prevailing mood. The hard luck, hope deferred, and many disappointments of the average miner, as well as the temptations of camp life, lead many a man to drown his sorrows in drink or forget them in the excitement of the gambling table.

But Edward's influence, never intrusive, his manner marked by assumption of sanctity, was nevertheless a strong and silent force acting in the interest of better

things; and many of the miners often expressed the wish that they were more like the Captain.

Their thoughts were thus directed, unconsciously to themselves, to a higher level of sentiment and purpose. More than one man was lifted from the plane of drunken indulgence, and a new train of thought was established among them, all in the direction of reform, and a desire for better things. A more cheerful and virtuous aspect of life was presented to their view, temperance was encouraged, and reverence for the genuinely good and true and beautiful was inculcated, stimulating every manly instinct to renewed life and action.

As Edward sat looking out over the mountains, one glorious morning, pursuing his usual train of thought, his mood led him from the contemplation of the spiritual to the visible world around him. The earth seemed clothed with special loveliness. The mountains expressed more of the majesty of creation, the heavens of infinite peace. The softly tinted air veiled the distant heights as with a hazy garment, softening every harsh outline without hiding it from view. Nature was like one reclining at ease in glorious weather under an untroubled sky. He truly saw the works of the Living, Loving God all around him.

He rose and pursued his way to the camp, his thoughts rising with instinctive adoration to the divine artist and fashioner of the sublime picture. How could man be content with the created, with no desire to be one with the Creator? "All this splendor of the physical world will soon pass away," he mused, "and if man looks not beyond, he must pass with it."

As he went on, he was joined by one of the miners from the lead, also on his way to camp. The men always respected his reserve and never intruded upon it, though

more than one felt a lively curiosity in the cave and what it was supposed to contain. They did not, however, indulge themselves with coveted peeps into its recesses, as they would like to have done, out of respect for Edward; none except old Joe had entered into its sacred depths.

"Going down to camp, Captain?" interrogated the miner by way of salutation. "Here comes some of the boys," he continued, as several of them appeared. "We wanted to see you, Captain, about a project the boys have on hand. I believe there's a pretty good sprinkling of ore at the left of the old gulch, and we'd like to try it afore we go over the mountain to the new mine, if you are willing?"

By this time the others had joined them and they paused in conversation before ascending the mountain, to pass along the ledge that led to camp. As they were looking up the trail, a cloud of dust arose in the distance.

"What's that, Captain?" said one. "Some kind of a train coming, I should judge by look of the cloud that follows."

"Miners, I suppose," said Edward, glancing at the advancing dust-cloud upon which all eyes were fixed. It approached rapidly over a well-worn road.

"No," said another watching it intently, "it's no miners, it's emigrants, or a scouting party."

Edward and the others being in the ravine below, the rocks above prevented the approaching party from seeing them. As the latter advanced, two of their number came distinctly into view. They came on swiftly until they were at a point just above the group, and as they passed, Edward clearly recognized Bulah, and by her side a dark, handsome Spaniard. They were mounted

upon fine blooded horses; Bulah's was the larger and more spirited of the two. She looked somewhat older than when he had seen her last, but still a gay, handsome woman of the world.

Time had dealt less harshly with her than with him. Her chestnut hair still flowed in lovely unsilvered waves, while time had frosted his with gray, and as it fell to his shoulders gave him a look of grave wisdom beyond his years.

The first glance showed him that she had retained all her old vivacity and wit in manner and speech, while his noble demeanor betokened a quiet and unassuming nobleness of character. A shade of sadness was visible in his handsome face, from which the bold confidence of youth had departed.

His habitual self-control prevented the miners from noticing the shock of recognition that swept for an instant over his features, and left him paler than usual.

"That's a strange couple," remarked a miner, "and I ain't seen such animals for many a long day. But," he continued, carelessly, "I should say that Spaniard was taking the woman to the devil the way they are driving them 'ar animals."

Edward's thoughts were busy. He suspected Bulah had discovered his hiding-place. Oh, that he might counsel with his wise friend at this trying moment; but he knew not where to find him.

"I shall not go to the camp just now, boys," he remarked to them as the riders passed from view. Both look and speech were outwardly calm, but he felt that he must be alone to think. "If convenient, we will talk this matter over to-morrow."

The words had scarcely left his lips when a piercing scream broke upon his ear, and then stillness fell. For

a moment the men exchanged startled glances. "That's from the lady," said one of the miners, turning to follow them; "perhaps she's gone over the ledge." A sudden paleness overswept Edward's face. He started. "Come, boys," he cried in tones of command, and sprang forward up the mountain side with the swiftness of an eagle's flight.

Apprehension seemed to lend wings to his feet. The miners followed, speedily reaching the top, just as Edward had arrived at the point where the two had disappeared a few moments before. In the path ahead stood one of the horses, riderless; where was the other? Edward drew near and looked over into the depths below. For a moment his brain reeled. He could see the missing horse, where he had fallen between two large rocks, the Spaniard beside him, but the woman, where was she?

Without a thought of his own danger, Edward descended quickly from rock to rock, until he reached the man's side. The latter had evidently descended to the woman's aid, but now stood in helpless perplexity, looking about him. The horse appeared quite dead, having broken his neck in the fall; he had alighted half way down between the rocks, but his rider had slipped further down and thus escaped being crushed by his weight. It was impossible to ascertain her condition until the horse was removed and her body released from its perilous position.

"We were going at full gallop," said the Spaniard, answering the look of inquiry in Edward's eyes, "her horse took fright at something, and before I could turn mine, they went over."

By this time others had descended to Edward's aid. He began the perilous work, and in the attempt to

remove the horse, Bulah's foot was discovered to be still in the stirrup.

"We must work carefully, boys," said Edward, "or the rocks may break and fall in upon her." With cool judgment and a steady hand he worked with them, directing every movement, while he seemed endowed with a lion's strength. The Spaniard looked helplessly on, admiring the courage and skill of the rescuing party. At last the horse was removed. Descending cautiously between the rocks, Edward reached the woman where she lay and lifted her unconscious form within reach of the strong arms extended to receive her. As he looked down upon the woman who had wronged him, the years of misery and banishment that she had caused were all forgotten. He only saw in her one suffering and helpless, needing his assistance, and his soul responded to the mute appeal in her white face with that pitying impulse which, obeyed in the name of love, rises into a sympathy truly divine. In its presence all personal feeling and prejudice vanish, and our narrow humanness grows into the breadth and beauty of the universal love that all feel, but do not recognize.

Near the rock was a small stream, beside which was a beautiful space of green. To this grassy place Edward bore his helpless burden, and laid her down as if she had been an infant. He tried to restore her, but his efforts were fruitless.

Turning to the men, he said, "Keep watch here, boys; bring your hat full of water and let a few drops go to her lips. I will be back in a few minutes."

Before any one could speak, he was half way up the mountain side. Reaching the top he mounted the Spaniard's horse, and with the instinctive haste of an animal scenting danger, it flew over the mountain road as if its

feet were winged. Dismounting at the entrance to his cave Edward gathered ropes, skins and other things to construct a litter upon which the woman could be safely hoisted to the top. With these secured to the animal's back, he hastened to the ledge and soon reached the spot where she lay.

"She must be dead, Captain," remarked one of the miners, as he joined them. "She's never moved since you left."

Before descending Edward had fastened ropes to the rock above. Hastily constructing a rough couch, laying the skins and other things upon it he laid Bulah thereon. Some of the miners were sent to the top and directed to hoist when he gave the signal. His plan was to steady the litter and thus protect the body from injury against the rocky sides as they drew it up. Fastening a rope about his waist, he gave the signal. The men saw his danger and attempted to remonstrate, but a look from him silenced every objection.

"God save our Captain," said the leader, solemnly, as they began their work, and the woman was swung out into mid-air. Edward was bruised and torn in his struggle to keep the litter from dashing against the rocky sides; the men worked like heroes and both were soon brought to the top in safety. Edward was about to dispatch a man to the camp after a doctor when the Spaniard stepped forward and said, "We have a doctor at our camp; send for him; he knows all about her."

Edward nodded assent. The man mounted the Spaniard's horse, and receiving hasty directions started off at a swift gallop.

"My cave is the nearest," said Edward, answering the mute inquiry in the men's eyes. "We will take the lady there."

"Lead the way, Captain," they responded, taking up the litter obediently, "we will follow."

Perhaps the men's secret curiosity regarding the cave was about to be gratified. The Spaniard followed, his face pallid with the shock of the accident, and the helpless feeling of one unequal to emergencies. He had not asked a question, so far, but as the men approached the cave, he paused. Edward turned to him, saying, "The lady is quite safe with me. Will it not be best for you to return to your friends?"

Glad to escape, the man turned with a sigh of relief and left them, without a backward glance. The sight of the death-like face had unnerved him. He was no coward, but he could not look upon her rigid form.

Very gently was Bulah placed upon Edward's bed. As he laid his hand upon her heart, he fancied that a fluttering motion was perceptible. Presently the doctor entered, accompanied by Joe.

As the men withdrew, they remarked, with admiring loyalty, "Captain's so good; worked like a hero to get her up safe. It's a pity she's dead."

Joe approached the bed and looked a moment into the unconscious face. The next, he started back in unfeigned surprise, and grasped Edward's hand with impulsive sympathy. The answering pressure checked the question that rose to the old man's lips. He understood; their eyes met in silence; he bowed his head.

"Has she shown any signs of consciousness since the accident?" asked the doctor, after a hasty examination.

Edward shook his head, but did not speak.

"She is not dead," said the doctor, "but it would be better if she were, for she cannot survive. Both limbs are broken; one arm and shoulder and the ribs are badly crushed. She may live for two or three days, or she

may not last twelve hours. I will prepare an opiate," he said, putting medicine into a glass he had brought with him. "If she returns to consciousness, give her this. It will relieve pain, and that is all we can do now."

Even as he spoke, there was a sudden contraction of the facial muscles, a quivering of the white lips.

"A spoon, quick," said the doctor. He gave her the drug and a soft sigh escaped her. "I hope she will be conscious," he said, watching her attentively, "and tell us what we can do for her."

He prepared a second potion and administered it. It produced the desired effect. There was a quivering of the eyelids, and she opened her eyes. They fell upon Edward, standing near, and a low cry of joy escaped her lips.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, and tried to rise, but failed, and a deadly pallor overspread her face.

The doctor started with surprise and glanced inquiringly into Edward's face; then bending over her he said: "Do not move or speak, if you wish to prolong your life."

He bent over and administered another potion. Her eyes closed, but she did not relapse into unconsciousness.

"It is imperative that I return to the camp at once," he said, looking hard at Edward, "but I will be back before she awakens."

Joe had already stolen away unperceived, and as the doctor departed, Edward and his wife were once more alone together. He looked down upon the helpless form, lying pale and still upon the bed before him, and a great wave of pity surged through his being.

"Oh, that I had power to give you life," he said, "that you might atone for the past; that you might go forth white and pure on the wings of love. But I am power-

less. What is man that he should have lost his great power? that a dash against a stone deprives him of life and power to act? An hour ago she was full of life, but how helpless now! Poor girl, poor girl, and I am powerless to give her strength!"

His thoughts flew to the time when he had watched alone with another insensible woman, helpless and still. Then he remembered her awakening. He recalled the heavenly smile that played about her mouth, and the words that had carried his soul to a higher and nobler plane of thought. They had awakened within him aspirations to live faithfully the life of Him who gave so freely of infinite love to all who sought it, and god-like pity to the erring. Could he find aught but love in his heart for the woman who had wronged him, but more against herself? Should he not forgive as he hoped to be forgiven? Yes, forgive! And the prayer of his heart was forgiveness to the suffering one. "What will be the awakening?" he questioned, as he gazed down upon the helpless form. "Will the old spirit of scorn and derision survive the experiences of years, or has love entered in and pervaded her desolate life?" Long did he sit with bowed head and bitter tears fell as he lifted his heart in fervent prayer for the soul so soon to pass beyond the bounds of earthly existence.

He sat where he could see her slightest movement. He perceived a slight tremor of her frame, and raising his eyes, met hers, open and conscious. A faint smile played about her pale lips; the old scornful look was gone; and in its place was a softened expression that made his heart leap with hope for the sufferer.

"Dear old boy," she said, before he could speak, "is it really you, or am I wandering in dreamland? I have been often there of late."

The doctor had left strict injunctions for silence. To talk would hasten death. Edward rose and took up the potion left for this occasion.

"Bulah, you are very ill," he said. "The doctor has been here and will return soon. He said this would bring relief and prevent your injuries from proving fatal immediately. Please take it." He gently raised her head, and put the glass to her lips.

"Dear boy," she said, looking up at him without noticing the glass, "would you like me to live?"

Edward started with sudden emotion. "Live? Oh, Bulah, I would exert any power that I possess to prolong your life that you might——"

"It's of no use," she said, "earthly power can do nothing for me now. I know that! Where am I, Edward?"

"In a cave in the rocks, a place that has sheltered me for years."

Again he offered her the potion. She swallowed it, and her voice sank to a faint whisper.

"How came I here?" she asked, turning to him, her face softening as she looked into his eyes and pressed the hand she held in hers.

"Do not ask more questions, for your own sake, and I will tell you all," he replied. A slight pressure answered him, and her eyelids closed. The stillness of death settled on her frame, and she breathed very faintly.

Very quietly he related all the particulars of the accident. When he spoke of taking her from between the rocks, the hand tightened its grasp upon his own. She had understood everything. When he had finished and silence fell between them her grasp relaxed, and he knew that she slept.

For a brief space the body was free from its pain. The

life, the soul, that had animated the clay, where was it? Presently the doctor entered.

"Has she spoken?" he asked as he crossed to the bed.

Edward made no reply; his thoughts were busy with the past, and the words fell upon unheeding ears.

"There is a stronger pulse," the doctor said, with his fingers on her wrist. "Who knows? she may survive for a time, but she will never walk again."

"What would that signify?" asked Edward, roused by the remark. "If the soul still inhabits her house of clay, she could pursue her spiritual work without hindrance."

"Those are strange words," said the doctor, staring at Edward with a puzzled expression.

"What could one so helpless do in any way? she could not help herself."

Edward made no reply and Bulah at that moment opened her eyes, and looked at him.

"How do you feel?" inquired the doctor kindly.

"Why do you ask me such a question?" she said, the old sarcastic expression coming into her face.

"Where is the most pain, then?" asked the doctor, patiently, ignoring her irritation with fatherly forbearance and raising the unbroken arm.

"I have no pain," she replied more quietly. "It is all gone. Does this mean death?" she asked, turning to him suddenly. "Do not hesitate."

He hesitated. Was it best to tell her the truth? Could she hear it without hastening the end? the doctor questioned.

"Tell me the whole truth," she demanded with a return of her old manner. "Don't stare at me like that. You know by the past that I am no coward, and I wish to know how long I am likely to live?"

Edward turned away from the bed. His heart failed him. He could not watch the effect upon her.

"It is impossible to answer that question correctly, at present," the doctor replied, evading the directness of the inquiry. "This will renew your strength," bringing her another potion. "If in the morning you can undergo a more thorough examination, there is a prospect that you may live some time longer; but——"

"Be honest with me," she interrupted, as he paused a moment. "You do not think there will be any life in the shattered body in the morning, doctor." She regarded him intently.

"If you would stay with us a little longer, take this," holding the glass toward her. "All depends upon the effect of this upon your wounds."

"I shall wake again?" she asked, watching his face with a keenly observant expression. "Answer truly; shall I wake again if I take that?"

"So far as I know, I am certain of it," he replied promptly, "and with more strength than you have now. Only take this and be very quiet."

Edward raised her head and she complied, a smile illumining her face, and making it almost tender as her eyes met his; he then laid her head gently back on the pillow.

"The indications are good," said the doctor, with a satisfied air. "If you should wake before my return this gentleman will know what to do for you."

Her eyes closed and her breathing soon indicated that she slept again. The doctor stood for some moments with his fingers on her wrist.

"It is wonderful how the body clings to life," he remarked to Edward, as he turned to go. "One would have thought it impossible to save her for even an hour,

after the shock of such a fall and with so many broken bones."

Edward made no reply and seemed unconscious of the doctor's steady gaze which had rested upon him for some minutes.

"Pardon me," the doctor resumed, "and do not think that idle curiosity prompts the question, but please tell me, is this lady anything to you?"

Edward started, and his eyes sought the pale face upon the bed. Whatever her sin, he knew that the penalty of earth would soon be paid; while life lingered his duty remained. He could yet minister to her wants. But she must be acknowledged as his wife before he could claim this privilege.

"Nearly twelve years ago," he said without removing his gaze from her countenance, "the laws of England pronounced us man and wife." With a gesture that said plainer than words "ask me no more" he turned away.

The old doctor looked at him for a moment in silent sympathy. "Poor fellow, and poor unhappy woman, I suspected as much."

He turned to the bed thinking "freedom will soon be theirs, death will release them both; her foot is even now upon the threshold. As the night recedes and the New Dawn appears the earthly part will sink away and only that which can rise with the sun of glory will live on."

"I have done all that earthly skill can do," he said, turning to Edward, "she may awaken in a few hours or she may not awake till the day dawns. I know she has much to say to you. I have been in their company for the last four months. She is a brave woman and a daring one." He put another potion in the glass. "When she wakes give her this. It will deaden the pain and give strength for a few hours."

Edward rose and opened the door into the passage. "Good-night, and thank you," he said, as the doctor departed. The old man could not speak for his emotion and left in silence.

Returning to the bedside, Edward gazed at the woman he remembered so full of life and power. "Oh, death," he cried, shaken with strong feeling, "when will The New Dawn spread its glorious power over the earth and conquer this dreaded foe; that nothing can close thy hungry jaws but flesh and blood! Once I fled from thee, thou poor erring one. Now you are fleeing from me, and I have no power to stay your flight. One word from thee would have held me at thy side, and now I cannot hold thee back, even for one moment. Oh, man, from whence art thou fallen? Arise and seek the powers that are thine by right, that through them thou mayest have a god-like control over flesh and blood, and banish death from our fair earth."

He sank into a chair and bowed his head upon a book lying upon the table. Presently the scene changed. Blanche was again beside him, illumining his darkness with her smile. The beautiful lips parted and her words filled the room with music. "Forgive! my Edward, as you hope to be forgiven."

Full of emotion, Edward arose. "I do forgive, I do forgive!" he cried, stretching out his arms toward the vision. But his divine love had gone, he was alone with the unhappy woman.

Crossing to the bed he bent over the motionless form, and pressed a warm kiss upon the marble brow. It acted like an electric shock. A cry of joy broke the silence; the one free arm went round his neck, and their lips met! A great happiness was born into the world's-weary soul in that moment.

"At last! Oh, Edward, at last!" she cried. "What would I not have endured with patience, if I could have foreseen this hour! With you alone, with you!"

Edward arose and brought the glass, but she put it from her with an appealing gesture. "Not now," she said, "not now," and her voice was soft and sweet. "I want to talk, not to sleep. While you were telling me how you took me from the ravine and brought me here, I remembered all. Three years ago I met Don Estrada. Since then he has scarcely left my side. He urged me to be his wife. With deceit and tears I declined the honor and all his Spanish blood was roused. He declared I had been insulted, abused and he would avenge me. I allowed him to think what he would, knowing that thus I could use him and his great wealth for my own purposes. When I told him that you still lived, and that if I could prove it by finding you, I would procure a divorce for desertion; he said he would find you living or dead, if I would be his wife. Then I gave him my promise. Upon receiving it he dispatched men into the mountains to search the place where I last saw you. Two years passed and still your hiding-place remained undiscovered. He did not despair, but came to me and said, 'If it is for love, not for revenge that you seek him, I will kill him before your eyes when we meet.' Again fresh parties were sent out. They returned; they had bearded the lion in his den!" An echo of her old mocking laugh escaped her, and for a while she lay still; a shade of protest passed over Edward's face. "Forgive me," she said, "but I did not care what became of me or what I endured, if I could only see you once more. When the men returned he asked me what my plans were. He said I had but to state my slightest wish and it should be obeyed. I replied that I must see you for myself; noth-

ing else would satisfy me. Then a tourist party, intent upon penetrating to the wildest and most beautiful regions, went into the mountains. The men who discovered you were our guides. Don Estrada, a learned old doctor, two friends and myself, made up the party. We have been four months on the road, but what was that to me? Every day brought me nearer to you."

She paused, and her breath came in gasps. "Do not talk any more now, Bulah, try to be still," he said, bringing the potion; but she pushed it from her.

"I must talk, Edward," she said after a pause. "I cannot die until you know the truth, and every moment that I prolong it gives me pain here," putting her hand on her heart. "I will not weary you with the details of our trip. At last the guide came to me and said, 'If you will go up on the mountain with the glass, I think I can show you the camp.' This was at noon before I——" She paused. "The guide had told me that you did not live at the camp, but often came there. The men called you Captain, he said, but your home was somewhere in the rocks. They had watched you for days, but could never tell how you disappeared all in a moment from their sight. When I saw the place near which you lived, I could scarcely restrain my joy. Only to see you, was my thought! I cared not what lay beyond. When we started I rode in advance, and though I urged the horse to still greater speed he could not keep pace with my impatience. At last, only a turn in the mountain road separated you from me. As we were passing along that narrow ledge cut on the mountain side, my horse shied as if some one stood in the way. I tried to force him forward, but in vain. Suddenly I saw, standing in the path before me, the form of a woman, the most beautiful I have ever beheld. Her shining hair fell in rippling waves

almost to her feet, and her eyes shone like stars. Her dress was of dazzling whiteness, a radiant vision of purity. She did not speak, but her manner seemed to say, 'You can go no further.' My horse could not pass without trampling her beneath his hoofs; he must have seen her, for he reared and refused to go forward. 'Stand aside,' I commanded, 'and let me pass.' Don Estrada must have thought me mad, but the woman only smiled. That smile seemed to enrage me, and I struck the horse sharply with the whip, but instead of rushing forward upon her, he gave one wild leap and went over the edge."

Her eyes closed with exhaustion, and for some time she lay in a death-like silence.

Edward gently raised her head and put the glass to her lips. She obeyed him as a child might who had no power to refuse.

As Edward looked down upon the poor broken body, he said to himself, "if one only holds the physical to manifest selfish and evil acts, is it not better that the clay yield up the soul before the latter perishes?"

Presently she began to revive. "Dear Edward," she said, looking up at him with a sad, sweet smile, "I am very badly hurt, am I not?"

"I fear so, Bulah," he replied, "but you are talking too much."

"No, no, Edward, there is something more that you must know before I go. If I had turned back when I saw that beautiful woman, all would have been well; but I said in my heart, 'I will not turn back, though this road take me to hell.' Edward, it did take me there, as all my other selfish acts have done."

A spasm of pain distorted her features and she held out her hand for the potion. "Not yet, not yet," she

gasped, raising her head. She drained the glass to the last drop, and for a time all was still.

As Edward watched beside her he thought death had already opened its arms and received its victim in a cold embrace. Again his soul cried out, "Forgive, forgive, I do forgive. All the dark and lonely hours that seemed like a blight upon my existence have served as steps to take me higher and turn my feet from the abyss of error."

When the New Dawn appears night is swallowed up in growing radiance. Our experiences are but steps to a Higher Life, if we are wise enough to profit by them. The night went on as he watched, fearing to move lest he should disturb her rest. At the solemn hour of midnight, when life seems to stand on the borderland of the veiled invisible, Bulah awoke. Her free hand sought Edward's with a feeble movement, and her large, lustrous eyes rested upon him with an intent look. He offered her the glass, that she might have strength to go through the night, but with a smile like a gentle protest, she put it from her.

"No, my dear boy," she said, "I shall take no more medicine." With a far-off look in her eyes she repeated these beautiful lines from "Lenore":

Ere the sunset's red banner
Again shall be furled
On the walls of the West,
O'er the plains of the world
My soul shall be freed from its clay.

"We are quite alone, are we not, Edward? you and I?"

"Yes, Bulah," he answered.

She looked at him as if studying his face. "Won't

you kiss me once more, and call me by the dear name you once gave me?" she said appealingly. "Oh, Edward, if I had only known then! If I had only listened to your words!"

Tears were streaming from his eyes, and in a moment a wave of forgiveness and of love swept over him, like a returning tide of long forgotten tenderness. He raised her from the bed in his strong arms, he pressed a warm kiss upon her pleading face and lips. "Bulah, would that I could save you, my wife, my wife."

The words seemed to give her new strength.

"Is there anyone whom you would like to see?" he said.

"No, dear, only you. I have prayed to be alone with you once more on earth."

"How long have you prayed for this, Bulah?"

"Only recently," she replied, "because I have something to tell you that may explain the past. I do not wish you to think of me as you must if you do not understand all."

"Let the past be buried," said Edward, pressing her hand. "In the little while that you have left, try to think of something else; try to think of God, and his great love."

"It is too late for that," she said, "I do not believe in what the world calls death-bed repentance, and I don't wish to go away blinded. The Lord said, 'As ye sow, so must ye also reap.' I know that this is true, Edward; and I know, too, that your life has been a better one than mine. The door that is closed to me will be opened to you. When I was full of life and strength, I would not receive it, and perhaps I would not now if I were so still. When we part here, we shall never meet again. Do not restrain me," she continued, as he was about to speak,

"I must tell you before my soul leaves the body, or I shall go mad."

Edward yielded, and she went on, "You don't know how evil my heart has been; this is only my just reward. This is the last time dear boy, that you and I shall ever talk together." Her grasp on his hand tightened, and he pressed his lips to her brow, but did not speak.

She resumed, "When my father forced me into a marriage that was unholy because false, I think a demon must have entered into my heart. From the day when I stood with that man at the altar, it seemed as if my being was divided. There were two of us in one; the better of the two strove to gain the ascendancy, but the worst triumphed and had its way. I knew that I had freedom, power to do what I would. At times I felt as if I were like a little child again, and wished to do right. Then the evil one in my dual being laughed, and said, 'You are a coward, you are afraid of me.' Then I turned with a scornful laugh and said, 'I am not afraid of anything!' I have no father now to force me against my will, and this doting old fool (meaning my husband) shall be my slave. Then, I would go on in that defiant spirit, and do many things just to prove to myself that I had the power to do them. All this while I knew that I was destroying my better part, the child-like element in my being. Her pleading face would often come up before me, and I heard her say, 'Don't go, Bulah,' or 'Don't do it.' So you see I did not do it blindly."

"Why did you not listen to the voice of truth and love in your heart?" asked Edward, with a heavy sigh.

"I cannot tell. Sometimes I was very unhappy. When I saw you so good and you would not be false even to please me, your very goodness exasperated me.

The evil one who stood by me at the altar never left me. When I tried to be good he would laugh and say, 'The first act of your womanhood was a lie and it will be better to keep up the deception.' Then the better self, in the form of a white dove, would perch upon my shoulder and plead, 'Turn, turn, and go back. Try to live truly and I will help you.' You know that I loved flattery, and I saw that the white dove had none to bestow. When I turned again toward my evil genius, and away from her, it seemed to me that she buried her head beneath her wing and wept, and was sorrowful. Then a voice arose in my heart, saying: 'Don't be afraid; you have nothing to fear from anyone, please yourself, that is all there is.' Then I would go on defiantly in evil just to show that I was not afraid."

"Unhappy girl! and you knew all the time that you were doing wrong!"

"Yes, Edward, I did know it, and felt that I must suffer for all my sins, yet I went on and on, until now I can go no further. The body refuses to serve me, and I have no power to compel it as in the past. The dark angel who stood by me at the altar stands beside me now, and laughs in derision as I have laughed at you. If I had only cherished the white dove of my nature, as you have done, the blackness of despair would have no power to close about me now. The evil that I have done has become a fire that is consuming me. My broken limbs are as nothing compared with the misery that the past and its stinging memories are bringing up before my sight. I see my acts written everywhere in letters of fire, and from them comes a voice which says, 'These are yourself, they will live. Your acts are the self of you that cannot be blotted out. Now you see yourself as you are, and the sight condemns you.' Edward, for-

give me for what I have done. The memory of your words will be like drops of cool water on my burning brow."

His heart was melting with compassion, and tender with forgiving love, and he quivered under a sense of his helplessness to save her even one pang in this terrible hour. "Oh, that I had knowledge that I could save you from this awful pain!" he exclaimed.

"Not the pain that this can relieve," she said, refusing the potion he offered. "It is as if I were upon a vast plain, and a burning sun was scorching me to death. Yet I know that the soul is not dying. I know that I must live on. Oh, Edward, if all the world could see what I am suffering for my own acts; if my sufferings could convey to others that every act brings its own reward; if they could know the terrors of the fire that is consuming me, and I could know that I had helped by warning them, the agony would not be so great."

Her eyes burned with the light of madness. "Let all the world know of my misery, that they may shun the evil which has brought me to this hour of despair; and I cannot free myself for one moment."

She half rose on the pillow, with a despairing gesture. "Move the light, Edward, move the light; I cannot bear it. No, no, not that light, it is a fire that is burning in my soul as my body is going farther and farther from me. I see it going, but I have no power, I cannot hold it back. I am helpless, oh, so helpless. Can you not do something for me? Do not let me sink utterly into this scorching heat, these devouring flames. Save, Edward, oh, save me, if only for a moment."

Edward again held the glass to her lips, but she pushed it aside. "Not that, not that," she cried, "it will not give me rest. Something better than that. Something

that will save my soul. Too late! Too late!" She gasped as the arm fell by her side. "I am lost!"

The terrible spasm seemed to pass. Her physical agony abated, and she grew more calm.

"Edward, I saw it all when I was dashed between the rocks, and lay beneath the horse," she said, looking up again, and speaking with an effort. "While I lay there, a voice said, 'Your time has come. You must now give up the body. Your opportunities for doing good while upon earth are past. You chose evil rather than good. Every one receives a reward according to the deeds done while holding the body.' While I lay there, I lived a million years in a few moments. Every act of my life took a shape and stood out before me as if to mock me. Then for a time all was dark. But now, Edward, now they return to mock me and I cannot escape. I see myself naked, with nothing to cover me; nowhere to hide. I cannot, I will not go. Hold me back, hold me back, I am going mad! Hide me from this fearful sight."

She stared into space; the paleness of death settled upon her features and soon all was still. For a few moments Edward waited, then leaning over her placed his hand upon her brow, but quickly drew back. The soul had fled. That which should have bloomed in Paradise with the sons of God and the Holy Angels, had gone to account for its deeds while upon earth.

Edward gazed upon the cold clay with a sorrowful heart. No feelings of rapture or joyful emotions of relief thrilled him at the thought of his freedom, as they might once have done. The despairing cry of a passing soul still rang in his ears, but silence stole in as those passionate echoes died away—stole into the room like a blessed messenger of peace and found him alone with his dead. He sank down on the stool beside the table and tried to

think, but darkness seemed to close him in on every side. Suddenly the black shadow dispersed and the room was illumined with a soft mellow light. He felt that Blanche was at his side. This time he could not see her; he only felt her presence for his eyes seemed blinded. Then she seemed to smile. "Edward," she said, "you will return again to the world. Many need the help that you can give them. Your experiences will assist others upward to a higher plane of thought, the true life has dawned in thy soul. Faustine awaits thee. She will bring a joy and fullness into your life that will lighten your darkest hours. Hasten to her."

As he listened, he was conscious of a striving to penetrate and disperse the thick mist that surrounded him. Oh, that he might see her, the white angel of his earthly life.

"Edward," the voice went on, "you can be one with me, in thought. When thine heart is perfected, and ready to receive divine truth as set forth from the angelic plane, then can the earth life become one with the heavenly, and understand the true meaning of what it receives; but when we only partially understand a problem, we are not perfect in knowledge as one who fully understands it. Look, therefore, beyond external things. Search not among the records of others for your knowledge. True wisdom can only be imparted to thee by the thinker of every thought. There are not two thinkers; only one Eternal, the true loving God, who imparts knowledge to all. He says, 'Let there be light,' and if the instrument has prepared itself aright, it will receive the light of understanding. With the physical eye you see only that which belongs to the earth. If you would see thought, which is the soul-life, you must see it on the soul plane."

Edward felt like a prisoner behind the bars, held against his will. He would have broken the chain that bound him if the power had been his, even if he had snapped the thread of his life with it. But his friend and teacher had told him that we are only as children going to school. We have come upon the earth for our experience, and if we lay down the body before that experience is gained we are like a child who leaves school before his education is completed. We go forth from this existence unarmed, for a battle with new difficulties, may be trampled down and overcome by those who have finished their studies and received their diplomas.

For a moment his earthly fetters seemed to fall, and he felt light and free. The room was flooded with a soft radiance. Again he heard the sweet voice speak his name. Turning, he beheld Blanche standing near, radiant with spiritual light. Often as he had seen her, he perceived that a marvelous change had passed over her. Every earth shadow was withdrawn, and she stood forth as one clothed in eternal youth. The form was transparent and far lovelier than she appeared that morning among the flowers when he thought himself free. His first desire was to fold her in his arms, but as the thought went forth, a veil was drawn between them, the light faded and he was again alone with his dead wife. The selfish desire had done its work. For the first time he fully realized the words of his friend, "To live in desire is to live in death." Now he saw plainly the magnitude of the work to be accomplished in his own being. He had desired to possess a treasure. In one moment the cup was dashed from his lips. Again she had been with him, as real as in life. His desire was to her, not to the Divine Giver of all perfect gifts. Again he had been punished and his misery was complete in awakening from the effulgent

brightness of such a vision into the chill presence of death. The words of an ancient writer, "Kill out desire," came to him with a new force and meaning. Henceforth he would live in the eternal Now, with no desire for the future. If his present work should be to lay the foundation for a week, a year, or even a century, he would perform it faithfully, but to the exclusion of desire. Now he fully understood the words of Jesus, "Take no thought for the morrow," for by taking thought for the future we lose the blessing of the present hour.

A tap on the door disturbed the train of his thoughts. The voice of old Joe came faintly to his ear. "May I come in, Captain?"

"Yes, Joe," responded Edward. Joe entered. The old man's face was strangely pale. "What has happened Joe?" asked Edward.

"Strange things, Captain," said Joe.

"Yes, Joe," and Edward pointed to the bed. The old man glanced at his face and read the solemn story of the night, and bowed his head in silence.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, in a low, startled tone. Reverently the old man removed his hat, as Edward sat with bowed head. It is the instinctive tribute of the living to the dead; this silence that hushes the idle word and arrests the busy hand in the presence of its chill mystery.

Joe was the first to break the silence, for he had something to tell, and questions he wanted answered.

"Captain, I've been in the mountains off and on for sixty years," he said slowly, "but I've never seed anything like I have to-night! I was sitting over on the big rock, so's I could see you if you come out an' wanted me. All to once your cave seemed to be in a blaze of light and I heard such a lot of voices singing. Then it a

went dark again. I was just rubbin' my eyes to be sure I wasn't asleep, when I looked up and there stood a man. He had come as still and sudden as a ghost. I knew he warn't any of the boys, or of our sort, the minute I see him. I ain't no coward, as you know, Captain, but I didn't want him to know just how I did feel. So I said, 'Hold on, stranger, what are you doin' here?' He didn't say a word; jest smiled, and I shan't forget that smile, if I live in these mountains two hundred years. It was like as if the sun was peepin' through black clouds after a big storm. He could see that I was a bit scared, and yet I warn't really afraid, but I had nothing to say. Then he spoke, 'I am here to see you.' That only puzzled me more. 'Me?' I said. He nodded. 'You have a friend livin' in the cave across there,' he said, pointing straight to the door. Then, Capt'n, I tell ye, I was up in a minute. I hadn't any fear then. I s'picioned right away that he was one of them chaps that come in the party with the woman, and was huntin' you for no good purpose. 'What do you want to know 'bout him?' I said, pretty stiff. Then he gave me another of them smiles, and I knew he warn't no enemy.

"'You are a friend to the one livin' in the cave. You call him Captain. He is about to leave you.' Captain, ye could have knocked me down over the ledge with a feather. I almost fell off'n the rock, with the suddenness of it, but he didn't take a bit of notice—kept right on talkin'. 'Go to the cave at once,' said he. 'Tell him to look at the rock in the left corner. There he will see the mark. Help him to move the stone,' said he. 'There he will find gold for his journey. He must be on the mountain by sunrise.' Something seemed to move behind me. I looked round and when I turned to him again, he wasn't there, and nowhere could I see a livin' soul." The old

man paused and look at Edward with an expression of appeal. "Captain, what do it all mean?"

As Joe related his story, Edward again perceived the necessity of being centered in our thought. Joe had his attention drawn to something behind him, and in his curiosity to see it, had lost sight of his companion. The lesson emphasized what he was daily learning, to gain freedom from desire.

The look in the old man's face aroused him. He was waiting an answer.

"You are ready to obey the stranger by helping me to remove the stone?" he asked, with a reassuring smile that helped to banish the old man's perplexity. His Captain was evidently undisturbed by the mystery; that was as satisfactory as an explanation.

"But do you think the gold is really there, Captain?" Edward nodded.

"And will you really go away?"

"Yes, Joe, and what I leave undone, you will do for me. If this stranger becomes your friend as he has been mine, obey his slightest command, and you will find it more to you than to be in possession of all the gold in these mountains."

"Captain, I don't understand you."

"I have no time to explain, old friend," said Edward. "When you find your soul reaching out and longing for that knowledge which is pure gold, not of this world, then will you find in him a friend in need, one who will help you to gain that wisdom which brings everlasting happiness. If you gain that, you will no longer desire to possess yourself of things which soon must pass away. While I have been in this cave, I have found the true riches, that wealth, which cannot be taken from me. If he who has been my friend does not forsake you when I am

gone, you are most fortunate. Dark clouds of trouble or perplexity will vanish like smoke driven before the wind and you will behold the dawning of a brighter day. You will know then that man is born to inherit life, not death. Shall we move the stone now?"

Edward glanced for a moment at the still form on the bed, and whispered, "This work *must* be done first, Joe."

Great soul, thou sittest with me in my room
Uplifting me with thy vast quiet eyes,
On whose full orbs with kindly luster lies
The twilight warmth of ruddy ember gloom.
Thy clear strong tones will oft bring sudden bloom
Of hope secure to one who lonely cries.
Yes, the few words which, like great thunderdrops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,
Serene and pure like gushing joy of light,
Shall track the eternal chord of Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

CHAPTER X

As Faustine left the room, Marcellus felt a strange calm stealing over his unrest. He sought the privacy of his chamber, but not to sleep. He took up his Bible, and becoming absorbed, read on and on, unmindful of the passing of time. The Scriptures conveyed to him new and more significant meanings than ever before. The mists of doubt were clearing away, and passages that before had been vague or unreasonable, now became lucid, appealing to that which was awakening within, with peculiar force. He read the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The question arose, "What is it to be born again?" It must involve a new life, seeing and comprehending in a new light.

As thoughts crowded in upon him he saw all things anew. He saw God as the Supreme, Universal, Self-existent and Eternal Cause, in all and through all life. "Can it be real?" he cried aloud, wrestling still with spectral doubts that intruded against his will; "or is it perhaps a delusion of the imagination for man to believe in such a glorious destiny as immortality and eternal unfoldment after the destruction of the visible universe, when material creation has entered into oblivion and become lost in the darkness of unending night; can it be true that man lives on and becomes a partaker in the grandeur and glory of Him who created him? If man believed in a Higher Life as he believes in the visible world, would not the realization become of such vast and over-powering importance, that all things would bend to

his purpose of attaining unto it? Would the petty matters of daily existence be suffered to distract his attention and weaken his grasp until he fell defeated by the way-side?

For a time he sat lost to himself in the contemplation of his thought and the mighty hope that it presented to view. If man will work in oneness with the great Omnipotence, what can he encounter that can defeat him? When he overcomes the creature, what is greater than he can become? What can man hope to gain by the utmost triumphs of his pride and self-will, that the true loving God is not able to make of him?

God enters into the heart of His Creation and holds audible communion with us when we are freed from the slavery of our selfish desires. But in the face of all this infinitude of promise and pleading and sacrifice of Divine love, we live without God, without hope, without upward striving, without lifting our soul from the groveling things of earth.

After long reasoning, Marcellus felt the descent of two white-winged messengers, Peace and Love, coming; and their presence brooded over the house that night, giving evidence of their nearness to its inmates.

To Marcellus, the truth of the words "seek and ye shall find" came with special force, and with it came that illumination of soul, and influx of wisdom, that ever rewards the earnest seeker after truth.

As morning dawned his new Peace became still more real; he felt nearer to Faustine than any earthly love could have drawn him. He knew that nothing but his own acts could separate them, for they were now united upon a plane where worldly thoughts cannot enter.

Andrew had called early in the afternoon to see Mary, informing her that he would be detained that evening on

a visit to the prison, where one of his clients was confined.

"Darling," he said at parting, "I know that God hears the prayers of the pure and the true; pray for me while I am in the jail with the unhappy man."

When Mary retired to her room early that night, it was not to sleep. She sank into a reclining chair and resting her arms upon a small table at her side, petitioned earnestly for the protection of the man who was so dear to her. She knew that Andrew was now in the prison with the culprit. Since she had talked to him so much regarding the efficacy of prayer, he had come to believe in soul communion. He had desired her prayers and she would pray for him with a full heart.

"O God of time and of eternity," she prayed, "Thou incorruptible Fountain, whence is derived all that is good, pure and true, Thou inexhaustible Spring, whence flows all that is to be desired in heaven and on earth, with delight I recognize and worship Thee in all Thy creations. Let his heart be opened to receive Thy love that is dawning into men's hearts; let Thy life take possession of him; flow through him, that he may do ——" Her head sank upon her breast, and one observing her would have thought she slept; but her soul was in the prison by her beloved's side, as she evoked the heavenly blessing.

As Andrew bent over the unhappy man stretched upon the floor of his cell, he felt an ineffable calm steal into his soul. He knew that Mary was beside him in thought; that the divine spark of heavenly love was kindled in both hearts, but he was not ready, like Marcellus, to give up earthly ties when the divine light dawned in his soul. He still felt that he was dependent upon those things that minister to the senses and that fancy creates. He longed

for earthly pleasures and felt that his happiness depended upon their possession.

How long Mary sat thus she did not know, but the first rays of a New Dawn were stealing into the room when she crept into bed, and when Anna entered she excused herself for not going down to breakfast that morning.

When Faustine appeared, the glow in her brilliant eyes testified that her rest had been peaceful and refreshing.

When Marcellus entered, he felt that he had passed from darkness into light. The usual greetings over, he relapsed into silence. Faustine perceived the light of a new-born joy beaming from his eyes. She did not wish to break the chain of his thought, for she knew that by much speaking we lose blessings that we might win if we listened more in silence.

When they arose from the table, Faustine extended her hand, saying, "Peace be with you through the day's labors, my brother." Marcellus took it without raising his eyes. "Amen," he said reverently, and left the room.

Heart had spoken to heart, and silence was divinely eloquent of that which no words could convey.

Marcellus went to his work, but the light did not fade nor his vision grow dim. The more he thought of the grand life-work, and of his sister's vision the more clearly he saw that to that pure soul it was given to convey a great lesson to him. It opened avenues of perception that had been closed, and disclosed beauty of conception before unseen.

When Andrew entered the office he noted a marked change in Marcellus, a quietness of manner, a softer tone in the voice. "Faustine has given him hope," he said, smiling quietly to himself. "She will yield at last, after all her eloquent talk of devotion to her work. They all do. I thought she could not hold out. It was a charming

ideal picture for one strong to live up to it. Paul says it is better for some to marry, and I belong to that class. I think it better to have domestic happiness and a devoted wife, even if I must take a back seat as regards ideal morality. With Mary beside me, I shall be content whatever comes."

Thoughts like these were busy in Andrew's brain as he worked the morning after they had listened to Mary's vision, and he found himself longing for the hour when he could leave his office and call at Mary's home. He felt sure the engagement would be announced.

That afternoon when Marcellus reached home he found no one in the parlor, but was soon joined by Andrew, who was glad of his opportunity.

"I did not expect to find you alone," he said, smiling confidentially, but stopped embarrassed, as Marcellus looked up with a surprised expression, as if to say, "What is there remarkable in that?"

"Why, I don't know, but I expected,"—there was an awkward pause and Andrew laughed. "But I am really glad to find you alone," he said more collectedly, "I have been wishing to ask you a few questions for a long time."

"Well," said Marcellus, pleasantly, "what is it?"

"How can you ask such a question?" retorted Andrew.

"How can I answer, when I have not the slightest idea of the subject?" Marcellus replied, with an unconscious air.

"You surprise me," said Andrew, plunging at once into his subject. "You know how her philosophy is puzzling us."

"Who, and what do you mean by her?" inquired Marcellus, "Mary?"

"Mary, no, indeed, Mary is an angel of womanly

sweetness who would not puzzle anyone. Now, give me a candid answer; what is your opinion?" persisted Andrew.

"I do not know to whom you allude, unless it be to Faustine."

"It can be to no other," Andrew answered, "and now that we are alone, tell me of——" he paused.

"About Faustine, there can be but one opinion."

"You surprise me, Marcellus, but I suppose she will ultimately make converts of us all to this new religion," said Andrew.

"If by speaking the highest truth, and trying to bring about moral justice between man and man, I hope she will make converts of the whole world."

"Good," said Andrew, "I think the world has been slumbering long enough. We really need some one to arouse us from our sleep, spiritually speaking."

"After all," continued Marcellus, "what does one gain by always thinking and caring for self alone? But we have become so accustomed to this state of things that we think there is no way but that of grasping and accumulating."

"Self must be provided for, whoever suffers," asserted Andrew.

"That is not quite true," responded Marcellus, "but men are working up to higher thought purpose. When the spiritual rises above the intellectual, the old will die and slip away from us, like a worn-out garment. The New will then rise upon the ruins of the old and God will reign in every heart. Then will the 'lion,' which is the masterful and cruel element, and the 'lamb,' which is typical of meekness and innocence, lie down together, and joy will fill every heart."

"Marcellus, my boy, where are you going?" said Andrew, staring at him. "I never before heard you

soar off into the clouds like that, leaving us poor mortals to struggle with the actual."

"Why should we strive to possess ourselves of worldly accumulations," exclaimed Marcellus, "what The New Dawn will bring all to us? Money nor anything else of temporal value can buy happiness or spiritual wisdom, which comes only from aspiring spiritual thought. When we understand that action is controlled by thought; that our main duty is to watch our thought and the motive underlying it, then our acts will mold for good the lives of those to come after us. This is indeed a large subject. In view of our own past acts and those of our fathers before us, we can estimate their relation to our present lives. What seed are we sowing at present? Do we, who consider ourselves the chiefest amongst God's creatures, bear out the grand design in daily living? Do not many of us pass our needy brothers in the streets, without rendering any assistance? but thank God for our comfort? Not one thought which bears fruit in Christ-like deeds of benevolence for others. God said, 'blessed are the poor' and 'what ye do unto these, ye do unto me.' Have we not wilfully ignored the commands and duties enjoined upon us, shifting them upon others? And yet we marvel when wars, famine and pestilence sweep over our land with an effect more deadly than the dread sirocco of the desert! Oh, Andrew, we have been blind too long, but thank God the dawn of a brighter day is upon us."

Mary's entrance prevented a reply and Marcellus walked to the window, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"I suppose you have been out shopping, this beautiful day," remarked Andrew, still retaining Mary's hand in his own. "The fashionable world is out in force and the display of new costumes is unusually fine, with a corresponding profusion in the shop windows." Per-

haps she might have detected a mischievous sparkle in his eyes, if observant.

"No," she said, with demure frankness, "I have been with Faustine and she does not approve of going idly through the shops, looking at goods one does not intend to buy."

"But Faustine is an exception," said Andrew, still smiling, though speaking in a more serious tone. "Having chosen the better part, she has discovered a world of beauty within, and is spared the restless wandering of those who search unceasingly for that which never satisfies, even when found."

A flush of pleasure rose to Mary's cheek. "I am rejoiced that you have discovered that," interposed Marcellus quickly. "You and I will become dwellers in that land of peace, shall we not?"

"Dear Andrew, you will be one with us in The New Dawn?" asked Mary, extending a hand to him half timidly, half persuasively.

"I hope so, darling," replied he with a sigh, as he took the offered hand, "but this is a highly practical age, you know. We are not satisfied with a blind following of any thought, however plausible. We must see and handle a thing before we believe."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Faustine.

"I hope you have not waited dinner for me," she said. "You know it is a greater pleasure to wait than to sit down without you," said Marcellus. "Come, Andrew, you will have dinner with us to-day, will you not?"

"Certainly he will," said Mary, taking his arm and leading the way to the dining-room, with hospitable promptness.

It was a happy party that sat down together that even-

ing. All were glad to hear from Faustine that the poor woman was about again, and able to care for her children as usual.

As they withdrew from the dining-room Andrew took a package from his pocket and presented it to Faustine, saying, "I think you will find something there which will be of service to the invalid, or some other of your patients."

Faustine soon excused herself on the plea of writing and other matters of importance.

Marcellus also withdrew on the plea of business, and Mary and Andrew were left alone for the evening. Their wedding day was drawing near, and Marcellus had consented to an addition of two pleasant rooms being made to the house, that they might still remain as one family. He wished above all to plan for his sister's happiness, and her taste had been consulted in everything.

The work was then in progress, and the two found the usual delight of lovers in the discussion of plans for their future happiness. When Faustine left them she repaired to her own room. It was situated above the parlor, and was the largest and most attractive apartment in the house. It had been allotted to her with affectionate consideration for her comfort, before she entered the house, Mary persisting in the arrangement, and finding a keen satisfaction in making it a place in which Faustine's refined nature and native love of the beautiful should find a keen delight.

Mary was at the piano in the parlor below, and as Faustine seated herself in silent meditation, the words of her favorite chant, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," were borne up to her in tones softly sweet. As she listened, she clasped her hands, reaching out as if into space, and her

soul cried out as does one who knows that a loved one is near to answer. "Oh, for that blessed rest! All-Wise Creator, I know that Thou alone canst give that rest, that perfect peace unto the soul. Help me, oh, help me, that I may find that rest in Thee. Draw me nearer, that at Thy feet I may lay every burden down. That I may live worthy to bear Thy name to those around me. Give, oh, give me wisdom, that others may see and partake of the great love which is so freely given to all. Let me hear Thy voice, O beneficent Author of this visible form. Let me again see that light that once shone into my darkness, that my soul may ever rest in Thee." Still the sweet voice at the piano went on, and the gracious words of promise, "I will give rest unto your souls," floated up to the room like spiritual forms. The words did breathe rest to the weary frame, but still the soul reached out unsatisfied as into the depths of an unfathomable sea. It still sought for those treasures of wisdom beyond the reach of the senses. She refused to be pacified until she could drink of the waters of life beyond the bounds of human conception, which only a true life can bring. The soul longed for life immortal beyond the reach of flesh and blood. She had risen in thought above earthly desires, and knew that the coveted knowledge might be found by those who diligently seek it.

Still the music of the chant stole up to her in tones strangely sweet. It grew in sweetness as she listened. Now the strains were blended with other voices. Voices not audible to the ear of sense mingled with them in glorious sound, in singular accord, and the room was filled with a sudden light. She clasped her hands, and sank to her knees, lifting her face to the radiant flood. "Glorious light," she cried, "illumine my darkness. I have no rest but in Thee." For a brief space the windows

of her soul were opened, and she saw the glory of the angelic world that lay beyond.

"Awake," she cried, "awake, oh, Life Divine! that I may rise and be with Him whom my soul seeks. Arise! Arise! and be with thy Creator. Rend the veil that hides Him from thee. Oh, thou great God of Love, hear me!"

For a moment she was conscious of a new and strange sensation. Her frame shook, and a drowsiness appeared to be depriving her of her usual power to think. She was weighed down with a weight that she could not shake off. Her breath came fast, then more freely, and with a sense of relief she felt like a bird soaring away in the air, though she knew that the body was quite passive and still. Now she felt possessed of power and strength such as she had never before experienced. She knew that the knowledge she sought was in her grasp, yet it could only be gained by strength of a spiritual will. Again she heard the words of the Master, as if they were sung in the air around her, "Seek and ye shall find."

A peculiar emphasis seemed laid upon the word, "shall"; "knock, and it *shall* be opened unto you." The words seemed to increase her power. She tried to press forward. "I will not be denied," she said, "I must, I will find the knowledge I seek."

A voice coming from she knew not whence, said, "What would'st thou?"

The voice seemed to stimulate and increase her spiritual strength and the power of her divine will, as she replied, "I seek the knowledge and wisdom of The New Life."

Again the voice spake, "Where would'st thou seek it?"

She replied, "Where only it is to be found, with the Living, Loving God at the Fountain of all Knowledge; I would see Thee, the One who talkest with me."

For a little while she was conscious of a growing change in her surroundings, as if a curtain or a veil were being gradually lifted, and the earth was receding from her. Then she became more fully conscious. The scene appeared to deprive her of the power to think. She held her breath in wonder and delight. She was surrounded with a splendor indescribable; a heavenly light shone around her.

As she gazed she realized that she stood forth a transfigured being, robed in a garment too bright for human eye to behold. A light surpassing that which mortal eye can behold surrounded her and filled space as far as she could see, while melodious strains that mortal ears do not hear made the air about her tremulous with vibrations of harmony. She thought, "The place is filled with the breath of God, the breath of God is life in motion."

As she became more accustomed to the light, she was conscious that the place was filled with life, moving and changing life. Forms, whose perfection of movement gave rise to harmonious sounds at every turn, moved all about her. "This," she thought, "this is what is called by some the music of the spheres." Language can but feebly portray the beauty of the scene or the marvels that came into her view. A vista of light seemed to open in the line of her vision. It was as though she were looking through a suddenly revealed archway, spanned by rainbow circles of glorious colors, and filled with brilliant light reaching outward into infinite depths, in which she saw still more brilliant depths of light, increasing in intensity as far as her vision could penetrate, and still increasing as if leading on and on toward the mighty source and center of light, motion, power and life.

Ethereal forms in ever-increasing numbers moved

about her in endless procession, like a river that ever flows, borne on clouds of light. At length she became conscious that one, robed like herself in shining vestments, was standing beside her. Perhaps she could speak with a being who could interpret what she saw! The thought thrilled her with joy. Her lips parted without effort, and she was conscious of giving forth her thoughts without speech. Then she perceived that she was upon a plane where thought was more potent than any spoken word; her thoughts went forth questioningly in this wise: "What is this scene of enchantment that I now behold? Reveal to me the secret of its glorious beauty. Is this the light that never ends? the light that will not grow dim with age? Is this that light eternal which is beyond all material things?"

The Being at her side answered, "No, light must give place to darkness." She turned, and as she gazed the form appeared to grow more brilliant, the face more divine. "Who art thou?" she questioned.

"For the present, call me Friend; let that suffice thee!"

"What is this glorious light? Will darkness have power to draw its sable mantle and obscure this brightness? Is not this the eternal day where reigns no night?"

Her companion answered, "No."

"Tell me, then, is it that purity where naught impure is allowed to enter?"

"No, it is infinitely more pure than purity."

"Is there aught that can exist more pure than purity?" she queried in astonishment.

"Yes, and by its power the worlds are framed. By its power thou standest here."

She said, "Breathe its name to me! that I may be the

messenger to bear it forth as on the wings of the morning. Oh, give it a name that I may understand!"

Her companion's face became illumined as if from within with growing brightness that baffled the gazer. His eyes rested upon her with a look at once solemn and sweet, and he said, "Love. Its name is Love. It is the Master's will made manifest in Creation."

Faustine clasped her hands, her eyes rested intently upon his face as he proceeded:—"You are now surrounded by Love's creation, and its light and beauty will never utterly fade from your memory while you dwell on earth. Love is the mover of all things, yet Love is no thing, but infinitely beyond and above all things. Creation is sent forth in Love, and all earth's children are free to act by its power; free to ascend or to descend in thought, as the power of Love prompts."

Faustine said reverently, "Divine Name, Thou art worthy of transcendent praise. Love! Love! spread forth the wings of thy mighty tenderness, and cover earth's weary ones with thy magic power, that they may feel the dawn of a Higher Life, the warmth from Thy mighty hand." Turning to her companion, she said, "Again I ask who and what art thou who dwellest in this mighty power of Love, surrounded by God's Light?"

He replied, "Think of me only as Friend; but this much I can tell thee now: I once wore the earth form and labored as thou art laboring in my Master's vineyard. The time came when I perfected the robe of flesh and was clothed in a more brilliant form than thou, mortal, canst yet behold."

Faustine asked, "Is there a heaven beyond this, where we can dwell?"

"Only ignorance prompts the words. Light is born out of darkness. When the true light of understanding

The New Dawn, enters into the soul of man, he will shake off the fetters that now bind him to death hell, and come to his true freedom where his soul will live forever."

"Shall I ever see and understand as you see and understand?"

"It is possible for you to realize this position. But hearken well: Be not wise in self-knowledge. Humility is the seal of progress. Be vigilant and watchful to discover your own mistakes, and avoid that of self-assertion, which, appearing wise, is often only ignorant. Humility and truth exist upon this plane, and only those who live the regenerated life can see the light which shines in the darkness and walk in the path that leads to life eternal."

"What is it that keeps the earth-man in darkness if he has the power to rise in thought and become one through love with a creation such as this?" she questioned.

"Man is satisfied with that which can be produced by physical agencies and therefore blind to the beauty and harmony of the life that lies beyond the reach of the mortal man."

"Why should the earth-man sink so low in vice, if he is created in the image of God?" she still inquired.

"The earth-man is not the man of God. His Maker is the man whom God created and sent forth in His own image."

"But the world does not understand it in that way."

"Because the world ignores the testimony of the Scriptures. God's creation is a complete work. Where decay and death exist perfection is not made manifest. The first chapter of John's gospel tells very plainly by whom the world was created. You build your school-house and send your children to school that they may become wise in the knowledge of their fathers. When man arrives at a certain stage in his unfoldment, he will

clearly perceive that our Creator creates worlds, and places his creations upon them, that through experiences they may come to know that they are one with Him. I in the Father and ye in me. Men are to-day lifting their thoughts and searching unceasingly for knowledge which will lead them to an understanding of The New Dawn. The Son of Man came to earth that creation might see, that a perfect spiritual structure, divinity in human form, could walk the earth and be one with man. The Son of Man is God with us. He has power to give life. He said, 'The words that I speak are life to all who receive them.' Has man on earth that power to-day? No, yet the possibility is within his reach. The Word that God sent forth in the beginning was His Son. With the Son's creation He gives life and with life free-will. But, however disobedient to the divine law of its Creator, God does not deprive the created of free-will. The law reads, '*According to thy acts shalt thou be judged.*' Thus by the acts done in the body do we stand justified or condemned. Thoughts of selfishness or hatred deprive the soul of that divine life whose spring is love."

"But why do we use the precious gift of life so unwisely?"

"Every thought sent forth has an effect upon others for good or evil. Thoughts are chains that link both soul and body to the plane toward which they are sent. Truly did the Master say, 'Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.' When man opens the door of his understanding, The New Dawn in its blessed fullness flows into his soul, he will live the regenerated life wholly, before all men, and show forth that beauty which is God's expression. Then shall we see Sons of God walking the earth and we shall be one with the Father."

"How can I be more conscious of this great God power?" said Faustine, earnestly.

"We cannot know anything in its practical realness until we have lived and tested it. Jesus came to earth for the experience that earth-life held for Him. Through that experience He gained knowledge of human imperfection and weakness, 'being tried and tempted in all ways as we are.' Therefore He is our guide and leader to take us back to the Father, that our home may be with Him. If we go in thought to the sacred mountains of God, He will hear your prayer and lead us unto Himself; but be sure that you leave all worldliness behind. Take no burdens to delay your steps, for the way is steep and difficult, and you may fail to gain the summit, if your thoughts are not fixed upon the one purpose—the salvation of your soul. Those who obey the commandments set forth in the New Testament are conscious of these things, whether in the body or out of it."

"How can I become more conscious of this great knowledge?" she pleaded.

"Again I will refer you to the Master's words. When the blind man came to him, he asked him, saying, 'Believest thou that I can do this?' The blind man answered, 'Yea, Lord, I believe'; thus the man's faith brought him to Jesus. When we go to the Father in prayer, we must believe in His power to hear, and in His willingness to grant our request. A questioner was answered, 'According to thy faith be it unto thee,' and immediately the blind man received his sight. When we reach out in supplication we must believe that we receive, and we shall receive according to our faith. But our life must be in accord with the word we send forth or the blessing cannot be received."

Faustine clasped her hands and raised her eyes as if addressing herself to a Being invisible.

"God of Love, with whom my soul delights to dwell; my thoughts shall mingle with Thine. Let me behold Thy glorious creation before the veil of darkness again clouds my understanding and I awake to the earth life." For a moment she closed her eyes to the dazzling light, and when she reopened them she found herself surrounded with forms, but so ethereal, so beautiful, that they were beyond description. As they moved about her, there were sounds as of singing and their voices made such glorious music as Faustine had never thought to hear.

As she gazed and listened, she perceived that the melody proceeded from their thoughts. The air was filled with their forms; substance seemed unnecessary for their support; their rhythmic motion produced exquisite harmony. Her robe, which before had seemed of dazzling brightness, paled in splendor when compared with the angelic radiance surrounding her.

Turning to her companion, she said, "Can earth mortals ever enjoy glory like this?"

He answered, "When the disciples of Jesus asked Him to teach them how to pray, He said, 'Pray to the Father that His kingdom come on earth, and that His will be done as it is in heaven.' Look," he said, and as he spoke he pointed to the center. What she saw passes description, but it filled her with delight and wonder. She desired to question concerning what she saw; perceiving her desire, he said, "Beyond this thou canst not go and return to earth. Remember that soul is the medium between the Creator and His Creation."

"Where is the home of the soul? has it a resting-place?" she queried.

Her companion smiled and said, "The habitation of

the soul is on the plane of union between the magnetic and physical planes." Upon earth you speak of loss of memory. Loss of memory is owing to disunion or imperfect union between soul and body, generally induced by the excitements of earth life; a love for the material greater than love for the spiritual. When man wakes to his real power he will send forth thoughts of purity and holiness, opening the avenue between himself and God. Then will he live, not in the past nor in the future, but only in the *Eternal Now*. Then is *The New Dawn* found.

A knock upon her door broke the spell. Faustine looked up. For a moment she did not realize that her companion was not like herself; flesh and blood, and looked round expecting to see him at her side, but he was gone.

All was still. The knock was repeated. The silence was broken; the chain snapped which had linked her soul with soul on the spiritual plane.

For a few moments she did not realize that it was but a vision; it was so real.

"I have heard of a mystic organ
Which God's own hand hath sealed;
Not a single note from its silent keys
Through the long dim years has pealed.
The hands of angels are searching
To waken the strains sublime,
That shall make glad tidings echo
Through the corridors of time."

CHAPTER XI

The knock came again, and Anna's voice said, " Miss Faustine, are you ill? It is past ten o'clock, and my mistress sent me to ask if you wished for anything? "

" No, thank you, Anna," replied Faustine, without rising to open the door. " Tell your mistress that I am quite well. Please do not ask me any more questions."

Anna departed, but the spell was broken and the silence gone. Faustine composed herself and listened for the voice of her companion, but all was silent. She was once more alone and alive to her material surroundings.

She rose and took up her pen to record the beautiful part in her vision while it was still fresh in her memory. Soon there was a gentle knock on her door, and Mary's sweet voice once more disturbed the silence.

" Faustine, darling, it is nearly twelve o'clock and you have had no breakfast. I fear you are ill. Do let me come in, darling sister, only for a moment."

" Sweet sister, I am writing. I wish to be alone a little longer, then I will come to you."

The loving girl wafted a silent kiss to her invisible friend and left her without speaking. All was evidently well with Faustine, and it was enough that she desired seclusion. Faustine regretted being disturbed, but not an impatient thought ruffled her.

" The loving hearts miss me," she reflected, with a thoughtful smile, " and I am reconciled to all that happens. Perhaps the friend will come again," she thought. She wrote on rapidly, until a clear outline of all she could

remember was put upon paper. Then she went down to Mary, who clung to her with the fondness of a child to its mother; she drew her down to her side on the sofa and kissed her fondly, saying, "As I look into your eyes, dear, I know you have not been ill. The light there is more brilliant than I have ever seen it. Oh, Faustine, what a happy Life, and it is mine. And you are writing something for your beautiful book this morning?"

"Yes, dear; do not ask me anything about it just now. Sometime soon you shall read it and it will give you satisfaction."

Faustine went into the parlor, and presently Marcellus entered.

"I am glad to find you at home," he said, his face lighting up with an expression of pleasure. "I had a strange experience last night. I wish you could tell me what it means."

"If you will be patient," said Faustine, gravely, "the one who gave you the experience will give you the interpretation. When we ask mortals to interpret what the angels bring to us, it deprives the message of its power, and we lose a blessing."

"Faustine, I am answered," he bowed without further comment.

"Marcellus," continued Faustine, "none can enter into the kingdom of knowledge except he is baptized with the Spirit of Truth and Love. Fear not, my brother, none ever seeks in vain; though we toil long, the day will dawn, when our desires will be revealed to us."

Mary ran into the room while they were talking, her face aglow with smiles.

"Oh, Faustine dear, do come and see the beautiful flowers which Andrew has sent me," putting an arm about Faustine and drawing her toward the door.

"Cannot I see them also?" said Marcellus, with an injured air well assumed, for her sisterly neglect.

Only one day intervened before the wedding ceremony. It had been arranged that the function should be a quiet one. Mary wished to be married at home, with only a limited number of personal friends present. She did not even care for the customary wedding trip. There was to be a quiet little dinner party, with Faustine, Marcellus, and a few intimate friends as guests.

Through that intuitive knowledge possessed by but few, Mary shrank from a public or pretentious solemnizing of a union which, being of the heart, is naturally of a retiring nature. She avoided the critical inspection of the curious, and the cynical smile of those not included in the golden circle of newly wedded love, and also the presence of those who could not share her joy. She desired only those of her friends who, through love for her, could understand her feelings.

"I know you will agree with me perfectly in this, dear Andrew," she said to her betrothed, "you know how I love my home, Marcellus and Faustine, and do not desire to leave them even for a week."

Could she have asked anything upon the eve of her marriage that he would not have granted, with her sweet face lifted to his, as he saw it on that day, a mirror of ideal virtues, and reflecting perfect trust in him?

It was all arranged that there should be only the little dinner party, and the generous allowance allotted for their traveling expenses was handed to Faustine, to distribute to those in need.

As Marcellus gazed upon his little sister in the guise of her new dignity, and aflush with her deep happiness, his heart was filled with joy that hers was so full, and

that his own life had been blessed with such companionship at a time when he had been passing through a period of restlessness, seeing the apparently unattainable afar off.

Weeks went quickly by during which the household adjusted itself gracefully to the new order, and Mary quietly settled down to her housewifely duties as to the manner born. Not a murmur escaped her although her duties were multiplied and her burdens increased. Scarcely a year passed before she became a mother, and the frail girl grew daily more delicate, until she looked as if a breath of wind would waft her beyond the reach of the loving arms that enclosed her.

As she sat, holding her tiny boy in her arms, the baby face resting against her shoulder, one looking into the smiling faces, side by side, saw a strong resemblance between them. She had wished her little son to be called Marcellus, and his resemblance to her brother was marked from the first. He was a fine, noble looking child and grew fast. The infantile expression faded and soon he was a babe no longer. His large, dark eyes had a far-off gaze, and a wise smile often played about his mouth, that set his elders wondering what this child was to become in the future.

Two years passed and Mary holds another tiny baby form in her motherly arms. Its name is Faustine, and it bears a strong resemblance to her beloved sister. As the delicate mother placed her new-born child in the arms of Faustine, she had said, "See, dear, she is very like you, her beautiful gold-brown hair, her eyes and her smile, are all like you, and she is yours, dear, in a deeper sense as well. I fear I shall not be here long to protect her. I have tried so hard to live a Higher Life but so far I have failed. Let her be called Faustine.

Dear sister, give her your name that it may be a sign of adoption, and lead her to the Master's feet."

Thus the little new-comer was named Faustine, and as the months went by, the child grew in loveliness as she grew in stature. The children seemed to bring with them an atmosphere all their own, and special joy and brightness to the inmates of the dwelling. Wise beyond his years, little Marcellus propounded to his uncle many a question that taxed all his philosophy to answer; and his grave replies when he was asked what he thought of such and such things, puzzled his questioners.

He early constituted himself the guardian of his little sister, and took upon his small person the task of teaching her to walk, guiding her faltering steps across the room with a grave carefulness that gave the onlooker the impression that he was much older than his years.

As little Faustine grew in gentleness and beauty, she seemed the guardian angel of the household. As the elder Faustine sat beside their bed, she often heard angel voices as if singing the babes to sleep; and she herself was supremely happy.

One night after she had left the bedside of the tiny sleepers, and gone to her room, she saw the child radiant and beautiful, wandering in dark places, among rocks, carrying a bright light above her head. Not a word was spoken to her, but Faustine knew the child had come to earth as a messenger of glad tidings, and that her work would be to carry the glad tidings into dark places and give cheering words to the weary ones of earth. In the morning she related to Mary her dream. "Fear not for baby, darling sister," she said, "she will carry a message of love, and comfort many weary hearts."

From the time that little Faustine was born, little Marcellus had shared his uncle's room. The child had desired

it from the first awakening of his affection for others. He loved his father, but something in Marcellus drew his namesake to him, until the two were quite companions, and if there was a problem to solve he went to his uncle.

The room between Mary's and Faustine's had been chosen for the children, and Faustine's door was never closed at night, so that she could hear the slightest noise in the room.

Always when she had been watching with the sick, and returned during the early hours, she went to the little one's bedside and kissed the baby face, before removing her wraps.

One evening, during Faustine's absence, Mary's door into the child's room was left open. When Andrew came home that night, Mary had retired, and he went into his little daughter's room to kiss her good-night. When he reached the threshold he started back with a cry that brought Mary to his side. His hands were pressed to his eyes, and in reply to Mary's startled inquiry, he said: "When I looked into the room it was illumined with a light more brilliant than electric radiance, and beside baby's bed I saw a beautiful woman standing clothed in white, holding a lamp above her head and looking down at her. Oh, Mary, Mary, our little Faustine is going to die," cried the strong man breaking into sobs, "and I cannot bear it. I cannot, I will not give her up. She is mine! I will not let her go!"

Half beside himself, he sprang to the bedside and caught the sleeping child in his arms, as if to protect her.

"Dear Andrew," said Mary, with difficulty controlling her own sudden apprehension, "do not frighten her. She has had a little fever to-day, but I am sure it will pass.

I know she is safe, for has not Faustine often seen the same vision?"

Somewhat pacified, he laid the child in bed and covered her carefully with the clothes, caressing the sweet little face and covering it with warm kisses.

"Why is not Faustine here to-night?" he cried, his thoughts turning to her with an appeal, as to one who had power to avert and save. "Why is she so much away when we need her so sorely?"

"Dear Andrew," said Mary, remonstratingly, "think of the unfortunate ones who need her far more than we. We are strong and can call upon Him who never fails to hear our cry when we are in trouble."

"No, Mary, no," he said, still unsatisfied, "I can't give her up; we must not be alone. I will go and bring Faustine home."

"Do not think of it," said Mary, "see how late it is, and really, Andrew, baby is all right. See, she is fast asleep again. Go, dear, get your rest. You will feel better in the morning."

She bent over and kissed the sweet face on the pillow, with a mother's prayer in her heart. "The Father who sent her to us will take care of her," she said trustfully.

"Darling little wife," said Andrew with a pang of self-reproach, "go back to bed. You look like a ghost yourself. I shall sit up with her to-night. I will not leave her side until Faustine comes."

"Then move the lounge here, and sleep beside her," said Mary with wifely thoughtfulness.

"No, I could not sleep," he cried. "She might leave me while I slept. No, darling, no, I shall watch."

He prevailed upon Mary to return to her room. With her customary trust, she felt that if the Father had called for her baby, no earthly power could hold her back; but

does not the truth teach life, not death; she felt also that she was not going to die.

Andrew returned and took up his post beside the bed. He loved his little daughter with a passionate affection, and as he thought of the possibility of her being taken from him, his heart rose in rebellion. "Oh! that it was morning; that the night were passed and Faustine was here!" he cried. He felt that all would be safe with Faustine's presence among them, for she could explain to him the meaning of the mysterious appearance at the child's bedside.

As the years had rolled by during which he had observed Faustine's life and habits almost daily, his faith in her and her teachings had steadfastly increased. Her life corresponded with her words and he perceived that she drew her knowledge from a source not open to those living a sinful life.

As he sat with anxious eyes fixed upon the face of the sleeping child, his soul cried aloud, "Spare her, oh, God, spare my beloved child! Do not take her from me!"

For the first time the inward voice answered him. "Listen, selfish man! thou would'st not be satisfied with what is thine. Thou desirest what thou canst not give."

It was so real that Andrew looked around, as if one stood beside him, and yet the voice was not audible. The words spoken addressed themselves not to the outer sense but to the inner consciousness, yet his heart made instant reply, "*She is mine!*" he said, "she is as pure and as true as the angels."

But no sooner were the words uttered than he felt that his impulsive words had provoked a smile in the room. Then the answer came.

"If I leave to thee the form which thou claimest as thine, wilt thou be satisfied? But the immortal essence

which enters into the vessel, giving it life; that life which returns thy smile, what control hast thou over that?"

He stared at the child, scarcely drawing his breath, the shock of the words which thundered in his heart had a new meaning. What power had he to hold this child?

"Yes, gaze upon her," the voice said, "and say what part of her is thine? What hast thou done more than a servant who prepares the vessel for his master's use? Who may command Him, whether He shall leave the vessel full or empty? Hast thou power to control the acts of thy Creator? Will any word of thine wake the slumbering form of the dead and give it life? Oh, man, man, who thinkest thyself so wise, so powerful, where lies thy power?"

Andrew had closed the door leading into Mary's room, so he was alone with the child. A deep sense of his own inability to hold that life in his grasp, even for a moment, came over him. The thought, "Should the Creator stretch forth His hand to take it?" was to him like a death-blow. A sense of his own nothingness beside the resistless strength of Omnipotence deprived him of power to think or act. He sank weak and helpless to the floor beside the bed.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "Great, Just and Wise! What am I that I should presume to boast of my strength. Forgive, oh, forgive the errors of my ways. I see that unless Thou puttest forth Thy mighty hand, from which man receives his life, he is as the tree that is hewn down in the forest, lifeless to think, and powerless to move. In Thy wisdom Thou hast given man power over the clay, but not over the spring that flows into the vessel. It is true that I can hold the clay, but it would molder in my grasp, the life would escape me. Give, oh, give,

continued life, that this vessel may be used to Thy honor."

Again the answer came: "When I give life I also give free-will, and I have no control over the vessel except to withdraw the life. If this vessel, which thou callest thine, should use the life to dishonor, dost thou then desire its life to be continued?"

Such a thought had not entered into Andrew's brain. Quicker than a lightning flash came a vision of the courtroom with many criminals arraigned at the bar, among them degraded women pouring forth hysterical shrieks and cries. With a shudder he heard muttered oaths and curses burst from their lips, and traced them back with an instant impulse of thought, to the innocent babe on its mother's breast, like the one before him now. An agonizing thought rent his soul. For a few years he knew that she might be his, but over her future he could have no power. In view of his helplessness before such a fact, coupled with its menacing significance, the pangs of hell tortured his heart and his agonizing frame stood still.

For three years he had watched this beautiful child unfold like a rare and perfect flower, and he had said in his heart, "Mine! mine! all mine!" Now this cup of proud security was dashed from his lips and he saw the truth. He was not her Creator, as his heart had boasted. He held not absolute power to keep her at his side for a single second. He realized that there is a power greater than his; a power over which he had no control. As he gazed upon the child, he thought, could my vision reveal to me the dishonor possible within the scope of her free-will that others had reached? "Oh, God!" he cried aloud, in agony of soul, "what can I do? spare me! oh, spare me!"

The cry awoke the sleeping child, and she laid her tiny

hand upon his bowed head. Whenever the children had not felt well Faustine had been in the habit of soothing them with gentle words, saying she would pray that the pain might leave them, and teach them words of the true life, wherein there is no pain.

With that sweet, comforting impulse, the child of three laid her hand upon his head, and in her lisping voice said, "Baby pray for papa."

Andrew caught the little hand and covered it with kisses, crying with strong sobs and tears. "Oh, God, oh, God! she is Thine. Do with her as Thou wilt."

The soul in a moment gave the overtaxed brain relief, the body rested and he fell to the floor in a death-like swoon. The child rose from her little bed and sitting upon the floor beside him, raised his head upon her knee. When Faustine entered the room a few minutes later, the sweet baby smile greeted her.

"Papa ill," lisped the child, "and baby is singing to make him better, like Faustine makes baby better."

They had always called the little one "baby" from her birth.

Faustine took the child in her arms, kissed the sweet lips, put her into bed and tucked the clothes carefully around her. Then she turned to Andrew and succeeded in arousing him. He glanced at her with a vacant expression, then at the bed.

"Papa's better now," said the smiling mouth on the pillow.

Andrew arose without a word, and taking the little one in his arms pressed her to his breast. "Oh, God of love!" he said reverently, "I thank Thee, I thank Thee. I will believe, I do believe!"

He laid the child in her bed and kissed the sweet face with emotion. Then he buried his face in the pillow

beside hers. Faustine did not speak for she was deeply touched. She saw that the Spirit of Peace brooded over the house, and she would not disturb him. The hand of a little child was leading him into the light and beauty of that divine life—the kingdom of heaven within his own soul. By the magic of her great love she drew him to the Master's feet where he could find rest.

Faustine had seen in him a desire to know the truth, but she also knew that hitherto the man had placed all his trust in his own strength, the potency of flesh and blood. She had thought that the soul's awakening would come with Mary's departure, for the frail little wife and mother seemed drifting from them, and she saw that nothing but divine power could save her.

During the past five years Andrew had taken her to the most learned physicians for advice, but it was of little avail. The soul seemed almost ready to leave her tenement; she had no desire to travel, so they rested and waited.

The child had fallen asleep, and as Andrew arose and turned toward Faustine, she saw that the battle had been a severe one. His first words as he held out his hand to her, made her rejoice over the victory so far gained.

"Sister," he said, "this night has proved the truth of your words, 'God is greater than man with all his boasted knowledge and power.' Last night I felt indignant because you were not at hand in my extreme anxiety. Your aid and counsel seemed indispensable, but I know now it was in the divine plan that you should be absent. I had trusted to you to do my work. Last night God awoke me from my selfish dream, and to-day I know that I am powerless without Him. I thought until then that this child was mine. Now I know that she is His. I will live the truth as you live it, and it shall be my duty

to forever hold all for Him; His vessels to use as is best. I will try to be no longer master but servant, ready to serve in all that is entrusted to me; Sister, I know the loving God has heard our prayers."

"And is not the awakening a glad one?" said Faustine.

Andrew glanced down, as if dimly expecting to see a visible shape where he had lain. Looking smilingly, he said, "Yes, Sister, yes, I left the burden there."

"That is its place," said Faustine, with a significant smile, "on the ground beneath our feet. But as you rise in thought, my brother, you will find you are not serving a master but a Friend, and loving Father, whose heart is an abiding place for all who turn to Him; whose hand will guide us if we only trust in Him."

For some time they talked on, Andrew relating most of his experiences of the past night. Then he went to his room to prepare for breakfast.

When Faustine came in it was about six o'clock; she had returned from a night of watching. After Andrew had left her she sat still for a little time in reflection. "Dear Andrew!" she thought, "see that he is ready to give up the gratification of self and make the earthly vessel a vessel of honor, by living nearer to Him, which is the power of God unto salvation."

She felt inclined to remain in her own room for a few hours, for the awakened soul needs not the clatter of tongues to point out her duty. The watchman upon the tower is always ready to guide the traveler to his haven of rest. She leaned over the sleeping child and pressed a warm kiss upon the sweet lips, dewy with sleep. "Little angel," she said, "your work has begun early. May the light that shines in the darkness ever illumine your path."

She returned to her room, and as she was changing her garments Mary's gentle tap was heard upon the door. The next moment the two loving hearts were folded in each other's arms. Mary wept joyful tears as she said, "Oh, sister dear, the Master has called Andrew and he is ready to obey. Soon will the earth be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the mighty deep, truly The New Dawn has begun."

Faustine saw that the gentle soul was overflowing with gratitude and she let her talk on and on.

"At one time I thought I had committed a serious mistake, in marrying. I often asked for light, but no answer came, and I feared lest I had closed the door and would pass out of life in darkness, not in the beautiful light, as your mother did. As I have seen the light in your face, I have often felt that marriage was not the highest and best for all women."

Faustine looked down tenderly upon the upturned pleading face, as she said, "Marriage, dear little one, is the outer semblance and fulfillment of a greater, grander and more divine law than man is able now to conceive. It is authorized by divine power, and when the sacred laws regulating it are understood and lived, it becomes divine, bringing life, not death, to the earth. If we do our work faithfully and well, happy are we. The true wife and mother will wear a crown sparkling with many jewels. She will be held in high honor in the kingdom of her God. The law of marriage is not a false one, but the absence of its true observance in those who take its holy vows, causes the distress and discord we see around us. Very few think seriously of the divine part they are to portray, but assume its obligations that they may live to the gratification of the flesh, and they soon see the folly and wickedness of their acts. Instead of offspring sent

forth in love, they are oft conceived in bitterness and brought forth in remorse and hatred."

"That is a fearful picture, dear," said Mary, "but I feel that it is a true one. This morning as Andrew leaned over me and pressed a kiss upon my brow, (not a passionate kiss upon my lips) he said, 'Little wife, henceforth you shall be my sister; not that I shall love you less, but the Creation of God more. The life that is so fast fading from this vessel, shall be more sacred and precious to me that because I now see it as it is, only The Higher Life will cure all ills.' Oh, Faustine! the joy that filled my soul! You know I almost passed out when our little Faustine came into the world. I should not complain, dear, for she will do more good in the world than I have done. How I love that beautiful child! But I know that I could never endure such an ordeal again. This morning I had the assurance that henceforth Andrew's life will be given to the Master's work, not perverted by selfish passion, and I shall walk by his side."

The door opened and a beautiful boy of five entered. Faustine clasped him in her arms with motherly affection; and then his arms went round his mother's neck, and clung there caressingly.

"See, Auntie," he said, raising his small person to a dignified height, "I am almost as large as Mamma."

"Yes, darling, and you will always be as good as Mamma, won't you?"

The boy tightened his clasp on the slender form. "I will," he said with a manly assumption of dignity. "I love her more every day as I get larger. Uncle Marcellus says, if we are not good ourselves we cannot love those who are good and beautiful; and if I could not love you and Mamma, I am sure I should not want to stay here."

The children, with dispositions of unusual loveliness, grew in favor with all who knew them, and their physical beauty increased with their years; they were pictures rarely seen.

As time went on Mary grew stronger and more beautiful and cheerful. Marcellus had given up his office practice and dedicated his life to the service of humanity. He now went regularly to the Tombs with Faustine, to talk with the unhappy men and women who were separated from the outside world by prison bars; and many wept tears of joy that God had sent them such friends. His large experience and opportunities for studying human nature in his profession, rendered him a truer friend and a better teacher. Thus these people looked for his visits as for those of a friend who loved them for their own sake and desired to help them.

Andrew still remained in the legal profession for the support of his family, as a matter of duty, but as the years passed by, all perceived a marked change in his life and feeling. A New Dawn had burst forth for him—love divine filled his soul. It shone in his eyes and softened every feature and line of his face. All who associated with him observed a spirit of unflinching adherence to the principles of right, and his business friends saw in him that rare manhood that would not employ a falsehood even to secure much gain.

Still he prospered above many of inferior moral rectitude, and was envied accordingly. Some suspected that his marriage held the secret of his better life, and remarked with evident disfavor upon his unworldliness.

“If marriage makes such a change in a fellow, it were better to remain a celibate.”

Others said, “If to marry is to become like him, no better proof of a New Dawn and its elevating influence could be offered.”

"Come up and be dead
From your wearisome life below.
Come up and walk with a freer tread,
Where the cool soft breezes blow.
It's high, and the blue sky seems so near,
You can come and be dead and peaceful here.

Be dead to the falsehood, and ruth and wrong;
And close your ears to all weary sound;
And listen awhile to the peaceful song
The universe sings as it circles round.
And be like a little child at rest,
Quiet and calm on its mother's breast.

Dead to the world and alive unto God!
May we learn to live as the years roll by;
Climbing daily from smoke and sod,
Up to the broad roof nearer the sky
Where the inner vision shall clearer grow,
As the gates ajar swing to and fro."

CHAPTER XII

The earthly remains of Edward's wife were now buried from sight in a safe spot selected far away in the rocks by the mountain side. Only a large cross marked her last resting-place, and before the sun showed his glorious face above the mountain peaks Edward was in the saddle pursuing his winding way to the summit, leaving far behind the grand old mountains that had sheltered him so long, but would know him no more. The noble animal that had been faithful to him so long was possessed with almost human intelligence, and as he felt the weight of his master in the saddle, proudly tossed his head to the morning breeze and appeared happy that his master and himself were off for a tramp.

When the two friends were reunited, Joe had said to Edward, "Captain, you will be around with the boys more or less now, won't you? And you can't get about in these 'ere mountains without a horse. I've got one that's just your style. He made me think of you when I first saw him. I ain't had him long. I named him Prince on the spot just because he tossed his head so proud like, and seemed above the other horses, as if he didn't belong to them somehow."

Thus urged to accept, Edward yielded, and was again provided with an animal that seemed to love him with almost human affection.

This morning, as Edward turned in the saddle to take a last look at the place that was to know him no more, one looking at them would have thought that Prince

understood that they were leaving the spot, never to return. His large, serious eyes were often turned upon his master as he bore him swiftly onward on the wings of love.

Edward had learned from his friend the direction best for him to take at the outset, that was all. But he knew that long ere his journey had ended his friend would be with him, but where, when or how, he had not the remotest idea. A secret longing in his heart sent out the hope that when they reached the mountain tops, his friend would be there to send him on his journey with such words of counsel and comfort as his soul hungered after; there was a sadness in his soul that he felt the words of his friend would lighten; but this was not to be, and when night closed around him he sunk to the earth with a sigh. He felt sure he was in the direction mapped out for him as nearly as he could determine it, and he would be content.

Again the sun sank to rest, receding farther and farther behind the lofty peaks, until fully lost to view, and his friend came not. A radiant splendor tinged crags and peaks for hours after the glorious orb was veiled from sight; for hours Edward was lost in thought. At last, he aroused himself. "Not to-day," he said with a sigh, "but to-morrow; he may be with me to-morrow. I will hope."

Another day he rode on. His mind was busy; he had no thought of rest. Now they were slowly ascending. The mountains' lofty peaks loomed up forbiddingly before them as if barring the way which lay over their majestic steeps. Prince turned his great expressive eyes upon his master, and their language said more plainly than words, "Master, is it not time for us to rest?"

That pleading look recalled Edward to himself in a moment, and selecting a favorable spot, he sprang from

the saddle. "Yes, dear old fellow," he said, "you are tired; we will stop for the night. This is a very good spot for us to rest on, and there is something for you to eat." He threw off the saddle and let the animal feed at his feet. There was a small plot of grass and a cool mountain spring in this sheltered nook, as if nature had provided a merciful resting-place for man and beast in those lonely mountains, breaking a steady ascent of many miles.

Once more Edward raised his thoughts in thankfulness for this restful spot, but as he flung himself upon the grass he discovered that he had thought of nothing to satisfy his hunger. He had sent Joe away to the camp to avoid a leave-taking with his tried and faithful friend. Now he discovered how much he had needed his advice when leaving his cave.

"Dear old Joe!" he said to himself, "I have not you to think for me this time, and I really feel the need of food." Then he rose and refreshed himself at the cool spring. The past forty or fifty hours had been very full of changes. Strange events had so crowded one upon another that he had not had a moment for thought, but here in this quiet spot the mist was clearing away. He tried to collect his thoughts and said to himself, "There comes a time in every life when we must stand alone, face to face, with our Creator." For a few moments he closed his eyes; the spectacle of physical suffering, as witnessed in his unhappy wife, had proved unspeakably trying, and both soul and body were alike exhausted and needed quiet and rest. Musing upon recent events, he soon fell into the soothing arms of sleep, that blessed recuperator which renews and strengthens both physical and mental powers. No dreams disturbed his rest; no visions visited his grassy pillow, and the New Dawn had

long sent forth its glorious rays when he again opened his eyes. The first glimpse made his heart respond to the voices of nature; his soul realized the consciousness of life that can never die, and his heart went forth in songs of praise. Glorious dawn. Heavenly light of love that spreads its brooding wings over the lofty hills and plains where no man is found, giving life to all that live. He felt deeply the divine of the New Dawn power awakening within his own soul in the mystery by which he was surrounded. He cried aloud, "Oh! Thou living, loving God, how merciful are thy ways to the children of men." As he watched the wild deer and antelope grazing unscared along the mountainside, or bounding forth from their rocky hiding-places to greet the dawn, he saw the glorious morn extending its boundless life to them in loving welcome. The sun rose higher and higher from his majestic throne in the East. All nature was warmed and fed by the life in its beneficent beams. Truly it was God's loving hand stretched forth; new life had again come from the womb of night; a new day was born and new life come forth with it. Edward gazed in adoration, lost in wonder as he beheld this mighty power which man seldom seeks to understand.

But hark! What strange sounds are those that break in upon the majestic stillness? What is this rushing and roaring noise that reaches his ear? The earth trembles. The hills appear to move from their foundation, their firm base is stirred. Nearer and nearer come the mysterious and mighty sounds. With hushed breath he waits for the moment when it would be made clear to him. He was not kept long in suspense. Looking in the direction of the noise, he saw advancing through the valley below a black moving mass, tossing, foaming and surging like the waves of an angry sea. On, on they came,

cutting their way impetuously through the tangled brush and crumbling boulders ; the clear atmosphere, where but a few moments before sublime repose reigned, now trembled with a mysterious power moving on its way ;—whither ?

Edward gazed in wonder. As they came nearer he saw it was a large herd of buffalo sweeping down the valley, carrying everything before them. Their movements were as regular as those of a well-drilled army, so well did they accord in step and movement. They filled the entire width of the narrow pass-way below him. In length they must have extended nearly a mile. Looking over the mass a rippling movement was perceptible, rising and falling in such a regular unison as to produce a perfect rhythmical motion. As they moved onward, they sent forth a roar that corresponded with the resistless power of their advance.

Gazing from his elevated point, lost in wonder at this mighty power displayed in the valley below, he appeared as an insignificant speck of sand upon the shore of a great ocean. He stood unnoticed while the dark moving mass thundered by, and his thought flew beyond it with instant impulse to seek the cause of this wondrous power of action. But he was lost in the fathomless depths of life's supreme causation ; that morning he failed in thought to come into conscious relation with the higher understanding that had illumined him at such times. As he watched the torrent of animal life, now fast receding from his view, he observed the young as they tried to keep pace with the herd, were often struck by a heavy branch, and fell ; it was unheeded by the moving mass as it passed onward in its mad rush of animal life. Death soon ended its struggles and all was still.

At that moment Edward thought of Prince and turned

to look for him. To his surprise he was standing close to his side as if a thought of mutual protection prompted the act. He must have been evidently attracted by the varying sounds, for he stood gazing intently in their direction.

As the herd passed out of sight Edward felt a sudden overflowing of life enter into his own being. He had witnessed a mighty exhibition of power expressed through nature; there must be a sense of undiscovered force latent in man, everywhere seeking expression through his consciousness. He cried out with the Psalmist David, "Oh, Thou God of this great universe, I thank thee for this hour. I thank thee that man is created to be one with thee. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all ye that dwell on earth, let every nation praise him." As he went through his devout exercises, the fresh morning breeze entered into his lungs, and he felt the baptism of a divine love, and his soul praised the God of heaven and earth. He put every muscle of his body to the test, practiced by those who desire to gain a perfect mastery over the physical organism. As he proceeded, his brain grew clearer, his eyes brighter; his hand more steady and his steps more firm as he climbed the lofty rocks.

He was soon in the saddle, Prince proudly bearing his master up the rugged mountainside; man and beast moved forward as in delight. As they journeyed on Edward felt the spring of youth was again opened up for him and he could now go forward fearless, with a knowing that the Father's hand was clasped in his. As they climbed step by step up the mountain, he mused, "This represents man's life; we go on, ever on. Then the veil is drawn, and we shall see what this one step has done for us. If our labors have been for right, then shall we

turn our faces to the sun and continue to climb to that celestial sphere where all is bright." He paused, and rode thoughtfully onward for a time.

What is it that so blinds man, he thought, that he sees not the significance in the grandeur and the vastness of the natural world, and the Creator over all? Why will he worship a worldly god that can only turn and mock him in the hour of his distress? Why will he not turn and behold the glory of Him who has power to send rain on the wilderness, satisfying the thirsty ground where no man is? Why will not man see that he has the power to rise in thought near to the Creative Force and be one with that mighty power by which he is surrounded? To him were the beautiful words that morning verified: "Lifted into an atmosphere of infinite greatness, the soul itself becomes great; surrounded by an atmosphere of infinite love, the soul itself becomes love." Thus simply to breathe the pure air of heaven is an overpowering blessing; a blessing which man is created to enjoy.

Such were Edward's thoughts as he rode onward and they gave him renewed strength for what lay before him in the future; bestowing power that no physical food could supply in this time of his great surrender of all that belongs to earth and to earthly things. As the day drew near its close he saw his friend coming over the mountain in an opposite direction, but both were moving toward the same point. He wondered that a thrill of joy did not leap into his heart at the sight of this friend; but it was not so, he did not even urge Prince forward to reach his side. Then he remembered his friend's words, "We must so live and shape our lives that we are beyond the reach of sensation, that joy and sorrow do not affect us, that in pleasure or pain we are unmoved."

As Edward advanced he felt that he had made some

progress, for in his heart he felt no time lay very narrow. They met as if after but a few hours' parting, yet great events had transpired since they had last met.

As the friend glanced into Edward's face he saw that a great battle had been fought, and he also saw that one combat was ended for him forever. Still he saw as a glance that the veil which hides the future had not been lifted, but he knew that Edward would go forth bravely and fight the battle to the end, conquering and to conquer.

They conversed far into the night; neither for the word of rest. The wise man gave such counsel as was necessary for the journey, as well as that for which his companion's soul was reaching; it was the new experience upon which Edward was about to enter. The first rays of a New Dawn found them still seated upon the ground. The friend said:

"My brother, it is no longer as pupil and teacher, but as friend to friend we talk together. My task ends here. It has been to bring you to the door of the temple of knowledge; you can now enter and learn further from the teacher within. It is a road, my friend, that all must travel alone. Be faithful, and He who has a right to guide you will ever be near. Always remember His promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'"

Edward bowed his head in token of acquiescence, and for a time there was silence between them. Moments passed and Edward's vision grew clear; he saw and heard that which filled his soul with renewed hope. For a long time the two sat thus, each drawing from that fountain which is free to all who are ready to approach and drink. Like Paul, Edward felt concerning those he talked with, that he knew not whether they were in the body or out of it. What did it matter to him? He was reaching the

knowledge he had long sought. He felt his body weight which he would fain have shaken off, had he the power ; yet he knew it was necessary to hold it and bring it under perfect control to continue in the path he was pursuing in the great drama of life, before the curtain could rise upon another act.

His companion put food before him, calling his attention to the fact that a long journey lay before him, and physical needs must not be neglected but brought under subjection to the Will of Him who has sent us forth and Who has descended below all things that He might rise above all things.

Edward raised his head and smiled as he saw the food that was prepared for his journey. As the two rose to depart, each on his own mission, the friend held out his hand. Edward clasped it in his own without a word.

“ Farewell, my brother,” said the friend, “ upon this plane we may meet no more. You have entered upon The New Life, a school where thought is a swift messenger, and upon the wings of love she will serve thee.” He turned and laid his hand upon his horse. Until that moment Edward had not noticed that he had a horse with him, but there he stood ready for duty. His rider quickly mounted, and soon both were lost to view. Edward turned as they disappeared and found Prince also waiting. The proud animal, eager for action, tossed his head in delight as Edward took his seat, and bore him swiftly away as on the wings of love. He appeared to know by instinct in what direction they were bound, without guidance by rein.

Edward opened the familiar volume, as was his wont, when riding along. The first words that met his eyes as they rested on the page were, “ The voice of truth must be given to all the world, then cometh the end.” The

words appealed to him as audible tones might have done, so forcible did they seem as he read them.

"Then that is to be my mission," he said, looking up into the clear sky. "I will try faithfully to give out the words as I have received them." Then he read how Jesus could not do any mighty works because of unbelief; because they would not believe His words, He could not heal them. The day waxed warm, but he found no water. Even the refreshing dew did not fall during the night to moisten the animal's parched lips. Thus they traveled on. Three days and nights went by without water. Poor Prince began to falter and it seemed as if he could go no further. Twice they had rested behind the shelter of a great rock from the scorching sun during the mid-day heat. Still Edward's faith did not forsake him. He took out his little volume to read; raising his eyes he said, "The first words I read shall guide me." Then he opened the book and read, "Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given unto you." "Father, I thank Thee," he said reverently, "I know that our steps will be guided to water." He threw the reins loosely upon the neck of his horse, "Go on, Prince, go where thou art led." The faithful creature seemed to understand and signaled his thanks, as with a freer step he continued to ascend the mountainside. At last it became so steep that Edward dismounted and let the animal go whither he would, he following. There appeared to be a peculiar point amongst the rocks that Prince wished to reach. Round and round he went, so steep was the ascent, but always upward, though now more slowly. When he had gained the summit, he turned to look for his master, "I am coming, Prince, as fast as I can," said Edward, but he did not move until his master stood beside him.

What Edward saw caused his heart to throb with grati-

tude, for there on the very top of the mountain, as if human hands had hewn it out of a large rock, was a basin filled with water pure and clear. Exhausted completely, man and beast sank down beside the pool and drank until their thirst was satisfied.

"Now, Prince, suppose we have a bath," Edward said, and they plunged into the cool, refreshing water. When they emerged they had left the dust and weariness of travel behind them.

Two days later Edward saw that his mountain journey was near its close. His friend had said to him, "It will be best to part with Prince at the foot of the mountain; there are many farms in the valley and when you get there you can get easy transportation."

The third night after their parting Edward dreamed that they were again together, and his friend had said, "When you leave the mountain and get into the valley, you will meet a farmer; he will be coming from a road at your right; he will offer to buy the horse; tarry all night with him and leave Prince there." He woke and looked about him. The dream was so real that he expected to see his friend beside him.

As he mounted Prince that morning he patted him very tenderly. He experienced a feeling of sadness, for he loved the faithful creature more than he had thought.

"Old boy," he said, "we are soon to part. We have been good friends; may you find a good master and be as faithful to him as you have been to me."

As he rode on he knew that it would be his last day among the mountains, and he felt it would be the last when he and Prince would be companions; he had left the great mountain about fifteen miles behind him, but had not passed a human being. Suddenly a turn in the road showed him, about six miles distant, a small vil-

lage. Directly before him and coming along a road at the right, he saw a farmer; at the crossroads they must meet.

"How-do, stranger," was the farmer's salutation, "just from the mountains?"

"Yes, friend," said Edward.

"Fine beast that," said the farmer. "Is he for sale? Is he gentle?"

"A child could guide him," said Edward.

"He looks rather tired; will you sell him?"

"Would you like to have him?" interrogated Edward.

"That I would," replied the farmer, looking at Prince admiringly, "there's good blood in him. What will you take for him?"

"What will you give?" said Edward, parrying the question.

"Well, friend," said the farmer, reflectively, "I reckon that the horse is worth more than I can give. A hundred dollars is all I'm worth just now; if you will take that, I'll be glad to close the bargain."

After considering a moment, Edward said, "The horse is yours. Be good to him, and you will find him a faithful servant." He turned his head.

The farmer said, "You ain't like the common sort what comes out of the mountains. I'll tell you just what I want that horse for. I've got a little gal, she's near twenty years old now, but she looks like a gal all the same. She's been bad with fits a long time, and it do seem every time as if it would be the last. There ain't nothing what does her any good but ridin' horseback; and I've been trying so long to get her a good gentle horse so she could ride, then she might get better. We've tried a good many and she's been throwed off and hurt pretty bad. But I've kept on trying, and I tell her I

won't give up till I get her a good one. There's a fine one over in the town yonder, but they want three hundred for him, cash down, and I can't raise it. Say, stranger, that's my cabin over there; bring him along and I'll give you the money. And I want you to just take a look at my beautiful little gal. Perhaps you're one of them doctors what has lots of larnin', and you might know what would do her good. My wife would be glad to have you stop with us all night, stranger, we ain't got much, but we can give you a good supper and a clean bed."

"I will go with you," said Edward, in reply to the farmer's inquiring look, "and I hope my faithful Prince will do your daughter good."

"Prince?" said the farmer, "is that his name?" Edward nodded and the farmer continued, "Well, he does look like one of them first blood, that's sure."

They had now arrived in front of a neat little cottage, standing back from the road, nestling among evergreens, surrounded by beautiful flowers, showing taste and careful attention. It was painted white, with green window blinds, which made the whiteness more apparent by contrast.

As they entered the garden a young girl ran forward into the outstretched arms of the farmer, exclaiming with delight, "Father, dear father, you have brought my horse!"

Looking at the girl's slender form, Edward could not believe she was over fifteen. She did not see Edward as she rushed to her father, who smiled with satisfaction as he said, "Why, Nellie, my dear, you know I ain't got money enough to get you the horse over in town."

He leaned over to Edward and beckoned to him to come forward. The girl turned her head toward him, and

seeing the horse, started forward with a glad cry. "He is here, he is here!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck with affectionate recognition. "As I was lying under the tree yonder," she said, half to herself, "I saw you coming. Where is he who was with you; who spoke in my heart and said, 'He is yours, he brings you health and freedom'?"

Prince responded to the girl's impulsive fondness in his own way, and the two became friends by that law which binds the animal to the human kingdom, and gives rise to that beautiful sympathy which recognizes a divinely ordained kinship between them; protection and kindness in return for faithful service.

Edward looked down at the delicate figure, and the first glance at her face took him swiftly back to the time when he first saw his unhappy wife. The slender arms looked almost ethereal, pressing the horse's glossy mane. Suddenly their grasp relaxed, and she fell to the ground. Her father sprang forward with a cry, but before he could reach his child Edward had raised her in his strong arms. Another fit had seized her, and as Edward bore her into the cottage he saw more strangely indicated than before, the resemblance to her whose remains he had left among the rocks near the mystic cave. A woman, tall and bearing traces of beauty and personal dignity, in marked contrast to her unlettered husband, came forward as Edward bore his burden into the room. She looked at her husband, then with a pained glance at her child, "Oh, father," she said, "these dreadful spasms will take our daughter from us."

"Hush, Nellie dear, hush," he said, his voice softening as he addressed her, "this stranger has brought a horse for her. She saw him, she says, and I believe she will get well now!"

Edward stood beside the bed holding the girl's rigid hand in his own. While it struggled in his firm grasp, his soul strongly rebuked the power of evil that had taken possession of the slender form; then her struggles gradually ceased until she lay quite still. Edward retained her hand and remained at his post, the farmer, meanwhile, conversing apart with his wife in low tones. She now turned to Edward with an appealing look.

"Oh, sir," she said, "if you can do anything for our child, we will work day and night to repay you. It is so hard to see her suffer, and no one can do anything for her."

"Do those spasms occur very often?" asked Edward.

"Yes," said the mother, "every two or three weeks, and they always last about three days, and leave her so weak and helpless that it seems as if she would die. It is just three weeks now; she was not quite as bad the last time. See, father," she said, turning to her husband, "how quiet she lies, just as she always does when they are leaving her."

At that moment the hand which Edward was holding struggled to free itself from his grasp, but he retained his hold. The mother's tears began to flow.

Edward said, "Friends, there is but One Power that can heal your child. Faith in the Living, Loving God."

"Oh, sir, tell us what to do; we have done everything for her that we could do. There are some holiness people who pray for the sick at the village; we took her to them, but she is no better. They have been praying for her for the last six months. See! the fit is coming on again! Oh, sir, do something for us!"

There were indications that an unusually severe spasm was about to return. The girl's whole frame was con-

vulsed; foam issued from her mouth. Edward held her firmly, and his voice rose in solemn earnestness:

"Nellie, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command the unclean spirit to depart from thee and return no more!"

"Amen," cried the parents, falling upon their knees. For a little space there was silence. The girl had ceased struggling; presently she rose and stood among them, looking first at one then at the other.

"Father," she said, "can I go now and take a ride on my horse? I do love him so!" Then she saw their tears and looked inquiringly at Edward.

"Who are you?" she asked.

The parents stared at each other; their looks said plainly, "Is this a man of God who has come to save our child?" Then they spoke to each other in hushed whispers.

"Father," said Nellie, "do not stare at me like that." She spoke with the impatience of a petted child. "I want to go to my horse. I know it is mine; (looking at Edward) you have brought him to me."

"My darling, it is not yours, it belongs to this gentleman," said her father when he could speak.

"Nellie, the horse is yours," said Edward, taking her hand; "I do not sell him, I give him to you as a free gift; and with him I seal the blessing of health upon you. Come, you may ride him now, if you wish; I will go with you."

The girl gazed at him for a moment and was about to sink upon her knees at his feet, but he prevented her, and said, "Come, Prince will be glad to know you are to be his mistress, for now and all time. Come!" He took her hand and led her from the room.

"Prince," said Edward, as they approached the horse,

"this is your mistress; be good and faithful to her as you have been to me. You can ride in my saddle, I am sure," he added, placing her in it; and the girl's face shone with joy as she said:

"I can ride any way, even without a saddle," a flush of triumph creeping into her pale face, as she smiled on him. A moment later she was far away. Edward called after her, "Do not go too far; we shall soon have some supper." She turned upon him a swift and vivid smile that he never forgot. If the remains of poor Bulah had not been forever hidden from his sight among the rocks he might, at that moment, have fancied her before him. He breathed a prayer for the safety of the frail girl, so fearlessly mounted, and then returned to the cottage.

As he entered, the husband and wife sank at his feet begging forgiveness for their doubting speech.

"Rise, my friends," he said, "and rejoice rather than weep that the Father, through the Son, has heard your prayers in behalf of your child, and broken the fearful bond that has bound her so long. No more weeping. Let us talk together. I am one with you in the toils of life; I have put on the armor of Jesus Christ and wish only to be a soldier in the cause of the living God and do His commandments; while here on earth we can do many mighty works in His name. But, come," he said, with a view to dissipating their superstitious impressions, "your husband promised me a good supper, and Nellie will soon return hungry from her ride, I have no doubt." He reassured them thus, that he was but mortal like themselves, and that through no miracle had their child been healed. If in the name of Jesus Christ we seek to do good work, by living the higher life we can do many things that appear miraculous.

That evening Edward showed the farmer and his wife that none was created to be a slave to the flesh, but one with the true and loving Father.

"I thought," said the mother, "I did not believe, but henceforth belief and works shall go together. I will live that life, the life of Him who says, 'Whosoever will do the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine.' Oh, sir, I desire to know and to do his will."

The farmer brought out money to pay Edward for the horse. "No," said Edward with a smile, "the horse is not mine, my friend. I parted with him some time ago; I gave him as a free gift to your child. I cannot now accept pay for him. The loving Father who brought me here will provide for me." The farmer begged that he would take the money, but it availed nothing.

When Nellie returned, her cheeks had a rosy tinge and an animated smile played about the lips that but a few hours ago had been distorted by pain. More and more evident to Edward's eyes was the resemblance to his dead wife. He could not understand its meaning. He would rest and hope that all would be made clear to him.

When supper was over Nellie went again to see her horse. She said, "He is mine! Oh, father, he is mine! I wish you would give him entirely into my care." Edward advised it for her benefit, saying, "It will do her good to feel that she has all the responsibility of him, and it will help to develop her muscles."

"Is Nellie your only child?" he asked after they were seated in the little parlor alone.

"Yes," said the mother, "we never had but this one."

"She seems a strangely thoughtful girl," remarked Edward. "Did anything serious disturb you before her birth?"

The mother was silent a moment, then she replied,

"Yes and no. If it will not tire you to hear, I should like to tell you what happened to me before her birth."

"I shall be pleased to listen," said Edward with interest. It might throw light upon the strange resemblance to his wife, he thought.

"George and I were always very happy together," she resumed, "but when he went away I felt very lonely. We had been married seven years without children, and I prayed that God would send us a daughter. My prayer was heard. About a month before Nellie was born, I had not been feeling well. One night as I lay, whether asleep or awake I do not know, suddenly a beautiful girl stood near me with outstretched arms, tears streaming from her eyes. In a pleading sorrowful voice she said, 'Receive me, take me as your own daughter, I am so unhappy.' I started up in bed, then lay thinking for a long time what it might mean. All day long those large beautiful eyes seemed to haunt me, but I said nothing to anybody. Three nights later she came again, still with extended arms, and pleading cry. 'Oh, receive me into your loving arms, let me rest upon your breast, I am cold and sick unto death.' This time I woke with fear and called my husband, but did not tell him that it was the second time the girl had come to me with her pleading cries. He tried to persuade me that it was nothing; said that I had been reading too much and must not read again, but go out in the air among the flowers. I did as he advised, but the third night she came again, and that was the third time. The beautiful face was more pleading than before, as she cried, with extended arms, 'Take me, oh, take me, the Altar will consume me. Let my home be in your loving heart!' Her extended hands seemed almost to touch mine; I could no longer bear it.

"'Weary one,' I cried, opening my arms, 'this breast

shall shelter you.' I woke with a strange feeling that I had something in my arms. My baby was born without the usual pain. It was morning. My husband called the nurse, and as I looked into the face of my babe, I saw the sweet, sad face of the girl that I had clasped in my arms before I awoke. I felt no fear as I pressed the tiny infant to my breast. Our darling grew like the flowers that were growing around her, but often as she raised her large baby eyes to mine, I saw the girl again with outstretched arms, pleading for my love. Then I would clasp her to my breast, and cry aloud, 'Darling, thy mother's love shall shelter thee from all danger.' But, oh, sir, I cannot, I cannot shield her from the monster that was destroying her young life all these years." Then she rose and clasped her hands, saying, "But now I thank God the spell is broken, the demon has fled. My child is saved from the awful spell, my child is born again. Oh, sir, is this The New Dawn?"

The loving mother's heart was overwhelmed with emotion; her sobs filled the room. Silence fell upon the little group until Nellie came in from a moonlight ride. The harsh lines of suffering had almost left her face, and only the sad, sweet smile played about her mouth. She soon left the room to attend to some household duties; then Edward asked again when the fits had first come upon her.

"She was only a babe a little over two years old," replied the mother, "and it really is a miracle that she has lived so long; she has gone through so much and been so patient."

"How did it first occur?" asked Edward, pursuing the inquiries.

"When she was about six months old," said the mother, "the first time I remember her taking notice of

anything, I was in the yard talking to George; he had brought a horse from the barn and she almost leaped from my arms trying to get to him. After that it was an effort to hold her when any horses were around. We often placed her on their backs as she grew older and gratified her by leading them around the yard. It was not an easy task to take her into the house at such times. One evening, after we had been indulging her as usual, we told her we must go in to supper, but she refused to be taken down." Here the poor mother's tears began to flow, "I spoke very sharply to her as I forced her from the horse. She drew her head back and looked at me. I shall never forget that look! When I took her in my arms her screams were piercing. For three days she lay in convulsions, and since that dreadful evening they have been constantly repeated." The mother bowed her head.

Edward listened with deep interest but confessed himself puzzled. The date of the child's birth corresponded with the time when Bulah's father forced her to the altar to take upon herself marriage vows hateful to her feelings and false to her sense of moral integrity. At that moment the young girl's first pure love was turned to bitterness. Then again the time of the first convulsion must have been about the time when she became Edward's wife. And stranger still Bulah's death seemed to be the girl's release. What hand had guided him to this place? What did it all mean? Is this life to be a clearing up of such mysteries? What link existed between the unhappy woman and this innocent girl? All these perplexing thoughts crowded themselves upon him so rapidly that he could not speak for some time.

"Do you wonder, sir, that when you came with such mighty power and healed our child in a few moments, as

we are told Jesus healed when he was on earth, that we should consider you another Messiah come to bless the world? For you know we read in the Sacred Scriptures that time is to come when the Sons of God will walk the earth, and their presence will heal all nations."

"True, my friends," said Edward, "the power of God is manifest upon earth among those who believe to-day; and God walks and talks in dreams and visions with His children, as of old."

They talked together long. He made many things plain to them in the Scriptures, which they had not before understood; he pointed out to them the beauties of The Higher Life. When they were parting for the night the woman said, "I do praise God this day, and I do know that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is life to those who receive it, and there is no proof that we believe unless our works show our willingness to follow in the foot-steps of truth and love. Your God shall be our God and we will put into practice that which you have taught us. God has spoken to us through your lips, and shown us His mighty power. We do believe, and we'll praise His holy name."

"My friends," said Edward, "God speaks through all His creation if we will be still and listen to His voice. The bird that flaps its wings in the sunshine brings a message from Him. The tiny flower in your garden conveys a message in its beauty and perfume for us, if we listen. All nature sings His praises if we will but stop to listen to its voice."

Those simple farmers were hungry for the higher truths, and begged Edward to tarry a few days longer with them, but he felt that his work was done. To remain longer would only be to gratify a selfish desire for rest and ease; so he made answer to their earnest request:—

"Dear friends, much as I enjoy being with you, I feel it is my duty to go on. I have a great work before me. I have given my life to the work of humanity. I have brought you the message and you have seen its mighty power. Live in its light and boundless love; it will illumine your darkest hours and bring peace to the soul."

Thus they parted to take a few hours' repose.

Nellie had retired hours before. In the morning before Edward made his appearance at breakfast he saw the girl coming swiftly over the meadow. Prince tossed his head in delight as he felt her in the saddle. She had risen with the dawn, drinking into her feeble frame that pure life which can only be felt with the returning day. For many years the poor child had been deprived of health; and now that Edward had brought this blessing from God, and restoring her to health, she experienced the perfect faith of a child when told that it can safely enjoy itself. As she came in, Edward saw again in the eyes that met his own an almost startling resemblance to his dead wife. The flush that overspread the pale cheeks only intensified the likeness, and for a moment Edward almost lost his self-control. The girl looked up with a visible start as he stood gazing at her.

"Are you really going to leave us this morning?" she asked.

"It must be so, Nellie," he said, taking the little hand in his, "but I leave a blessing with you, a blessing beyond the value of all earthly treasures. You, dear child, have felt the power of Christ's great love. Let that love be your guiding star, and the youth which has been denied you will return, and your life will be a blessing to many."

She looked up, a far-off gaze in her clear bright eyes, and spoke as one in a dream:

"Your words sound as the words of one afar off," she

said, "like the voice I heard a week before Prince came to me. I hope I shall hear it again."

"What said the voice?" asked Edward.

"I think I had been very ill," she replied, "I felt so weary. There is an old oak tree yonder, and when I feel tired I go there by myself and lie down on the grass. I often feel as if someone was talking to me. I was looking up into the sky and thinking how beautiful and blue it was, and the birds and flowers seemed so happy in the sunshine; why should I be so weary? and so tired? Then I saw, a long way off, a man coming toward me. I could hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and I heard the man's voice; but still I knew that he was hundreds of miles away, though he was speaking to me, and I listened.

"'This horse is yours,' he said, 'his strong power will help you; use him freely; with him is brought the strength to break the fetters that have bound you so long. The soul that has suffered is freed, dear child; yes, you are free.'

"Then I heard mother call and turned to tell her that I was all right; when I looked up again the horse and man were gone. I went into the house and told mother everything. I asked her if she thought father had money enough to get me the horse, but she only sighed and told me that I live too much in dreamland; for even when I am well, I would rather be alone and thinking. It has always seemed so strange that I am not like other girls; this dreadful spasm would come on and I could not help myself."

"Does this horse look like the one you saw?" asked Edward.

"Yes," she said, looking up in surprise, that he should not know it. "But you were not the man who brought him to me. I would like to see him again."

"If with returning health you live worthy, you may

sometime see him again," said Edward, "he is a true friend to those afflicted."

"Do you know him?" asked the girl, looking up quickly. Bulah's inquiring eyes again looked into his and he felt that he must be going; he must be alone to think and he did not reply to her question.

As if the girl read his thoughts she caught his hand, and before he was aware of her intention covered it with kisses and tears; then as if her motion had loosened her tongue, she exclaimed, in trembling tones, "This is the hand that has guided him to me; this is the voice I heard afar off; the voice that has broken the spell and given me freedom and strength. Let me go with you; let me work with you to free hundreds as you have freed me, that I must pay the great debt of gratitude that I owe to humanity."

"Nellie," he said in a gentle voice, "your place is here; your work is here. Think of the lonely weary years through which your loving mother has watched over you. Could you let her last days be passed in sorrow without you? The loving Father will give you work to do, dear child."

The girl started as if recalled to herself. "No, indeed," she said, covering her face with her hands; "I could not, I will not leave her!"

"With returning health your life will be illumined with the great love that never fails," said Edward, "then you will more clearly see your duty to yourself, your parents, and to humanity. Farewell! dear child, farewell!"

He had said farewell to the farmer and his wife, and now turned to leave the spot that would know him no more. He climbed a small hill on the road to the village and turned to take a last look at the white cottage. Oh!

that he could bring joy to all hearts, as he had to the inmates of the little white cottage.

Nellie, mounted upon Prince, stood at the gate as if watching for him to turn; as he did so she waved her hat. Edward acknowledged the signal by lifting his hat, and passed out of her sight forever.

At the foot of the hill there was a shady nook by a running stream. A fine old oak spread its branching arms above and seemed to say to him, "Here are rest and shelter and quietude for thought." He could not resist the tempting invitation; his brain needed repose. He sank upon the mossy bank and allowed his thoughts to recall the strange events that had occurred within the last twenty-four hours. As he looked up among the twining branches overhead, his thoughts flew back to a time when he lay beneath another friendly oak, with a young girl seated by his side.

Then he was fleeing from the one whose remains now lay cold and still among the rocks; he thought of the life that had animated the clay. That life was still moving on, but where? Life can never die. What mysterious relation existed between the girl he had left at the farm, and the woman he called wife? Was it possible that in the agony of the soul, when forced to give up all that life holds most dear at the marriage altar, the soul could have broken her chain, leaving the house of clay to be inhabited by another? Edward could not answer the question, but he felt sure if the soul that at one time animated the body called Bulah, had power to leave its clay, she was still upon earth doing her work through this instrument called Nellie. Edward pondered long over these things; to him a satisfactory answer came,—evolution. At last he rose refreshed. He had still some miles to go to the station. Had he not started upon a Higher Life's

work? Had he not promised Blanche to seek their child? the child he had never seen, but felt it a sacred duty to find her? Then the thought came quickly, "Hide not thy talent in the earth, or that which thou thinkest thou hast will be taken from thee. Press forward, though the road be rough and the ocean stormy. Thou canst mount safely the roaring billows. Floods cannot drown, nor fire destroy thee."

He reached the station a few moments before the train arrived that was to bear him to Melbourne. Arriving there, again he was in the hurry and confusion of city life; the bustle of business; the babble of voices and screeching of whistles struck upon his senses with a jarring discord. "Again I move, a man among men," he reflected. "How gladly I would have passed a quiet life in the cave far from the busy world, if it might have been so; but we are not sent upon this plane for idleness. Creation is all activity; and man is sent forth to work with his Creator for the good of humanity. I must not stand idly by while others bear the burdens and heat of the day, or I shall be swept down and lost in the rapid current of the overflowing tide, as thousands are to-day, who seek not the Light of a New Dawn."

As he passed along a crowded street a noise reached his ears. As he advanced it grew plainer, and now he heard the words: "To seek for right and justice is a vital question." A turn in the street brought him upon a crowd collected around a speaker who stood upon steps, addressing them in an earnest manner. Two other men stood near the speaker and upon inquiry Edward soon learned that they were speaking upon Socialism; he stopped to listen and found that the speaker's words did not please the crowd. There were cries of "Put him

down! Pull him down!" and they pressed impatiently forward, drowning his voice with their clamor.

The few words that Edward caught impressed him as just and true, and yielding to his impulse, he protected the man. Edward stepped to the speaker's side and, by reason of his appearance and dignity of address, he arrested the tumult long enough to gain a hearing. He removed his hat, and spoke in a clear commanding tone, "Friends, listen for a few moments." Sudden stillness fell on the crowd, and presently a cheer went up as the capricious current of popular feeling changed.

"Give him room! Give him room!" they cried.

"With your permission," he said, "I will read a few words from this little volume," and he held up a small testament, "that you may better understand the meaning our friend's words are intended to convey."

For some time Edward read on and explained what he read so clearly and forcibly that not a dissenting voice was heard. His words pleased the crowd and excited in many a wish to hear more. When he bade them "Good-night," numbers flocked around him with questions. "Did he intend to stop in Melbourne? What was his religion? The new thought principles? Equality and brotherly love?"

After receiving satisfactory answers, the crowd dispersed. The three men to whom his attention had first been called asked him to accompany them to their lodgings. They also were strangers. They were endeavoring to carry the words of freedom to the people, and wished to learn more of what Edward had to say; he remained with them. Morning found the four men in deep conversation; full of earnest questioning, which Edward's close study of the spirit of truth and justice had given him power to answer. He remained with them all that day

and they would have detained him longer, but he would not swerve from his path of duty. Early next morning he left them and was soon moving onward toward his real destination.

He had left Blanche in New York, and there he felt it his duty to seek the child he had seen only in dreams and visions. From the evidence of the inner sense, he felt convinced that she was living.

As he continued his journey Blanche's voice appeared to speak in his soul. "Go on; go on," it said. He asked himself often the question: "Where and how shall I find her? Will the child bear the mother's name?" Once in a dream he thought Blanche had told him the name of the child; it was not Blanche, but, in his waking hours he could not recall it. "But I am doing the Master's work," he reflected; "that is my first concern and it must be the ruling motive of my every act; and I shall find her. These men have shown me my duty. They think not of the morrow, only of the now and its imperative call. If they awaken one soul in that surging mass from the powers of sin and death, their duty is well done."

Thus Edward went on his mission. Often he was met with scoffs and jeers; at times he was driven from town or village and even cast into jail; at other times the common people heard him gladly; but even so did they repulse the Savior of the world who came to his own and they received him not.

On reaching San Francisco he traveled eastward, but his progress was slow. It was a year since he left the Pacific Coast before New York was reached. But the time came when he was speeding onward toward the great metropolis of the Eastern Coast; the city where the greatest earthly joy had entered his life. His meeting there with the unworldly and beautiful girl, who for so

short a time was his wife, the assurance that she was his and conviction that she existed now on the glorious soul plane gave him a joy of which earth could not rob him.

Once more he entered the great city and his steps were guided to the old tenement house. He once more climbed the rickety stairs up which he had borne the young girl's helpless form. Many of the rooms were unoccupied, and as he was about to ascend the last flight a woman looked out from a door on the landing. She told him it was not safe and no one lived up there now. He asked her many questions, but she could give him no information. No one there knew Blanche nor had ever heard of her. He was like one risen from the dead.

"Patience, patience," he murmured as he descended the stairs. "I shall find her." He started at his own words! "Find her? who? Blanche is gone! I feel quite sure of that; and if she had a child who still lives, where is my clue? It may be indeed but a delusion of my brain. I may be deceiving myself."

On reaching the street he wandered toward South Ferry, and on reaching Castle Garden stood gazing out upon the stately ships lying in the harbor, then watching the moving throng of life around him. "Alone," he reflected. "I stand here alone, a homeless stranger amid this busy hum of life. Here are ships from every port under heaven, men of every color, and from every clime. Friends and lovers are hourly meeting and parting, clasping hands in fond greetings and farewells. Husband presses his wife to his breast with fond adieu. Why should I be thus shut out from this living love?" For a few moments he bowed his head and the smiling face of Blanche was again beside him. Her lips appeared to part, and he heard her words: "No Edward, not alone, divine love is a life of joy. Has not the Master said, 'I

will never leave thee nor forsake thee?'” Edward rose from the bench upon which he sank and for a brief moment felt the presence of Blanche beside him: but the veil between them was too dense for communicative thought and in another moment he felt alone again; but the dark cloud had passed and a smile of contentment came again into his life. “Blanche calls upon me to protect her child, I will.” Day after day he wandered the streets of the crowded city looking into the faces of working girls, hoping that he might see one resembling Blanche.

Weeks and months passed, and Edward’s search was still unsuccessful, but he was not idle; he worked faithfully and much of his time was passed among the poor in the great city, wherever he could find a place to speak. He spoke to the working people of the New Dawn, and of the joy that it would bring; many who frequented haunts of vice listened to his words and were awakened to a sense of their degradation. Sometimes he was imprisoned for causing a crowd to collect in front of some store. Keepers of saloons complained that he was a nuisance and sought to have him removed.

His life was illumined by the light of a pure conscience and great love rested upon him. Even when iron doors shut him in from the world, he was not alone. As he walked down Broadway and looked into the faces of the busy crowds he saw them empty and void of that divine food demanded by the soul to satisfy interior hunger.

One Saturday evening as he was talking to a company of men, he was asked a question from the crowd. He recognized in his questioner a man who had often tried to break up the meetings. He answered him as he thought best; and for a few moments all was quiet, but

the man was trying to excite the crowd against him and he soon succeeded. Suddenly the same voice cried out, "He's a crazy socialist; the Tombs would be the best place for his ravings. Run him! run him in!"

He kept up his cries until he had won over many of the crowd to his opinion and there was an uproar among them. "Down with him! down with the socialist!" the crowd exclaimed. Policemen were attracted to the spot and came swinging their clubs. "Run him in; run him in!" shouted the clamorous voice. A poor boy standing near Edward was struck and fell to the ground. The excited mob trampled him under their feet. The crowd was so dense that Edward, fearing the prostrate boy would be trampled to death, sprang to his side. While stooping to raise him, he was fiercely jostled by the crowd. "That's the fellow, secure him!" cried the maddened voice. "He means to murder the boy; that's what he's after. Seize him! seize him!"

Two policemen grasped Edward as he was about to raise the unfortunate boy. He tried to explain to the men, but they raised their clubs. "Not a word out of you; not a word!" said one. "A few days behind the bars will do you good," said the malicious voice. "We don't want any murderers around here! Take him to the Tombs. He belongs there!"

The two men pushed and dragged him through the crowd and to the prison without allowing him to speak. The crowd followed, shouting as they went, "Lock him up; lock him up!" Just before they reached the Tombs some one whispered to Edward, "Tip them, and they will let you go; you understand." But he did not know what was meant and he was forced into a dark, damp cell. As the iron door closed upon him a shade of sadness crept into his heart. He thought of the many who

would be disappointed on the morrow. On Sundays he talked to a great many workingmen, morning, afternoon and evening. As he sank to rest upon his hard bed that night, he said: "Oh, God, in whose hands are all human affairs, I bow to Thy will. I rest content in Thy Divine Love. Thou doest all things well. Illumine my darkness that I may see the ways Thou wouldst have me to go."

Sleep soon folded him in her loving arms, and the soul found rest.

“Upon a grave, not newly made,
There grows a blossom fair,
Whose fragrance fills—so it is said—
The body and the air.
And since the grave was newly made
This blossom has not paled.
This lotus-bloom can never fade,
Nor ever be assailed.
'Tis said a soul is there entombed
Buried in living clay;
A soul that mourns to be exhumed
And freed from worldly sway.
A cross stands by the lotus flower,
A sign-post on the grave;
Betokening to the soul what dower
God in His mercy gave.
Cross and blossom, mortal pair,
Sorrow and joy portend,
Yet by the Cross the Blossom fair
Shall find its perfect end.”

CHAPTER XIII

As Faustine and Mary were conversing a few days after the occurrence of Faustine's vision, Mary said :

" In your talk on marriage the other evening, dear, I did not quite understand your position. Many have received the impression that you disapprove of marriage."

" If that is so," replied Faustine, " I am sorry, if I have conveyed a wrong idea. Marriage is a sacred and divine law which God has bestowed on man, and the man who violates that law desecrates his own soul. I only wish to impress the idea upon every one that before we enter into the marriage union, we should study the divine law of our being. We should recognize the fact that we are all members, as in the body, of the great universal whole. We should strive to perfect this body that we may become members in the one great Universal Body. Each member in the physical body has its part to perform in the order of life, which is to show us that each body is to be as one member in God's glorious kingdom. Each soul that is sent forth from the Father is sent that it may become perfect, and worthy to take its place in the Universal Whole. But when we are not satisfied to do the will of the Father but proceed on our own way, regardless of right or wrong ; when we violate the sacred law of true marriage for our own gratification, then are we disconnected from the body like a decaying limb that is cut off and cast aside. All who are living in divine love are members in the great Universal Whole. Dear sister, let us be satisfied with the part that has been

allotted to us; no living and active soul is useless in the Kingdom of God."

For some time the sisters discussed the subject which of late had excited unusual interest among certain people. Faustine had lately been away from home. She received a great many letters from friends asking her to spend some time with them that they might, by closer association, better understand life's teachings and gain a clearer insight into those principles of truth which were to bring a better state of things, which were the sunlight of her life. Of these visits and their results Mary had many questions to ask, and time passed rapidly in animated talk upon the themes which were nearest their hearts.

It was Sunday. Marcellus had arranged to give lectures out of town, and would be absent until five o'clock, so he could not accompany Mary and Faustine to the Tombs, as usual; but it had been arranged that Mary would sing that afternoon for the unfortunate men who were condemned. The Chaplain was always glad to see the sisters, for their presence brought sunshine within the old prison's gloomy walls. In his long and interesting talks with Faustine he had perceived in her a rare quality of secret consecration to a noble work, and the occasion of their visit was to him peculiarly welcome.

There had been a late sentencing of several criminals who were to meet their doom at daybreak on the morrow; and the Chaplain's sermon was especially prepared with the view of preparing the men to meet their God. As he had watched the untiring devotion of the unselfish girl, he had often said in his heart, "Faustine is living nearer to the teachings of the Nazarene than many of us who profess much more; her devotion is untiring, and the condemned men in their narrow cells draw more com-

fort and courage from her loving ministration among them than they do from our sermons." Thus he waited for the sisters and as soon as they arrived his service began. The sermon ended, two sweet, women's voices rose in rich accord, filling the gloomy old place with rare music; waking the echoes in distant corridors,

Who shall say what echoes from the past awoke, at the call of that solemn music? What angelic beings hovered near to give comfort to the crime-stained souls? What remembered voices were rendered audible as memory was busy in every heart with the past?

Little Marcellus had begged to accompany his mother and Faustine to the Tombs, and as he stood by Faustine's side (Mary was at the organ) his grave and noble countenance, child though he was, gave an impression of maturity beyond his years. The song given by request was being sung, "Lead, Kindly Light." At its close cheers and request to "sing it once more," rang through the corridors. The cries from the men were as a desire from another world. All the men came to the iron grating, and were peering through the bars, listening eagerly and calling for a repeat. Faustine tried to spread the principles of *The New Dawn*, that the power would come to give freedom to the unhappy ones!

Again the sweet voices rose together and went forth like ministering angels, touching hardened consciences of these unhappy men, as with a hand Divine, and melting more than one careless soul to regretful tears. Perhaps a swift vision of some sweet, sad face rose before their inner sight; a dear mother, and the deathless fire of that mighty love; nearest of all to Jesus when upon the cross for man, shone out clearly for a moment before some wanderer, and revealed God to his soul. Let us hope that it was so, if only for a moment.

Those imprisoned for petty offenses were at liberty to walk about the galleries. Many had drawn as near to the singers as they could, and as the last notes of the song died away a startled cry from one of the men rang through the old and gloomy place. Every eye was instantly turned in the direction whence it proceeded. A man had passed a projection in the wall and was brought suddenly face to face with the singers. We hear of cries that might waken the dead! His had that note of relieved surprise in it, as if, for him, the dead of his past, the idol of his dreams had risen before his sight. He came quickly forward; his breath came fast. He was a tall, stately man, distinguished from all about him by his personal dignity and bearing. His large, dark brown eyes were fixed on Faustine, and he held out his hands with an eager appealing gesture.

"Blanche, my Blanche!" he cried; and a sudden breathless stillness fell upon all as they gazed upon the man. They recognized in him the man who had been brought there, while laboring to show his fellow-men the road to liberty; trying to free them from the fetters of strong drink and kindred vices, and raise them to a plane where they could be men indeed and free from condemnation. Faustine moved forward with a sudden impulse, little Marcellus still clinging to her hand. The man who had spoken saw her embarrassment and felt, rather than saw, the eyes that were turned upon him. Mary had risen silently from the organ and moved to Faustine's side. Edward's eyes did not leave Faustine's face and he moved to her side. "May I ask your name?" he said.

"Faustine," she replied, her eyes fixed on his face.

He started, and put his hand to his head, as if trying to recall the past. "Faustine! Faustine! where have I heard that name? Blanche? was not Blanche your

mother's name? but that was twenty-three years ago," he said, after a pause.

"Yes," said Faustine, "Blanche was my mother's name."

Faustine's voice was low and sweet, and her eyes shone with love and pity as she gazed. She had seen in the eyes around her the thought that the poor man's brain was wandering; he had not taken his eyes from her face. She drew from her bosom the letter that her mother had given her just before departing. She handed it to him.

"Did you write this letter?" she inquired.

A cry of joy burst from his lips as her words became clear to his perception; and as his eyes fell upon the letter, he gasped: "Yes, child, yes! this was my letter to your mother! At last! At last! you are——"

He stopped abruptly and drew back. The officers were taking the men back to their cells, and only two or three were near to witness the scene.

He gazed a moment into the beautiful eyes that were so lovingly fixed upon him, waiting for his answer. Tears were upon his manly cheek. He feared to speak, and yet she waited his answer. With an effort he held out his hands, saying, "I am your father!"

Faustine held out both her hands, and in a moment they were clasped heart to heart. "Father, dear father," she cried, "I knew I should find you."

"My child, my child!" he cried. Recollecting himself, he drew back. The Chaplain came forward and spoke to Mary and the boy, then turning to the man standing beside Faustine, said, "My man, I am sorry, it is time for you to go to your cell."

Faustine turned upon him with an appealing look.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, in surprise.

Edward looked at the beautiful girl at his side with strong repressed emotion; he knew that for her it was a trying moment, but he saw truth beaming from her eyes.

"Yes! He is my father!" she said without hesitation, and laid her hand in his. "Dear father, if they take you to the cell, I shall go with you."

"Your father?" said the Chaplain, starting; "I thought you were an orphan."

Faustine smiled and gave her hand to Edward. "Yes, this is my father whom I had never seen until this moment."

Edward stood proud but humbled before this child of the people.

"Upon what charge were you brought here?" asked the Chaplain, after a thoughtful pause.

"I do not know," said Edward. "A few nights ago I was speaking to the workingmen, as I have done every Saturday evening for the last two years. Some of them became boisterous and quarrelsome; policemen came up swinging their clubs. One poor little fellow received a blow on the head, and fell insensible. I stooped to raise him when two policemen handled me roughly and brought me here, without allowing me to say a word. Just before we arrived some one whispered in my ear, 'Tip them, and they'll let you go.'"

"For a moment I did not know what was meant, then I remembered what I had often heard; but I could not offer a bribe. And I thank God that I could not," he added, turning to Faustine, "for in this place I have found my daughter." He turned away to hide the tears he could not repress.

"Something must be done," said the Chaplain, deeply impressed by the whole occurrence. "You have no busi-

ness to be here. I will see the officer of the prison and perhaps I can arrange the matter. You will be here in the morning." He turned and left them.

Edward gazed upon Faustine through a mist of tears.

"Home with my daughter!" he repeated, dwelling upon the words as one might upon some blessed words of promise. To him they were the "Open Sesame" that unbarred doors that he had been trying to open for others and had opened now to him; an earthly paradise after the wanderings and loneliness of many years. Within he saw welcome rest with tenderness and infinite peace. His heart was too full for speech. A woman with a saintly face, his child, to sit before its household fire! Faustine turned upon him a look which the angels might have given to a child long sought, who had returned from its wanderings at last.

He turned away his head and a great sob escaped him.

Mary had stood silently by, holding the hand of little Marcellus in hers. As Edward turned away the child caught Faustine's hand. "If this is your father, Auntie, he must be my father too! Papa would not mind it, I am sure." Faustine smiled into the eager little face, so full of loyal affection. Edward caught the words and turned to her with a questioning look.

"Is this your sister?" he asked, glancing at Mary.

"Yes, father, my loved sister and dear friend."

Edward drew a deep breath of relief and Faustine placed Mary's hand in his.

"You have two daughters now," she said, "for Mary will love you, I know. She is one with me in all my work."

Presently the Chaplain returned somewhat troubled; he could find no one with authority to release Edward, so he must return to his cell.

"Yes," said Faustine, with firm calmness, "go! and, dear father, I shall go with you and remain as long as you do."

"If you stop here, Auntie, I shall stay with you," said little Marcellus, with childish decision.

The Chaplain looked impatient and perplexed. "It is very strange," he said, "that not one of the officers is here who could release him for the night."

"If my papa were here, he could do it," said the child confidently, "he can do anything."

Faustine stooped and kissed the upturned face. "Yes, darling, you are right," she replied in a relieved tone. "It is papa's help that we need now, and you will be my little messenger. Go and tell papa to come at once—we need him here."

It was soon arranged that Mary and the boy should go home and inform Andrew of the circumstances in which Faustine was placed, and also that she would await his coming at the prison with her father.

As they were leaving, the boy held out his little hand toward Edward. "If you are Auntie's father you are my father."

Edward lifted the boy in his arms and pressed him closely. "God bless you," he said fervently, "you are a noble boy!"

The boy and his mother were soon speeding to their home in the upper part of the city, bearing the startling news that Faustine had found her father. It had been taken for granted by them all that Blanche was a widow, and Faustine an orphan. They had never questioned her about her family, and her natural reserve had kept her silent, except with regard to a few particulars which threw no light upon her history.

Faustine's father had suddenly appeared, and during

all these years this letter from him to her mother, her only clue to his identity, had been preserved and ready for this occasion.

“What a noble girl Faustine is,” said the Chaplain.

Rehearsing to herself the strange events of the afternoon, Mary reached home. Both Andrew and Marcellus upon learning the news, started immediately for the Tombs.

In the meantime Faustine had accompanied her father to his cell, and seated by his side on the little cot, she related everything she could remember concerning her own and her mother's simple life together, from the earliest date until her release. Before she could speak of her later life Andrew and Marcellus entered the cell.

Edward rose to receive them with stately dignity. They beheld a noble-looking man, with a crown of snow-white hair. There was something peculiarly majestic in his whole presence and bearing, and in his face they saw the imprint of a high spiritual life and character, marked by sorrow.

Marcellus clasped his hand with a warm brotherly impulse of affection. The first greetings over, Andrew's business-like impulses asserted themselves. He moved and spoke as one with whom accomplishment was an imperative rule. He asked Edward many questions and learned all that he had told the Chaplain. He lost no time in hunting up the proper authorities and did not rest until he had accomplished his purpose—Edward's release for the night—and bound himself to appear with him in the morning.

The man who had been thrust into a cell like an out-cast, friendless and alone, came forth befriended by two of the most honorable men in the city; but more precious

than all else to him, was the affection of the loving daughter by his side.

His heart swelled with gratitude, as he thanked an All-wise Creator for His wonderful care and the strong arm of the great boundless love that was over all.

When they reached home, loving hands were held out in welcome to the stranger.

Andrew and Mary were busy with hospitable arrangements. Marcellus took Edward to his room until one could be prepared for him. Faustine had gone to her room and soon Marcellus and Edward were left alone for a short time.

"I know not when or where it took place, but I feel sure we have met before," said Marcellus. Edward smiled. To him it was a familiar law.

"There is a plane, my brother, where friends meet, when earth and that which belongs to earth, is hushed in sleep; it is there that we have met."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of little Marcellus, leading his baby sister by the hand. He wished to give her an introduction to the father of his beloved Auntie. Always proud of his little sister, so delicately sweet, and clinging to him closely in her baby love, he went through with the ceremony with a gravity that was amusing in one of his years. Other members of the family soon came in, and when they all returned from the dining-room after dinner, Mary said to Edward:

"We do not seem to have a stranger in the house. You might have been always with us, so much do you seem part of the household. This really is your home." Edward pressed her hands in silence.

"Thank you for those words, dear sister," said Faustine, kissing Mary. "You know there is a link which binds all true loving hearts in one; and in our grand and noble work our Father will be one with us."

The evening passed in animated conversation, and all hearts were opened to receive, and listened with wonder and delight to some of Edward's experiences. As they parted for the night Edward held the hand of Faustine in his, and pressing his lips to her brow, said:

"Blanche, my Blanche, is once more beside me. Who can doubt the goodness of a true and noble life to bring its own reward?"

* * * * *

Since Faustine discovered her father in the prison, years have slipped by, and the two have been ever as one, united in purpose and accomplishment; seeking only to do good. What had been lacking in the girl's life seemed to be supplied by her father's love. As the once proud, but now humble, man looked into the eyes of the beautiful girl at his side, he often said in his secret heart: "Blanche, my angel bride, my lost wife, still lives in our child and is permitted to walk by my side. Great God of Love, I thank Thee!"

One day he said in answer to a question from Marcellus, "Truth has but one voice; it speaks alike in every human heart."

In all the world there could not have been found a happier household. All rejoiced that Edward had been sent to them, but not one raised such heartfelt thanksgiving as Faustine. Between father and daughter the communion of thought was complete. It was a delight to see them go forth together on their errands of love; the man tall, grand and stately, with snow-white locks and large, dark brown eyes; beside him the gentle girl with noble and expressive face and a form bearing likeness to his own.

One motive animated each heart; one purpose filled each breast, making them one in all things. Together they went through towns and villages, carrying the glad

message to weary hearts, not teaching men and women how to *die*, but how to *live*. Many received them joyfully, and long after their departure their words were rehearsed among the hearers.

It was clearly seen that they taught in full accordance with that which Jesus plainly set forth in His teachings when on earth, and He has told us through Holy Writ that as He received from the Father, so He gave to the world.

Thus were many brought to understand the words of Scripture, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." These teachers clearly showed that it is not necessary to lay down the body to find the Kingdom of God. But the body must be made perfect through which God can show His glorious power upon earth.

The soul which is deprived of her body, may find rest and dwell in Paradise which she has created for herself, and be partially satisfied; but perfection is for soul and body when the two have become as one. In heaven there is no marriage, because, in the beginning two were created one, and they must and will become one again before they can enter into life eternal.

Here we leave our friends. They have entered upon a New Dawn, the awakening of the divine life, and found rest, *and carry rest, to many weary souls.*

Hear man The New Life Speaking
Teaching The New Life Science evermore
Yes, fallen humanity seeking
Come our God is near.

The New Dawn shall spread from shore to shore
Teaching The Newlife Science evermore
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.



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